Arthur L. Henderson -

Christmas 1916

Golden Treasury Series

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

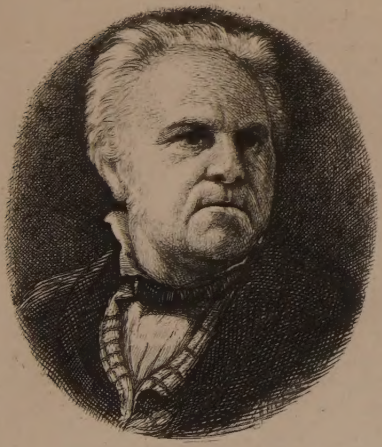
SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

SIDNEY COLVIN



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1913

COPYRIGHT

First Edition July 1882
Reprinted September 1882, 1883, 1885, 1889, 1890, 1894, 1895, 1902, 1913

PREFACE.

When lately it was my privilege to contribute a sketch of Landor's life to Mr. Morley's justly popular series of *English Men of Letters*, I could not but be conscious that hardly by one in ten or twenty among my readers was very much likely to be known of him beyond his name. Warmly as his writings have always been praised by a few, with the main body of the reading public they have failed hitherto to make their way. There exists, however, a curiosity about Landor, and a desire to know him better: even the reception of the sketch in question, following as it did within a few years on the second edition of Mr. Forster's detailed *Life*, helps, if I may say as much, to prove it. Who, indeed, would not be curious? Who, that had once had his attention called towards it, could fail to be interested in so original and so imposing a figure? But strong as is the interest which Landor's personality is calculated to excite, the interest excited by his work in literature should be stronger still. The virtues of the writer, indeed, like those of the man, are far from being unobstructed or complete, and with his best work not a little that is unacceptable is mixed up. But what most distinguishes Landor from other English writers is not his incompleteness; it is not his combination of high excellences with disconcerting faults: it is the character of those excellences themselves that most distinguishes him; it is the exceptional aim and direction of his art.

Landor's position may in general terms be best defined by saying that he was a classic writing in a romantic age. In calling him a classic, I do not of course refer merely to his scholarship, or to the fact that a considerable part of his work deals with subjects of ancient Greece and Rome. It is true that Landor was a scholar, and in Latin especially a scholar of unusual power and attainments. The acquisitions of his Rugby days, vivified by imagination and strengthened by after-study, remained with him always; and he wrote and thought in Latin as naturally and as willingly as in English. Probably no other writer has illuminated with stronger flashes of poetical insight a more familiar book-knowledge of Rome. And certainly no other writer so trained on thoughts of Rome, none so steeped in Latinity, has had an equally just appreciation of the genius and the charm of Hellas. Both in style and sentiment Landor's writing was vitally influenced by Latin models; but from the first he realised for himself, what the classical scholarship of his age was only then beginning to realise, the essential inferiority of the Roman genius to the Greek. He put Greece in her right place; and if his Athenian statesmen and orators, if the Pericles and Phocion and Demosthenes of his creation are apt, by a certain self-conscious and set dignity of attitude, to recall Roman rather than Greek originals, yet when it comes to the true enchanted world of Hellas, to scenes or narratives from the beautiful undecaying Greek mythology, here Landor is perfectly at home; with admirable grace, freedom, and fitness he creates figures that move and act, and suffer and are consoled, in the "gravely-gladsome light" of that imaginary world:

> "And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece."

Concerning this part of Landor's work, taken at its best, Mr. Swinburne has in those two felicitous lines said the last word.

It is not scholarship, however, it is not a predilection

for classic subjects, nor even a happy art in handling them, that can make a writer that which we understand by the word classical as distinguished from that which we understand by the word romantic. The distinction lies deeper, and is a distinction much less of subject than of treatment, although to some subjects the one mode of treatment may be more appropriate, and to some the other. And here let us listen to Landor himself. "The classical, like the heroic age," writes he in his epistle to the author of *Festus*,

> "Is past; but poetry may re-assume
> That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
> With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
> And not with Roman or with Greek alone.
> The name is graven on the workmanship."

"The name is graven on the workmanship," and to define for our present purpose the difference between the classical and the romantic modes of workmanship: in classical writing every idea is called up to the mind as nakedly as possible, and at the same time as distinctly; it is exhibited in white light, and left to produce its effect by its own unaided power. In romantic writing, on the other hand, all objects are exhibited as it were through a coloured and iridescent atmosphere. Round about every central idea the romantic writer summons up a cloud of accessory and subordinate ideas for the sake of enhancing its effect, if at the risk of confusing its outlines. The temper, again, of the romantic writer is one of excitement, while the temper of the classical writer is one of self-possession. No matter what the power of his subject, the classical writer does not fail to assert his mastery over it and over himself, while the romantic writer seems as though his subject were ever on the point of dazzling and carrying him away. On the one hand there is calm, on the other hand enthusiasm: the virtues of the one style are strength of grasp, with clearness and justice of presentment: the virtues of the other style are glow of spirit, with magic and richness of suggestion. Of

imaginative literature in England the main effort has from the first been romantic. The Elizabethans were essentially romantic, some of them extravagantly so: Shakespeare, who could write in all manners, was in a preponderating degree romantic, and never more so than in his treatment of Greek and Roman themes. To quote again the same critical epistle of Landor's own,

> "Shakespeare with majesty benign called up
> The obedient classics from their marble seat,
> And led them through dim glen and sheeny glade.
> And over precipices, over seas
> Unknown by mariner, to palaces
> High-arch'd, to festival, to dance, to joust,
> And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
> And steeds that Pheidias had turned pale to see."

Of the great English poets, Milton was the most classical, beholding the vast images that filled his mind's eye in steady rather than in iridescent light, defining them when they are capable of definition, and maintaining a majestic self-possession in their presence. In *Paradise Lost* the images indeed are often such as no power could define: the perfection of the classical style in Milton's work is to be found rather in *Samson Agonistes* and in some of the sonnets; while in *Paradise Regained* the characteristics of the style are pushed to excess. Then followed an age, the age of Anne and the first Georges, of which the literature claimed for itself the title of classical, and was indeed marked by uncommon qualities of clearness, calmness, and precision. But then it was not a literature of imagination; it was only a literature of the understanding and fancy. In the regions of the imagination, of poetry in the higher sense, the literature of that age rarely laid hold of the object at all; it dealt, not in realities, but in literary counters and catchwords bearing a merely conventional value to the mind. By the time when Landor began to write, people were getting tired of this conventional literary currency, and learning to crave for something real in poetry. His immediate contemporaries were Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb;

spirits born to unlock again for the English race the sealed treasure-houses of the poetical imagination.

Neither in choice of subject nor in treatment was the work of these men, nor that of the yet more fervid spirits who soon followed them, of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, deliberately or consistently romantic in the same sense as that of a certain group of contemporary writers in Germany was romantic, and still more that of the brilliant and acutely self-conscious group who assumed the title a generation afterwards in France. In the work of the English writers of this age, the romantic and the classical modes of treatment are mixed. The romantic mode, however, prevails; as in an age of re-awakening, an age of imaginative conquest and discovery, enthusiasm is the temper to be expected, and the light wherein objects naturally appear is the vibrating or coloured light, the halo, as it is commonly called, of romance. Scott and Coleridge in their early days both copied the romantic models of Germany. A few years later Scott was to figure in the eyes of all Europe as the great master of the romance of Scottish scenery and of the mediæval past, and a few later again, Byron as the great master of the romance of travel, and of social and religious revolt. Meanwhile Coleridge had already written, in the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*, examples of a romantic poetry more highly wrought and more magical in suggestion than any work either of Scott or Byron. Lamb, in alliance with Coleridge, had made himself the apostle of the romantic spirit as it is exhibited in the old English drama and lyric. Southey, whose natural gifts and instincts were for the classical manner of writing, tried hard to write romantically, and did so in a few ballads, but in epics like *Thalaba* and *Kehama* compassed little of the true romantic beyond remoteness of subject and irregularity of form. Wordsworth, the most determined enemy of false classicism, was in much of his writing truly classical. The qualities of Wordsworth's work on which Mr. Matthew Arnold with so much justice insists, when he

speaks of his style as being "bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald, with a baldness full of grandeur," or again as a style "relying solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters," those are qualities distinctively characteristic of the classical manner in literature. It is, of course, true that from many of Wordsworth's utterances the indispensable elements of weight and force are wanting: there is a large part of his work wherein either the themes are too trifling, or the thoughts are too sterile, to sustain and dignify a classical treatment. There is also another part of it, and that the part which many of us most value, wherein he writes under the dominion of emotions and ideas having their sources too far withdrawn in the depths of our nature to be perfectly grasped, strongly as Wordsworth by comparison with any other writer has grasped them. It is not indeed to the romantic manner, nevertheless it is to a suggestive and adumbrative manner quite distinct from the classical, that Wordsworth's writing in these latter moods belongs: and they are the moods which yielded him his inspiring revelations of a spiritual power in nature; his communings with

> "The human soul of Universal Earth
> Dreaming on things to come;"

his

> "sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused;'

his imperfectly recovered pictures of the mind, accompanied

> "with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
> With many recognitions dim and faint,
> And somewhat of a sad perplexity."

To Landor this portion of Wordsworth's work had little meaning: he had little interest in any ideas but those which could be perfectly grasped, and exhibited in precise lineaments like the shapes of antique gods. From the beginning the peculiar aim and direction of his art made themselves apparent. While Wordsworth and Coleridge were meditating among the Quantock Hills their volume

of Lyrical Ballads, to which Wordsworth contributed his *Lines on Revisiting Tintern Abbey*, and Coleridge his *Ancient Mariner*, Landor was wandering beside the estuaries of Caermarthenshire, alone with Pindar and Milton, and meditating his narrative poem of *Gebir*. The theme which he had chosen, a confused quasi-oriental theme of primeval warfare and enchantment, was pre-eminently suggestive of a romantic treatment. The treatment Landor attempted to apply to it was classical. The result as a whole is marred by excessive condensation of meaning and abruptness of transition, but has always powerfully impressed poets and students of poetry by the precise and strong presentment of its individual images. We are in a land of incantation; but there is nothing undefined or vague about the nature of the perils that environ us. We approach the ruined city of Masar. "Begone," cries the weird woman of the ruins,

> "Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn
> The cormorant in his solitary haunt
> Of insulated rock or sounding cove
> Stands on thy bleachèd bones and screams for prey."

Or we descend into the kingdom of the damned, and hear the sound of the infernal river—

> "A river rolling in its bed,
> Not rapid—that would rouse the wretched souls,
> Not calmly—that would lull them to repose.
> But with dull weary lapses it still heaved
> Billows of bale, heard low, but heard afar."

For this accurate and firm definition of things, however visionary and unearthly, the romantic manner substitutes a thrilling vagueness and confusion, as for instance in the *Ancient Mariner*—

> "And through the drifts the snowy clifts
> Did send a dismal sheen;
> Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken,
> The ice was all between.
>
> "The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It cracked and groaned and roared and howled,
> Like noises in a swound."

Similarly in the description of beauty, the type, the perfection of romantic workmanship is Shakespeare's—

> " Rubies unparagon'd,
> How dearly they do 't ! 'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
> Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
> To see the enclosèd lights, now canopied
> Under those windows, white and azure, laced
> With blue of heaven's own tinct."

Landor can realise the presence and the charm of beauty with a vividness and a delicacy not so far behind those of Shakespeare himself : but it is in another manner : he trusts to the simple facts, and does not suffer himself to go beyond them : he shows us beauty, even under the most enchanting circumstances, not in this tremulous and coruscating light, but in quiet light, thus—

> " Downcast were her long eye-lashes, and pale
> Her cheek, but never mountain ash displayed
> Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
> Nor were the anemones about her hair
> Soft, smooth, and wavering like her face beneath."

In the interpretation of scenery, again, compare the woodland twilight of Keats—

> " But here there is no light,
> Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
> Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways : "

compare these and the beautiful lines that follow them—

> " I cannot tell what flowers are at my feet,
> Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,"

with a twilight of Landor's—

> " Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us ! Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus."

The presence of the twilight and its spell are in the work of Landor not less keenly felt and realised than in the work of Keats, only they are felt and realised in a widely different manner. Neither is the difference merely that between the poetical and the prose form of expression ; it is that between one mood or temper of imaginative work

and another. The romantic manner, the manner of Shakespeare and Coleridge and Keats, with its thrilling uncertainties and its rich suggestions, may be more attractive than the classic manner, with its composed and measured preciseness of statement. Nay, we may go further, and say that it is in the romantic manner that the highest pitch of poetry has assuredly been reached: in the perfect and felicitous specimens of that manner English poetry has given us something more poetical even than Greece or Rome ever gave us. But on the other hand the romantic manner lends itself, as the true classical does not, to inferior work. Second-rate conceptions excitedly and approximately put into words derive from it an illusive attraction which may make them for a time, and with all but the coolest judges, pass as first-rate. Whereas about true classical writing there can be no illusion. It presents to us conceptions calmly realised in words that exactly define them, conceptions depending for their attraction, not on their halo, but on themselves; it relies for its value "solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters," or if not on these qualities solely, at least on them together with our sense of mastery and of fitness in the utterance.

To write in this strong and severe manner was consciously Landor's aim from the beginning. The question next arises, what is the value of the conceptions which he in this manner seeks to present to us; what were the powers of mind which he brought to bear on the business of literature as he conceived it? To almost every English writer, himself of high power, from the days of the first publication of *Gebir* to our own, Landor's natural and acquired gifts have seemed to be of the first order. Who indeed that has ever read him can doubt it? In an age of distinguished spirits, he was for height and range of power unquestionably one of the most distinguished. Neither were his natural gifts more remarkable than the strenuousness with which he cultivated them. From a lower, or at least a far more broken, level of character

than Milton, Landor through all his length of days devoted himself to great thoughts and studies with a persistence resembling Milton's own, and with an equally scornful withdrawal of himself from vulgar pleasures and ambitions. It is true that he was not one of those spirits in the age who opened up new intellectual or moral horizons, or revealed new sources of imaginative sustenance to the mind. Rather he kept his gaze fastened on objects which have an equal value for every age, on the known actions and heroic shapes of history, and on the great permanent conditions of human life and experience. On these he mused with not less absorption than independence of spirit, his familiarity with the best literature being turned to account by him in avoiding rather than in repeating the thoughts of others. He had a soul in love with heroism, in love with freedom, in love with beauty, and as ardent in indignation as in compassion. He had a strong and finely-touched imagination, and a masculine and confident understanding, in which robust prejudice and perfect lack of prejudice were strangely blended. The master faculty in his mind was certainly the poetic or imaginative faculty. This in his creative work ranges with equal assurance from the extreme of strength to the extreme of tenderness. In images of terror what other writer has shown greater daring, or a firmer stroke, than Landor in a picture like this of the funeral pyre consuming the last survivor among the besieged citizens of Numantia?

"He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It, like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe, panted once more, and seized him!"

Beside instances of this kind, where for force of grasp Landor's hand resembles that of his own Count Julian—"the hand," as Julian says to Roderick,

> "that hurl'd thy chariot o'er its wheels,
> And held thy steeds erect and motionless
> As molten statues on some palace gates"—

beside instances like this, it would be easy to set others in which he is no less admirable for tenderness of touch. In dealing with womanhood and infancy, and especially when his theme takes him into the house of mourning, Landor can surpass all except the very greatest writers by the depth of his intuition, by the exquisite delicacy of his approach; his dealings with human weakness and affliction are then like those dealings with the flowers which he tells us of—

> "I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
> Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
> And not reproach'd me; the ever-sacred cup
> Of the pure lily hath between my hands
> Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold."

Even in work that is not creative, nor in its main intention poetical, even in reflective and discursive writing, it is from the poetic faculty that Landor's thoughts derive much of their colour. It has been said of him with great justice by Mr. Lowell, that in the region of discursive thought we cannot so properly call him a great thinker, as a man who had great thoughts. For a great thinker the operations of his mind were too unsystematic. Judgments, indeed, he framed and expressed on many of the great topics of human meditation, but isolated judgments standing each by itself, and not connected by any ratiocinative process with one another. Of these judgments some are marked by an original and benignant wisdom, others by headstrong prejudice, others again represent in a weighty and lucid form the average conclusions of mankind. But it is characteristic of Landor's thinking in all moods alike, that for every conclusion of his understanding he has an imaginative similitude always ready, and often a whole cluster of them. These similitudes of Landor's serve sometimes to disguise more or less effectively a fallacy, and sometimes admirably to illuminate and recommend a truth: but few thoughts of his are complete without them; and in his typical thoughts the judgment and

the similitude are inseparable. When Landor, for instance, says, "The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind," that is one of his typical thoughts concerning life; and again it is one of his typical thoughts concerning literature when he says, of the mixture of fact and fiction in the early legends of a people—

"What was vague imagination settles at last and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallisation from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins."

In the illustrations from Landor's writing which have thus far occurred to us, and even in those quoted expressly to illustrate his poetical or imaginative power, examples in prose have found place interchangeably with examples in verse. The reason is, that in his prose Landor could be at least as poetical as in his verse. To say this is of course to imply for his poetry properly so called a certain measure of condemnation. The born poet is not himself except in verse; he finds in its effects his ideal delight, and in its laws the truest freedom. Landor wrote in verse abundantly and well, but hardly with the full instinct of the born poet. His verse has many fine qualities, now of stateliness and weight, now of grace, clearness, and crispness, and always of sobriety and vigour; but it lacks the perfection of spontaneous charm, it even lacks something of the born poet's certainty of ear. Landor was a great admirer and student of the harmonies of Milton, but in analysing them he seems not unfrequently to miss the mark; and his own verse is Miltonic only by the majesty of single lines and phrases. The variety and continuity of harmony in Milton's blank verse, its prolonged, involved, and sustained movements, what De Quincey calls its "solemn planetary wheelings," it was beyond his means to rival. De Quincey has chosen a

fine passage of Landor's blank verse, and has shown with great justice and ingenuity how by a simple change, which did not occur to its author, its movement might have been amplified and enriched. The passage is from Landor's tragedy of *Count Julian*, where Hernando says of Julian—

> "No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
> Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind.
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men;
> As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
> Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
> Stands solitary, stands immovable
> Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
> Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
> In the cold light, above the dews of morn."

"One change," says De Quincey in commenting on this passage, "suggests itself to me as possibly for the better, viz. if the magnificent line—

> 'Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men,'

were transferred to the secondary object, the eagle, and placed after what is now the last line, it would give a fuller rythmus to the close of the entire passage; it would be more *literally* applicable to the majestic and solitary bird than to the majestic and solitary man"—at which point we may break off from De Quincey, whose suggestion, so far at least as concerns the rhythm of the passage, needs only to be tried in order to be accepted. It is perhaps after all in the lighter vein of blank verse that Landor's happiest effects are attained; for instance in the blank verse of the *Hellenics*,—

> "Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
> Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
> But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails,"—

or in the blank verse of the meditative and elegiac pieces,—

> "Thou sleepest not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
> Beneath the chestnut shade of St. Germain.
> Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,"—

while occasionally, even in his good work, he exhibits instances of metrical poverty like this—

> "Acon had grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,
> But Acon had complied; 'twas dutiful."

In his odes and irregular lyrics Landor has fine flights alternately with awkward pauses and declensions, not of sound only, but sometimes of sense also. In casting, as he was in the habit of doing, his daily meditations into homelier metres, into the couplet or quatrain of eight-syllable lines, he was often extremely happy. He handles these forms in a manner almost as neat and bright as that of Prior, with a touch from time to time of weightier thought and higher poetry than any of which the age of Prior was capable: and the only thing to be said against his best work in this vein is that it is almost too classically direct and simple; so devoid is it of trick or mannerism as to be in style almost impersonal.

On the whole, then, fine as is much of Landor's work in verse, justly as examples of it must claim a place in any collection of his writings, we shall agree with his own estimate when he treats it as the work, comparatively speaking, of an amateur: comparatively, that is, to his work in prose. "Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business." In fact it is in prose that Landor's powers and his cultivation of them make themselves most truly felt. Of the very few English writers who have written prose like artists or like masters, Landor, whether he is read by few or many, must always be counted among the first. There are limits, indeed, to the excellence of his prose, in that its structure is too regular and firm for perfect freedom. Its affinities are with the prose of the best Latin rather than with that of the best Greek writers: with Latin, "the expression of law," as Professor Jebb has admirably put it, rather than with Greek, "the voice of life." But of this severely regulated and measured prose, this prose which is as deliberately removed from the casualness of common speech as the figures of ideal sculpture are removed from

the casualness of common life, of this severe and sententious prose Landor's writing furnishes in English the best example. That he is never stiff and never declamatory would be too much to say; but these are the incidental blemishes of a style which in its kind often reaches perfection. Landor's feeling for the value and weight of words was of that sort which comes from a habitual conversance with the best writers, and with the best writers only; and his choice of them is as sound and scrupulous as is the structure of his sentences. He imitates no model, but when he aims at effects of pomp he can be as majestic as any of the great seventeenth-century masters of eloquence, from Hooker to Milton himself, without their tendency to involution of thought and entanglement of clauses; and when he aims at effects of simplicity he can be as plain as the great eighteenth-century masters of easy prose, as Addison or Goldsmith, without their tendency to negligence and triviality. There is besides about everything he utters an air of authority and breeding, there is a lofty tone at once peremptory and urbane, which is wholly personal. Especially is Landor distinguished by the beauty of sound in his single sentences. Instances of this beauty we need not give; the pages that follow are full of them. Such is the harmony of his best prose that strains of it haunt the ear and memory with an effect almost as pleasurable and stirring as strains of verse. At the same time few writers have been farther removed from the fault of breaking up their prose into the fixed and recurrent rhythms of verse itself. No one, again, is less open to the charge of constructing harmonies in the air, or cultivating effects of sound apart from sense. Excess rather than poverty of meaning is at all times characteristic of Landor's writing; and in theory he objects to any beauty of style except that which proceeds from the rigidly accurate and just expression of ideas. "Never look abroad for any kind of ornament; Apollo, either as the god of day, or the slayer of the Python, had nothing about him to obscure his clearness, or impede his

strength." "Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony." And again, "Whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly." "I hate false words, and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing." It is a new revelation of the beauty and nobility of the English tongue, it is a testimony at the same time to the power and selection of his thoughts, that Landor, writing as he in general does with due observance of his own principles, produces strains of a harmony so masculine and full.

With these high gifts and powers, then; with his range and energy of imagination and thought, and his love for what all love, for heroism, beauty, and freedom; with his vigorous and pure, if somewhat unequal and impersonal style in poetry, and with his prose style which is in its kind unrivalled; how is it that Landor has not taken a more prominent place among the acknowledged great writers of his country? How is it that even by those who would not dispute his rank he is nevertheless so little read? The answer to these questions has been partly given already. The classical manner in literature for one thing, in which Landor by instinct and on principle wrote, appeals necessarily to a smaller public than the romantic manner. Necessarily, because classical writing asks more of the reader than romantic, and in a certain sense does less for him. The classical writer assumes that his reader will estimate for himself the ideas which are presented to him: the romantic writer eagerly proclaims the impressiveness of his own ideas as he presents them. The classical writer handles great thoughts and images, and even great passions, collectedly, like one accustomed, and expecting his reader to be accustomed, to none other. The romantic writer from whatever he handles catches fire, and his fire is contagious; his excitement breeds excitement in the reader; and a public which is slow to appreciate the grave reality of power

and passion in a poem like Wordsworth's *Affliction of Margaret*, is eager in its appreciation of the clamorous parade of power and passion in a poem like Byron's *Corsair*. The classical writer, in a word, appeals only to those who know for themselves what is good: the romantic writer appeals to everybody, and is often appreciated above his value. Landor knew this perfectly well, and deliberately narrowed his appeal to the few. But the response has been even more limited and longer in coming than he foresaw. There is in every generation a public, although not a large one, which can enjoy the best literature for itself, and for whom the classical manner of writing is, in itself no stumbling-block, but an attraction. Yet even of this public, not many in each generation have thus far been attracted to Landor; it is only the minority of this minority who have enjoyed him.

One reason is that, allied with Landor's scornful and not unworthy disregard of vulgar favour, there was also in him a want of legitimate literary tact. The operations of his mind were governed, not by sympathy with the minds of others, but exclusively by private impulse. Moreover, and this is the worst, those operations were in their nature peculiarly inconsecutive. With all his great and various powers, and with all his serious and strenuous cultivation of them, Landor was deficient in the instincts of sequence and connection. The energies of his mind were inexhaustible, but its workings, whether of imagination or of thought, consisted not so much of coherent trains as of independent and imperfectly connected acts. Hence an abruptness, a lack of organic construction and evolution, whereby the interest of the reader is constantly subject to be baffled and disappointed. Hence also, and from the further failure of instinct to perceive where a reader is likely to be ignorant of an allusion, or to be baffled by a suppression, or to miss drawing an inference or catching a clue, arises in Landor's work the occasional fault of actual obscurity. He was determined to say nothing superfluous, and nothing, if it could be

avoided, that another had said before him ; but to be obscure was the very opposite of his desire. It is a failure of his art, as he himself acknowledges, when he is so.

No estimate of Landor or of his powers can be just in which these shortcomings are not acknowledged. They condemned to comparative futility the efforts of the first twenty-five years of his literary career ; the years during which the vital work of his contemporaries, Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge, and even of his juniors, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, was accomplished. During those years, besides a few love-poems and elegies, Landor's chief productions in literature had been *Gebir*, *Count Julian*, and the Latin *Idyllia Heroica*. In spite of its original and powerfully grasped imagery, *Gebir* as a narrative poem fails by over-condensation and abruptness. *Count Julian*, in spite of its sublime conception and some pregnant passages, fails as a tragedy for want of right construction and evolution. To have written the *Idyllia Heroica* at all, at least under the impression that solid literary fame was to be won by exercises of that kind, however masterly, showed a misapprehension of the relations of scholarship to life. It was not until after 1820 that Landor began the *Imaginary Conversations*, the production of which, and of the three books that are each a kind of separate and amplified imaginary conversation, the *Examination of Shakspeare*, *Pericles and Aspasia*, and *The Pentameron*, constitutes his most solid title to glory. In no other form of composition could his powers have found larger scope than in this ; in no other could defect of strict evolution, and of tact in taking the reader with him, tell less against him. But even in this free and unexacting form of composition, those defects do nevertheless tell against Landor heavily. Readers, the minority of a minority, who love the great qualities of imagination and thought and style too well to let anything deter them from their enjoyment, have felt the defects and overcome them. Less tenacious readers feel them and are deterred.

The *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor divide themselves roughly into two classes: one of short and stirring scenes, scenes of emotion and generally also of action: the other of long and quiet scenes, scenes mainly of discussion and reflection. Over and above the strength and purity of style which are common to all alike, Landor's more impassioned dialogues derive their value from his fine poetic and historic sense in the choice of characters and situations (though like an artist he makes of history his servant and not his master), from his chivalrous ideals of behaviour and sentiment, and from his admirable strokes of insight into the heart. In types of heroism and tenderness he is often a true dramatic creator, though not in those of meanness or cruelty, which he constructs from the outside, fiercely and satirically. But even in these short scenes, written in a form which does not demand much strictness of evolution, we are often aware of disconcerting gaps and breaks of sequence in the chain of the emotions; and sometimes, too, of passages where the posture and rhetoric merely of the situation, and not its real emotions, are presented to us. In the longer dialogues Landor made comparatively little attempt at dramatic character or creation. Rather he selected and brought together the various personages of history, in order to distribute among them the matter of his own incessant and lofty meditations. In his own likeness created he them, sometimes with a paradoxical neglect, but oftener with just sufficient observance, of probabilities. The virtues of this class of conversations are their extraordinary energy, fulness, and ripeness of thought and imagery, and the fine sense of dignity and urbanity, of grace, and sometimes of humour, which is shown in the intercourse of the personages. Their faults are the frequent intrusion of irrelevant apologues and disquisitions, with a want of argumentative sequence, and of sufficient organic connection between one part of the same dialogue and another. They are full of noble things, but they rarely "go," or only for a few pages at a time.

The reader who in the midst of his admiration asks himself whither he is progressing, and to what end being conducted from what beginning, is often obliged to acknowledge that he has not been progressing at all, but only, as Mr. Leslie Stephen in his acute though unsympathetic criticism puts it, "marking time." And, unfortunately, where sequence is wanting, where the reader does not feel himself led on by some coherent chain either of reasoning or feeling, though admiration may indeed be excited, yet interest can hardly by any possible combination of excellences be detained.

Landor's indomitable, solitary activity was only brought to an end, as every one knows, in our own day, long after all his contemporaries had gone to rest. His last twenty-five years were devoted to the production, in prose, of more *Imaginary Conversations*, with many occasional utterances on the political circumstances of the day; and in verse, of more dramas and dramatic scenes, with a new class of narrative poems, the *Hellenics*, shorter, lighter, and brighter than those of his youth, and the best of them contributing a real and brilliant addition to the poetical literature of the century; besides an abundance of occasional verses, often full of a fine meditative grace, and touched as few things in literature are touched with the mellowness and dignity of patriarchal age.

In the series of seven stout volumes wherein alone these various writings of Landor are now easily accessible, while there is much which every one who reads at all might be expected to know and care for, there is much also in which only the professed student of literature can take interest. The object of the present *Golden Treasury* is not to effect a complete separation of the acceptable from the unacceptable parts of Landor's work: such a separation would be in fact impossible, moreover the bulk of what is good would far exceed the limits of our undertaking: it is to present in a convenient and familiar shape such a selection of his best work as shall fairly represent the range and variety of his powers. Verse, from the nature

of the case, finds a place side by side with prose in the selection. Landor himself was much given to mixing them. With him, as I have already indicated, verse and prose do not, as with most writers, represent a higher and a lower form of literature respectively, but merely alternative forms; and in prose he writes frequently at a higher pitch, as well as on the whole with a more accomplished art, than in verse. It is not, then, according to their form, but according to their contents, that the selections which follow have primarily been arranged.

The first section contains examples of Landor's imaginative and creative work, secondarily divided into those which are dramatic and those which are narrative in form. Here are given in full some of the best of the short prose dialogues of emotion, with one or two in verse, and with a few passages of a similar impassioned kind, extracted from longer conversations; the personages ranging from heroes and heroines of Greek mythology to those of modern history. Landor, with his disdain for superfluities, and his love for the naked presentment of ideas, rarely condescends in these scenes to supply a syllable of preface or stage direction: I have prefixed to such as seemed to need it a few words explaining the situation. Then comes the narrative division, beginning with a few extracts from the strong and vivid, but abrupt and sometimes difficult poetry of Landor's youth: these are followed by a selection from the later and admirable, light, bright, and truly Greek *Hellenics:* and these by some of the separate narrative episodes that lie embedded like jewels in Landor's longer prose works. There is nothing in literature which quite resembles these; there are very few things in literature better. De Quincey, whom the ordinary handbooks and compendiums of English literature as unduly, I think, magnify as they neglect Landor, is commonly quoted as the especial modern master in English of impassioned prose. De Quincey is indeed an author well worthy of study. He was a man of eloquence and attainments; of a strong

though eccentric vein of imagination; and of solid, though again in great part eccentric, thought and research. He was full of ingenuity and resource, but full also of conceit and affectation; loving above all things to flourish his resources, and to make circuits round about his subject, discoursing to us of the fine disclosures which he is about to make, and in the end as often as not making none; a remarkable writer, as it seems to me, in the second order, but a bad model, and in hardly anything a really great or straightforward master. In the field of high imaginative prose especially, to insist on De Quincey's *Ladies of Sorrow* or his *Daughter of Lebanon*, when there exist such masterpieces as Landor's *Dream of Boccaccio* and *Dream of Petrarca*, is surely to call away attention from the best to the second best.

The second section of our *Golden Treasury* contains examples of Landor's reflective and discursive manner, chiefly from the longer conversations and other prose writings. And here it has been necessary to proceed by the method of short extracts almost entirely. If any of the long conversations had been given in full, it would have been necessary for proportion's sake to give those of Epicurus with Leontion and Ternissa, and of Plato with Diogenes, from among the Greek; those of the two Ciceros, and of Lucullus and Cæsar, from among the Roman; and from among the English, that of Marvel and Milton, with that of Barrow and Newton or of Penn and Peterborough at least. This within our limits was out of the question. Moreover I think a fuller representation of Landor's mind was to be obtained by the method I have followed, of grouping according to their subject-matter thoughts taken not from a few only but from a wide range of his discursive writings. The thoughts of Landor suffer less than that of almost any other man in being thus detached from their context. Many of them, indeed, we know to have been originally framed independently, and thrust into their context afterwards. As thus extracted and grouped, they in-

deed are partly shorn of the charm which comes from those attractive qualities of intercourse and bearing with which Landor endows his speakers. But they will serve to show of what substance his mind was made. "We should hesitate to name any writings which would afford so large and so various a selection of detached passages complete in themselves," so wrote Mr. Lowell of Landor while he was still alive; and again, "We should be at a loss to name the writer of English prose who is his superior, or, setting Shakespeare aside, the writer of English who has furnished us with so many delicate aphorisms of human nature." It is especially of Landor as an aphoristic writer that this section will enable the reader to judge.

A moral or intellectual teacher of the great revealing, initiating order Landor is not: but he is one whose utterances dwell in our thoughts and make them richer. In the sphere of life and conduct he unites great force and originality of observation with a noble benignity of temper; and there are few generous virtues and few lofty pleasures but come recommended from his mind to ours in a new light of imaginative beauty, and with a new and memorable charm of presentment. In the sphere of politics and government, it must be allowed that he never got much beyond the elementary principles of love of freedom and hatred of tyranny. These principles, we must however remember, he in the Europe of his time saw continually in danger of extinction. On their behalf he felt and wrote as passionately throughout the greater part of a century as during their brief life-days did either Byron or Shelley. But of the complexity of political organisms and political problems Landor had no conception, and practical as he believed and intended much of his writing on politics to be, it is usually so much high-minded declamation and no more. From these trumpet-calls against kings and oppressors, our selection passes on to Landor's utterances concerning his own art of letters. No one had a larger or closer knowledge

of the best literature of all ages. No one, moreover, felt more kindly to his contemporaries, or took a manlier pleasure in praising them, or was less capable of spoiling praise by partiality. Landor's sayings concerning the duty and temper of the critic might furnish a code for the guidance of every one undertaking that office. Of his own writing a considerable part is critical, and his criticism is often detailed and analytic; but most commonly in the technical and verbal sense; in the spiritual or psychological sense more rarely. For this latter kind of analysis Landor was not so well endowed as some of his contemporaries. De Quincey, for ever questing in a circuit, when from time to time he gets really on the scent; Coleridge, when from his speculative labyrinths he emerges into straight paths and daylight; are both of them subtler critics than Landor. If Landor is ever subtle, it is in the analysis not of the mind, but of the heart; witness his famous commentary on the *Paolo and Francesca* of Dante. It is for range and largeness of critical survey, and for weight and felicity in the expression of broad synthetic judgments on literature and the workers in literature, that Landor is really incomparable. "With a vigorous and easy motion," to use a phrase of his own, "such as the poets attribute to the herald of the gods," he ranges from Homer to Virgil, and from Pindar to Catullus, and from the ancients down to his own contemporaries, dealing out his ripe, authoritative judgments right and left. Of his treatment of the technicalities of English spelling and English style I have given only one or two brief examples, interesting and masterly as these, too, often are. Neither have I thought it desirable to spell his work in these selections as he liked it spelt, but in the usual way. "Talkt," "quencht," and the other peculiar usages which Landor so stoutly advocated, may have much to recommend them, but neither his advocacy nor that of others has made them prevail, and in a book intended to be read they seemed better abandoned.

Finally, I have put into a separate section examples of Landor's writing about persons and about himself. These are chiefly in verse. Landor had two personalities, an inner one, so to speak, disguised by an outer; the inner being that of a stately and benign philosopher, the outer that of a passionate and rebellious schoolboy. Of the external and superficial Landor, the man of headlong impulses and disastrous misapprehensions and quarrels, enough and to spare has been said and repeated. But together with this indignant, legendary Landor, we must not forget that there existed the other Landor, the noble and gentle heart, the rich and bountiful nature, the royally courteous temper, which won and held the loving admiration of spirits like Southey and the Hares, like Leigh Hunt and Forster and Dickens, like Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and even of one so grudging of admiration as Carlyle. That Landor's inner and nobler self had little hold on or government over his other self must be admitted. From his nature's central citadel, to use a mediæval figure, of Pride, High Contemplation, and Honourable Purpose, he failed to keep ward over its outlying arsenals of Wrath, which Haste and Misjudgment were for ever wantonly igniting, to the ruin of his own fortunes, and the dismay of his neighbours and well-wishers.

Landor in truth never fairly faced or contended against these turbulent and explosive elements in his own character, but after every new experience of their consequences forgot or laughed them off. Neither does his literary self-consciousness extend to them, or it extends to them but faintly. It is the philosophic and benignant Landor, walking in spirit "with Epicurus on the right hand, and Epictetus on the left," that speaks to us in his personal writings almost alone. First in this section I have tried to group the verses of all dates relating to his early love and life-long friend, "Ianthe." Next comes a selection of poems embodying a few of his other most cherished reminiscences and affections, and especially his idealising

affection for Southey. Next, some of his judgments on himself and on others, delivered with his high air of authority now in prose and now in verse; and lastly the expressions of that dignified and serene mood in which in his old age he was accustomed to contemplate the approach of death.

This, then, is what I have tried to do for Landor: to bring together in a familiar shape a sufficient body, first of his creative and impassioned writing, next of his reflective and discursive writing, and lastly of his personal and occasional writing, to represent for readers in general the range and character of his so incomplete yet so extraordinary powers. If I have performed my task at all rightly, the result ought to many readers to be welcome. Even the student already well acquainted with Landor may be glad to possess in such a shape a selection of his most characteristic things. Not, I am well aware, that any true student will ever in his heart quite approve another's selection from an author he loves, or fail to feel convinced that he could have made a better one himself: but even to the student I may at least remark that in the notes at the end of the volume he will find matter which may interest him, and which is not readily to be found elsewhere. Primarily, however, it is not for him that the volume is intended, but for that large class of readers who have an appetite for the best literature, but not the leisure, or not the tenacity, to overcome difficulties in its approach. Landor in his contempt for popularity intentionally put some difficulties in the way of those seeking to approach him, and more unintentionally, by his deficiency in tact and in consecutiveness of mind. These deficiencies, as it seems to me, prevent him from being one of the greatest, but they do not prevent him from being one of the great, English writers, and in proportion as it helps to make this great writer no longer by name only, but really known, will the purpose of my work have been accomplished.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

I.

DRAMATIC AND NARRATIVE.

DRAMATIC.

i. Peleus and Thetis 3
ii. Achilles and Helena 7
iii. Menelaus and Helen at Troy 13
iv. The Shades of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia . . 17
v. Æsop and Rhodopè 22
vi. Marcellus and Hannibal 33
vii. Scipio, Polybius, and Panætius 38
viii. The same 45
ix. Metellus and Marius 47
x. Tiberius and Vipsania 52
xi. Leofric and Godiva 56
xii. Tancredi and Constantia 63
xiii. Mahomet and Sergius 67
xiv. Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV. 71
xv. Leonora di Este and Father Panigarola . . . 78
xvi. The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel . . . 81
xvii. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn 90
xviii. Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey 96
xix. Essex and Spenser 100
xx. Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt 106
xxi. Peter the Great and Alexis 110

NARRATIVE.

		PAGE
xxii.	The Loves of Gebir and of Tamar. From "Gebir"	119
xxiii.	The Meeting of the Weird Sisters. From the same	124
xxiv.	The Marriage Morning. From the same	128
xxv.	The Death of Chrysaor	130
xxvi.	Thrasymedes and Eunoë	132
xxvii.	Enallos and Cymodameia	135
xxviii.	The Hamadryad	140
xxix.	Acon and Rhodopè	149
xxx.	The Death of Artemidora	153
xxxi.	The Crowning of Thelymnia	154
xxxii.	The Dream of Euthymedes	156
xxxiii.	A Tuscan Sabbath	158
xxxiv.	The Death of Acciaioli	165
xxxv.	The Dream of Boccaccio	167
xxxvi.	The Dream of Petrarca	172
xxxvii.	The Fate of a young Poet	176

II.

REFLECTIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

RELIGION.

xxxviii.	The Origin of Idolatry	181
xxxix.		182
xl.	Differences of Opinion in Religion	183
xli.—xlii.		186
xliii.—xliv.—xlv.		187
xlvi.—xlvii.		188
xlviii.	The Efficacy of Prayer	189

FAME, AND TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS.

xlix.—l.—li		191
lii.—liii.		193
liv.—lv.		194
lvi.—lvii.—lviii.—lix.		195
lx.—lxi.—lxii.	The Fame of Milton	196
lxiii.	The same	197
lxiv.—lxv.		198

PAGE

lxvi.—lxvii.—lxviii. 199
lxix.—lxx.—lxxi.—lxxii.—lxxiii. 200

DEATH AND MORTALITY.

lxxiv.—lxxv. 201
lxxvi 203
lxxvii.—lxxviii.—lxxix. 205
lxxx. 206

LIFE AND HUMAN NATURE.

lxxxi.—lxxxii.—lxxxiii.—lxxxiv.—lxxxv. 207
lxxxvi.—lxxxvii. Love of Power.—lxxxviii. The same . . 208
lxxxix. The same.—xc. The same.—xci.—xcii.—xciii. . . 209
xciv.—xcv.—xcvi.—xcvii.—xcviii. Vanity in Women.—xcix. . 210
c.—ci.—cii.—ciii. 211
civ.—cv.—cvi.—cvii.—cviii. 212
cix.—cx. Friendship.—cxi. The same.—cxii. The same . . 213
cxiii. Town and Country.—cxiv. The same 214
cxv. The same 215
cxvi. The same 216
cxvii. Love of Truth 217
cxviii. The same.—cxix. The same.—cxx.—cxxi. . . . 218
cxxii.—cxxiii. Quickness.—cxxiv.—cxxv.—cxxvi. . . . 219
cxxvii.—cxxviii.—cxxix. Idleness 220

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND FAMILY AFFECTION.

cxxx.—cxxxi.—cxxxii.—cxxxiii. 222
cxxxiv.—cxxxv. Love's Timidity.—cxxxvi. The same—cxxxvii. 223
cxxxviii. Love and Genius.—cxxxix. Marriage 224
cxl. The same.—cxli. The same 225
cxlii. Love of Children.—cxliii. The same 228
cxliv. The same 229
cxlv. The same.—cxlvi. The same.—cxlvii. 230
cxlviii. 232

MANNERS, SOCIETY, AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

cxlix. Women's Dress 233
cl. Scents and their Associations 234

PAGE

cli. Society and Solitude 236
clii.—cliii.—cliv.—clv. 237
clvi.—clvii.—clviii.—clix. 238
clx.—clxi. Men and Dogs 239
clxii. The same.—clxiii. English Hospitality 241
clxiv. The same 243
clxv.—clxvi. 244
clxvii.—clxviii. Italian Taste and the Love of Trees . . 245
clxix. Aspect of Towns in France and Italy 247
clxx. Respect for the Dead in Italy 248

POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT.

clxxi. 250
clxxii. 251
clxxiii.—clxxiv. The Fate of Despotisms.—clxxv. Democracy 252
clxxvi. Napoleon and Pericles 253
clxxvii. The Death of Hofer 254
clxxviii. The Troubles of Ireland 257
clxxix. The same.—clxxx. The same 258
clxxxi. The Greek War of Liberation 259
clxxxii. The same 261
clxxxiii. 262
clxxxiv. On the Accession of a Liberal Pope 263

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

clxxxv.—clxxxvi.—clxxxvii. 265
clxxxviii. 266
clxxxix.—cxc. 267
cxci.—cxcii.—cxciii. 268
cxciv.—cxcv.—cxcvi. 269
cxcvii.—cxcviii. Sedateness in Poetry.—cxcix. The same . 270
cc. Pindar.—cci. Latin Styles 271
ccii. Virgil's Dido.—cciii. 272
cciv.—ccv. 273
ccvi.—ccvii.—ccviii.—ccix. The Origins of Poetry . . . 274
ccx. Poetry and History 275
ccxi. The Province of History 276
ccxii. 277
ccxiii.—ccxiv. 279
ccxv.—ccxvi. 280

PAGE
ccxvii.—ccxviii.—ccxix. Milton 281
ccxx.—ccxxi. Milton and Johnson 282
ccxxii. French Prose.—ccxxiii. Addison 283
ccxxiv. Gibbon.—ccxxv. Wordsworth.—ccxxvi. Praise and Censure 284
ccxxvii. The same.—ccxxviii. The same.—ccxxix. The same —ccxxx. The same.—ccxxxi. The same.—ccxxxii. The same 285
ccxxxiii. The same.—ccxxxiv. The same.—ccxxxv. The same. —ccxxxvi. The same 286
ccxxxvii. The same.—ccxxxviii. The same.—ccxxxix. The same 287
ccxl. The same 288
ccxli. Dante's Paolo and Francesca 289
ccxlii. Verbal Criticism, with an Example 292
ccxliii. Of Idiom.—ccxliv. Of Quotation 293
ccxlv. Vulgarisms.—ccxlvi. Gallicisms and Latinisms.—ccxlvii. English Orthography and Diction 294
ccxlviii. The same 298
ccxlix. The same 299
ccl.—ccli. 300

III.

PERSONAL AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

TO IANTHE.

cclii. Homage 303
ccliii. "On the smooth brow and clustering hair" . . 303
ccliv. "There is a flower I wish to wear" . . . 303
cclv. "It often comes into my head" 303
cclvi. "All tender thoughts that e'er possess'd" . . 304
cclvii. "Pleasure! why thus desert the heart?" . . 304
cclviii. Renunciation 304
cclix. "You smiled, you spoke, and I believed" . . 305
cclx. "So late removed from him she swore" . . . 305
cclxi. "I held her hand, the pledge of bliss" . . . 305
cclxii. Absence 305
cclxiii. "Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know" 306
cclxiv. "Mild is the parting year, and sweet" . . . 306
cclxv. Years after 307

PAGE

cclxvi. "No, my own love of other years!" . . . 307
cclxvii. "I wonder not that youth remains" . . . 307
cclxviii. "Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass" . 308
cclxix. "Years, many parti-colour'd years" . . . 308
cclxx. "Well I remember how you smiled" . . . 308

INVOCATIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

cclxxi. On Swift joining Avon near Rugby . . . 309
cclxxii. Abertawy 311
cclxxiii. Rose Aylmer 312
cclxxiv. To J. S. 312
cclxxv. A Fiesolan Idyl 312
cclxxvi. Fiesolan Musings 314
cclxxvii. To Joseph Ablett 316
cclxxviii. To Wordsworth 320
cclxxix. To Southey 322
cclxxx. To the Sister of Elia 324
cclxxxi. Farewell to Italy 324
cclxxxii. Landor in England to his Youngest Son in Italy . 325
cclxxxiii. Thoughts of Fiesole, from Torquay . . . 327
cclxxxiv. On the Death of Southey 328
cclxxxv. On the same 329
cclxxxvi. To the Rev. Cuthbert Southey 330
cclxxxvii. To the Memory of Julius Hare 332
cclxxxviii. To the Memory of Lady Blessington . . . 332

CHARACTERS AND CONFESSIONS.

cclxxxix. An Apologue on Byron, 1822 334
ccxc. Note to the above, 1824 335
ccxci. 337
ccxcii. Shelley 338
ccxciii. Southey 338
ccxciv. A Confession of Jealousy 339
ccxcv. Robert Browning 339
ccxcvi. Macaulay 339
ccxcvii. Charles Dickens 340
ccxcviii. Literary Enmities 340
ccxcix. 341
ccc. "I know not whether I am proud" . . . 342
ccci. "The chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings" . 343

PAGE

cccii. The Genius of Greece 343
ccciii. On his own *Agamemnon and Iphigeneia* . . 344
ccciv. The Author of *Dry Sticks* to his Readers . . 344
cccv. 344
cccvi.—cccvii.—cccviii. 345

ON THE APPROACH OF OLD AGE AND DEATH.

cccix. To Age 346
cccx. "Is it not better at an early hour" . . . 347
cccxi. To a Painter 347
cccxii. "Give me the eyes that look on mine" . . . 347
cccxiii. "To his young Rose an old man said" . . . 348
cccxiv. The Three Roses 348
cccxv. "Various the roads of life; in one" . . . 349
cccxvi. "The day returns, my natal day" . . . 349
cccxvii. On his Seventy-fifth Birthday 349
cccxviii. On his Eightieth Birthday 349
cccxix. Memory 350
cccxx. "Death stands above me, whispering low" . . 350

NOTES 351

I.

DRAMATIC AND NARRATIVE.

DRAMATIC.

I.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

The sea-goddess Thetis, wedded by the decree of the gods to Peleus, and afterwards by the same decree separated from him, appears again before him at the hour when their son Achilles, having been discovered in his retreat on Scyros, has departed with the Grecian armament to Troy.

Thetis. O Peleus! O thou whom the gods conferred upon me for all my portion of happiness—and it was (I thought) too great——

Peleus. Goddess! to me, to thy Peleus, O how far more than goddess! why then this sudden silence? why these tears? The last we shed were when the Fates divided us, saying the Earth was not thine, and the brother of Zeus, he the ruler of the waters, had called thee. Those that fall between the beloved at parting are bitter, and ought to be: woe to him who wishes they were not! but those that flow again at the returning light of the blessed feet, should be refreshing and divine as morn.

Thetis. Support me, support me in thy arms once more, once only. Lower not thy shoulder from my cheek, to gaze at those features that (in times past) so pleased thee. The sky is serene; the heavens frown not on us: do they then prepare for us fresh sorrow? Prepare for us! ah me! the word of Zeus is spoken: our

Achilles is discovered: he is borne away in the black hollow ships of Aulis, and would have flown faster than they sail, to Troy.

Surely there are those among the gods, or among the goddesses, who might have forewarned me; and they did not! Were there no omens, no auguries, no dreams, to shake thee from thy security? no priest to prophesy? And what pastures are more beautiful than Larissa's? what victims more stately? Could the soothsayers turn aside their eyes from these?

Peleus. Approach with me and touch the altar, O my beloved! Doth not thy finger now impress the soft embers of incense? how often hath it burned, for him, for thee! And the lowings of the herds are audible for their leaders, from the sources of Apidanus and Enipeus to the sea-beach. They may yet prevail.

Thetis. Alas! alas! priests can foretell but not avert the future; and all they can give us are vain promises and abiding fears.

Peleus. Despond not, my long-lost Thetis! Hath not a god led thee back to me? Why not hope then he will restore our son? Which of them all hath such a boy offended?

Thetis. Uncertainties — worse than uncertainties — overthrow and overwhelm me.

Peleus. There is a comfort in the midst of every uncertainty, saving those which perplex the gods and confound the godlike, Love's. Be comforted! not by my kisses, but by my words. Achilles may live till our old age. *Ours!* Had I forgotten thy divinity? forgotten it in thy beauty? Other mortals think their beloved partake of it then mostly when they are gazing on their charms; but thy tenderness is more than godlike; and never have I known, never have I wished to know, whether ought in our inferior nature may resemble it.

Thetis. A mortal so immutable! the Powers above are less.

Peleus. Time without grief would not have greatly changed me.

Thetis. There is a loveliness which youth may be without, and which the gods want. To the voice of compassion not a shell in all the ocean is attuned; and no tear ever dropped upon Olympus. Thou lookest as fondly as ever, and more pensively. Have time and grief done this? and they alone? my Peleus! Tell me again, have no freshly fond anxieties?——

Peleus. Smile thus! O smile anew and forget thy sorrows. Ages shall fly over my tomb, while thou art flourishing in imperishable youth, the desire of gods, the light of the depths of Ocean, the inspirer and sustainer of ever-flowing song.

Thetis. I receive thy words, and bless them. Gods *may* desire me: I have loved Peleus. Our union had many obstacles; the envy of mortals, the jealousy of immortals, hostility and persecution from around, from below, and from above. When we were happy they parted us: and again they unite us in eternal grief.

Peleus. The wish of a divinity is powerfuller than the elements, and swifter than the light. Hence thou (what to me is impossible) mayest see the sweet Achilles every day, every hour.

Thetis. How few! alas how few! I see him in the dust, in agony, in death: I see his blood on the flints, his yellow hair flapping in its current, his hand unable to remove it from his eyes. I hear his voice; and it calls not upon me! Mothers are soon forgotten! It is weakness to love the weak! I could not save him! He would have left the caverns of Ocean, and the groves and meadows of Elysium, though resounding with the songs of love and heroism, for a field of battle.

Peleus. He may yet live many years. Troy hath been taken once already.

Thetis. He must perish; and at Troy; and now.

Peleus. The *now* of the gods is more than life's duration: other gods and other worlds are formed within it. If indeed he must perish at Troy, his ashes will lie softly on hers. Thus fall our beauteous son! thus rest Achilles!

Thetis. Twice nine years have scarcely yet passed over his head; twice nine have not yet rolled away since "O the youth of Æmathia! O the swift, the golden-haired Peleus!" were the only words sounded in the halls of Tethys. How many shells were broken for their hoarseness! how many reproofs were heard by the Tritons for interrupting the slumbers—of those who never slept! But they feigned sound sleep: and joy and kindness left the hearts of sisters. We loved too well for others to love *us*.

Why do I remember the day? Why do I remind thee of it?—my Achilles dies! it was the day that gave me my Achilles! Dearer he was to me than the light of heaven, before he ever saw it: and how much dearer now, when, bursting forth on earth like its first day-spring, all the loveliness of Nature stands back, and grows pale and faint before his.

Peleus. O thou art fallen! thou art fallen through my embrace, when I thought on him more than on thee. Look up again; look, and forgive me. No: thy forgiveness I deserve not—but did I deserve thy love? Thy solitude, thy abasement, thy parental tears, and thy fall to the earth, are from me! Why doth aught of youth linger with me? Why not come age and death? The monster of Calydon made (as thou knowest) his first and most violent rush against this arm; no longer fit for war, no longer a defence to the people. And is the day too come when it no longer can sustain my Thetis?

Thetis. Protend it not to the skies! invoke not, name not, any Deity! I fear them all. Nay, lift me not thus above thy head, O Peleus! reproaching the gods with such an awful look; with a look of beauty which they will not pity, with a look of defiance which they may not brook.

Peleus. Doth not my hand enclasp that slender foot, at which the waves of Ocean cease to be tumultuous, and the children of Æolus to disturb their peace? O, if in the celestial coolness of thy cheek, now resting on my head, there be not the breath and gift of immortality; O if Zeus hath any thunderbolt in reserve for me; let this, my beloved Thetis, be the hour!

II.

ACHILLES AND HELENA.

Achilles, during the siege of Troy, having prayed to his mother Thetis and to Aphroditè that he might see Helen face to face, is transported by those goddesses to a place of meeting with her on Mount Ida.

Helena. Where am I? Desert me not, O ye blessed from above! ye twain who brought me hither!

Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful; couldst thou answer me? Why so silent? I beseech and implore thee, speak.

Achilles. Neither thy feet nor the feet of mules have borne thee where thou standest. Whether in the hour of departing sleep, or at what hour of the morning, I know not, O Helena, but Aphroditè and Thetis, inclining to my prayer, have, as thou art conscious, led thee into these solitudes. To me also have they shown the way;

that I might behold the pride of Sparta, the marvel of the Earth, and—how my heart swells and agonises at the thought!—the cause of innumerable woes to Hellas.

Helena. Stranger! thou art indeed one whom the goddesses or gods might lead, and glory in; such is thy stature, thy voice, and thy demeanour; but who, if earthly, art thou?

Achilles. Before thee, O Helena, stands Achilles, son of Peleus. Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knees, O Helena.

Helena. Spare me, thou goddess-born! thou cherished and only son of silver-footed Thetis! Chryseïs and Briseïs ought to soften and content thy heart. Lead not me also into captivity. Woes too surely have I brought down on Hellas; but woes have been mine alike, and will for ever be.

Achilles. Daughter of Zeus! what word hast thou spoken! Chryseïs, child of the aged priest who performs in this land due sacrifices to Apollo, fell to the lot of another; an insolent and unworthy man, who hath already brought more sorrows upon our people than thou hast; so that dogs and vultures prey on the brave who sank without a wound. Briseïs is indeed mine; the lovely and dutiful Briseïs. He, unjust and contumelious, proud at once and base, would tear her from me. But, gods above! in what region has the wolf with impunity dared to seize upon the kid which the lion hath taken?

Talk not of being led into servitude. Could mortal be guilty of such impiety? Hath it never thundered on these mountain heads? Doth Zeus, the wide-seeing, see all the Earth but Ida? doth he watch over all but his own? Capaneus and Typhöeus less offended him, than would the wretch whose grasp should violate the golden hair of Helena. And dost thou still tremble? irresolute and distrustful!

Helena. I must tremble; and more and more.

Achilles. Take my hand: be confident: be comforted.

Helena. May I take it? may I hold it? I am comforted.

Achilles. The scene around us, calm and silent as the sky itself, tranquillises thee; and so it ought. Turnest thou to survey it? perhaps it is unknown to thee.

Helena. Truly; for since my arrival I have never gone beyond the walls of the city.

Achilles. Look then around thee freely, perplexed no longer. Pleasant is this level eminence, surrounded by broom and myrtle, and crisp-leaved beech and broad dark pine above. Pleasant the short slender grass, bent by insects as they alight on it or climb along it, and shining up into our eyes, interrupted by tall sisterhoods of gray lavender, and by dark-eyed cistus, and by lightsome citisus, and by little troops of serpolet running in disorder here and there.

Helena. Wonderful! how didst thou ever learn to name so many plants?

Achilles. Chiron taught me them, when I walked at his side while he was culling herbs for the benefit of his brethren. All these he taught me, and at least twenty more; for wondrous was his wisdom, boundless his knowledge, and I was proud to learn.

Ah look again! look at those little yellow poppies; they appear to be just come out to catch all that the sun will throw into their cups: they appear in their joyance and incipient dance to call upon the lyre to sing among them.

Helena. Childish! for one with such a spear against his shoulder; terrific even its shadow; it seems to make a chasm across the plain.

Achilles. To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly: it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs

where the strength of wisdom fails. What art thou pondering, Helena?

Helena. Recollecting the names of the plants. Several of them I do believe I had heard before, but had quite forgotten; my memory will be better now.

Achilles. Better now? in the midst of war and tumult?

Helena. I am sure it will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles. He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacinthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved, and spoke as we are speaking. They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

Helena. Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles. Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena. The odour of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the highth of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles. There is none.

Helena. I could wish there were a little.

Achilles. Be seated, O Helena!

Helena. The feeble are obedient: the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.

Achilles. On this very ground where we are now reposing, they who conducted us hither told me, the fatal prize of beauty was awarded. One of them smiled; the other, whom in duty I love the most, looked anxious, and let fall some tears.

Helena. Yet she was not one of the vanquished.

Achilles. Goddesses contended for it; Helena was afar.

Helena. Fatal was the decision of the arbiter!

But could not the venerable Peleus, nor Pyrrhus the

infant so beautiful and so helpless, detain thee, O Achilles, from this sad, sad war?

Achilles. No reverence or kindness for the race of Atreus brought me against Troy; I detest and abhor both brothers: but another man is more hateful to me still. Forbear we to name him. The valiant, holding the hearth as sacred as the temple, is never a violator of hospitality. He carries not away the gold he finds in the house; he folds not up the purple linen worked for solemnities, about to convey it from the cedar chest to the dark ship, together with the wife confided to his protection in her husband's absence, and sitting close and expectant by the altar of the gods.

It was no merit in Menelaus to love thee; it was a crime in another—I will not say to love, for even Priam or Nestor might love thee—but to avow it, and act on the avowal.

Helena. Menelaus, it is true, was fond of me, when Paris was sent by Aphroditè to our house. It would have been very wrong to break my vow to Menelaus, but Aphroditè urged me by day and by night, telling me that to make her break hers to Paris would be quite inexpiable. She told Paris the same thing at the same hour; and as often. He repeated it to me every morning: his dreams tallied with mine exactly. At last——

Achilles. The last is not yet come. Helena! by the Immortals! if ever I meet him in battle I transfix him with this spear.

Helena. Pray do not. Aphroditè would be angry and never forgive thee.

Achilles. I am not sure of that; she soon pardons. Variable as Iris, one day she favours and the next day she forsakes.

Helena. She may then forsake *me*.

Achilles. Other deities, O Helena, watch over and

protect thee. Thy two brave brothers are with those deities now, and never are absent from their higher festivals.

Helena. They could protect me were they living, and they would. O that thou couldst but have seen them!

Achilles. Companions of my father on the borders of the Phasis, they became his guests before they went all three to hunt the boar in the brakes of Calydon. Thence too the beauty of a woman brought many sorrows into brave men's breasts, and caused many tears to hang long and heavily on the eyelashes of matrons.

Helena. Didst thou indeed see my brothers at that season? Yes, certainly.

Achilles. I saw them not, desirous though I always was of seeing them, that I might have learnt from them, and might have practised with them, whatever is laudable and manly. But my father, fearing my impetuosity, as he said, and my inexperience, sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold some mischief to me from an arrow: and among the brakes many arrows might fly wide, glancing from trees.

Helena. I wish thou hadst seen them, were it only once. Three such youths together the blessed sun will never shine upon again.

O my sweet brothers! how they tended me! how they loved me! how often they wished me to mount their horses and to hurl their javelins. They could only teach me to swim with them; and when I had well learnt it I was more afraid than at first. It gratified me to be praised for anything but swimming.

Happy, happy hours! soon over! Does happiness always go away before beauty? It must go then: surely it might stay that little while. Alas! dear Castor! and dearer Polydeucès! often shall I think of you as ye were (and oh! as I was) on the banks of the Eurotas. Brave noble crea-

tures ! they were as tall, as terrible, and almost as beautiful, as thou art. Be not wroth ! Blush no more for me.

Achilles. Helena ! Helena ! wife of Menelaus ! my mother is reported to have left about me only one place vulnerable : I have at last found where it is. Farewell.

Helena. O leave me not ! Earnestly I entreat and implore thee, leave me not alone. These solitudes are terrible : there must be wild beasts among them ; there certainly are Fauns and Satyrs. And there is Cybelè who carries towers and temples on her head ; who hates and abhors Aphroditè, who persecutes those *she* favours, and whose priests are so cruel as to be cruel even to themselves.

Achilles. According to their promise, the goddesses who brought thee hither in a cloud will in a cloud reconduct thee, safely and unseen, into the city.

Again, O daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell !

III.

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

After the fall of Troy, Helen is pursued by Menelaus up the steps of the palace ; an old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

Menelaus. Out of my way ! Off ! or my sword may smite thee,
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive ! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair—
Thou mountest not another, by the gods !
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee

In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves ! turn, paramour
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odours to the dust and flames.
Helen. Welcome the death thou promisest ! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.
Menelaus. Duty ! false harlot !
Helen. Name too true ! severe
Precursor to the blow that is to fall !
It should alone suffice for killing me.
Menelaus. Ay, weep : be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day—its last—the day
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.
Helen. Spare ! spare ! O let the last that falls be me
There are but young and old.
Menelaus. There are but guilty
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
Like flies ? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
Wherewith the streets are pathless ? Ay, but vengeance
Springs over all ; and Nemesis and Atè
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
I never saw thee weep till now : and now
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
As thou didst. Thine could scarce have claspt thy knee
If she had felt thee leave her.
Helen. O my child !
My only one ! thou livest : 'tis enough ;
Hate me, abhor me, curse me—these are duties—
Call me but Mother in the shades of death !
She now is twelve years old, when the ud swells

And the first colours of uncertain life
Begin to tinge it.
Menelaus (*aside*). Can she think of home?
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermionè's!
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,
For thee, my last of love!
Scorn, righteous scorn
Blows it from me—but thou mayst—never, never—
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.
Helen. Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
Send me among the captives; so that Zeus
May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
Cry, "She alone shall never sail for Greece!"
Menelaus. Hast thou more words?
Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis:
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seiz'd and let loose! Ah! can then years have past
Since—but the children of the gods, like them,
Suffer not age.
Helen! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance—was it force
That bore thee off?
Helen. It was some evil god.
Menelaus. Helping that hated man?
Helen. How justly hated!
Menelaus. By thee too?
Helen. Hath he not made *thee* unhappy?
O do not strike.
Menelaus. Wretch!
Helen. Strike, but do not speak.
Menelaus. Lest thou remember me against thy will.

Helen. Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will; O! how against my will
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.
Menelaus. They shall not save thee.
Helen. Then indeed they pity
Menelaus. Prepare for death.
Helen. Not from that hand: 'twould pain you.
Menelaus. Touch not my hand.—Easily dost thou drop it!
Helen. Easy are all things, do but thou command.
Menelaus. Look up then.
Helen. To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden: bid me not look up.
Menelaus. She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'erspread
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathèd gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.
Helen. The hand
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,
Nor thine—alas! the light of heaven to me.
Menelaus. Follow me.
She holds out both arms—and now
Drops them again.—She comes.—Why stoppest thou?
Helen. O Menelaus! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did—for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy—
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.
Menelaus. And I must lead her by the hand again?
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back—
The true alone and loving sob like her.
Come, Helen! [*He takes her hand.*
Helen. Oh! let never Greek see this!
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
Hide me from all.

Menelaus. Thy anguish is too strong
For me to strive with.
Helen. Leave it all to me.
Menelaus. Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

IV.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND IPHIGENEIA.

Agamemnon, murdered by his wife Clytemnestra on his return from the Trojan war, is met at his entrance among the shades by his daughter Iphigeneia, sacrificed by him to propitiate the gods on the outward journey.

Iphigeneia. Father! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.
We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.
And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?
Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink,
But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.
Agamemnon. Daughter!
Iphigeneia. Beloved father! is the blade
Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit
For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins;
No god requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;
This alone shows that we are with the blest,

Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.
Tell me then,
Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most?) for what we did.

Agamemnon. Ye gods who govern here! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do tears
Spring in these meadows?

Iphigeneia. No, sweet father, no—
I could have answered that; why ask the gods?

Agamemnon. Iphigeneia! O my child! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the gods and all their laws.

Iphigeneia. Father! we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect
We have no wicked here; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at wingèd fire
Innoxious to his fields and palaces,
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night,
Nor spring for summer. All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit!
None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatch'd your robe away from me,

Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors
Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.
Therefore all prais'd you.
Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?

Agamemnon. O! gods of hell!

Iphigeneia. She hath not past the river.
We may walk
With our hands link'd nor feel our house's shame.

Agamemnon. Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,
Greece no avenger—I, her chief so late,
Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

Iphigeneia. Come, I have better diadems than those
Of Argos and Mycenai: come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walk'd
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

Agamemnon. O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!

Iphigeneia. Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.

Agamemnon. Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.
All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!
(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,
Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quench'd,
'Tis worthy of the gods, and lives for ever.
Iphigeneia. What spake my father to the gods above?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
But, O my faultless father! why should you?
And shun so my embraces!
Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness!
We are shades!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season
Of full-orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me; smile with me at my illusion—
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,

Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.
Agamemnon. We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
With purity, nor words that more and more
Teach what we know from those we know, and sink
Often most deeply where they fall most light.
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
Kingdom and life were little.
Iphigeneia. Value them
As little now.
Agamemnon. Were life and kingdom all!
Iphigeneia. Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.
The little fond Electra, and Orestes
So childish and so bold! O that mad boy!
They will be happy too.
Cheer! king of men!
Cheer! there are voices, songs—Cheer! arms advance.
Agamemnon. Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,
These are not false embraces.
Iphigeneia. Both are happy!
Agamemnon. Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.
What are ye, winged ones! with golden urns?

The Hours.

(*Descending.*) To each an urn we bring:
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold
The lymph of the Lethean spring.
We, son of Atreus! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of men.
No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort! We have done with thee,
And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*) Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow,
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bowers,
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

(*As the Hours depart, the shades of the Argive warriors who had fought at Troy approach and chant in chorus the praises of Agamemnon and his daughter.*)

V.

ÆSOP AND RHODOPÈ.

Æsop, being a slave in the house of Xanthus, a Samian, has for a fellow-slave the young girl Rhodopè, or Rhodôpis, destined afterwards to attain great wealth and renown in Egypt. Rhodopè attaches herself to Æsop in spite of his deformity, and in this Second Conversation tells him how it came to pass that she was sold into slavery.

Æsop. And so, our fellow-slaves are given to contention on the score of dignity?

Rhodopè. I do not believe they are much addicted to contention: for, whenever the good Xanthus hears a signal of such misbehaviour, he either brings a scourge into the midst of them, or sends our lady to scold them smartly for it.

Æsop. Admirable evidence against their propensity!

Rhodopè. I will not have you find them out so, nor laugh at them.

Æsop. Seeing that the good Xanthus and our lady are equally fond of thee, and always visit thee both together, the girls, however envious, cannot well or safely be arrogant, but must of necessity yield the first place to thee.

Rhodopè. They indeed are observant of the kindness

thus bestowed upon me: yet they afflict me by taunting me continually with what I am unable to deny.

Æsop. If it is true, it ought little to trouble thee; if untrue, less. I know, for I have looked into nothing else of late, no evil can thy heart have admitted: a sigh of thine before the gods would remove the heaviest that could fall on it. Pray tell me what it may be. Come, be courageous; be cheerful. I can easily pardon a smile if thou empleadest me of curiosity.

Rhodopè. They remark to me that enemies or robbers took them forcibly from their parents—and that—and that——

Æsop. Likely enough: what then? Why desist from speaking? Why cover thy face with thy hair and hands? Rhodopè! Rhodopè! dost thou weep moreover?

Rhodopè. It is so sure!

Æsop. Was the fault thine?

Rhodopè. O that it were!—if there was any.

Æsop. While it pains thee to tell it, keep thy silence; but when utterance is a solace, then impart it.

Rhodopè. They remind me (oh! who could have had the cruelty to relate it?) that my father, my own dear father——

Æsop. Say not the rest: I know it: his day was come.

Rhodopè. —Sold me, sold me. You start: you did not at the lightning last night, nor at the rolling sounds above. And do you, generous Æsop! do you also call a misfortune a disgrace?

Æsop. If it is, I am among the most disgraceful of men. Didst thou dearly love thy father?

Rhodopè. All loved him. He was very fond of me.

Æsop. And yet sold thee! sold thee to a stranger!

Rhodopè. He was the kindest of all kind fathers, nevertheless. Nine summers ago, you may have heard perhaps, there was a grievous famine in our land of Thrace.

Æsop. I remember it perfectly.

Rhodopè. O poor Æsop! and were you too famishing in your native Phrygia?

Æsop. The calamity extended beyond the narrow sea that separates our countries. My appetite was sharpened; but the appetite and the wits are equally set on the same grindstone.

Rhodopè. I was then scarcely five years old: my mother died the year before: my father sighed at every funereal, but he sighed more deeply at every bridal, song. He loved me because he loved her who bore me: and yet I made him sorrowful whether I cried or smiled. If ever I vexed him, it was because I would not play when he told me, but made him, by my weeping, weep again.

Æsop. And yet he could endure to lose thee! he, thy father! Could any other? could any who lives on the fruits of the Earth, endure it? O age, that art incumbent over me! blessed be thou; thrice blessed! Not that thou stillest the tumults of the heart and promisest eternal calm; but that, prevented by thy beneficence, I never shall experience this only intolerable wretchedness.

Rhodopè. Alas! alas!

Æsop. Thou art now happy, and shouldst not utter that useless exclamation.

Rhodopè. You said something angrily and vehemently when you stepped aside. Is it not enough that the handmaidens doubt the kindness of my father? Must so virtuous and so wise a man as Æsop blame him also?

Æsop. Perhaps he is little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

Rhodopè. Kind heart! on which mine must never rest.

Æsop. Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee: rest on it, as the Deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.

Rhodopè. Could I remove any sorrow from it, I should be contented.

Æsop. Then be so; and proceed in thy narrative.

Rhodopè. Bear with me a little yet. My thoughts have overpowered my words, and now themselves are overpowered and scattered. Forty-seven days ago (this is only the forty-eighth since I beheld you first) I was a child; I was ignorant, I was careless.

Æsop. If these qualities are signs of childhood, the universe is a nursery.

Rhodopè. Affliction, which makes many wiser, had no such effect on me. But reverence and love (why should I hesitate at the one avowal more than at the other?) came over me, to ripen my understanding.

Æsop. O Rhodopè! we must loiter no longer upon this discourse?

Rhodopè. Why not?

Æsop. Pleasant is yonder beanfield, seen over the high papyrus when it waves and bends: deep laden with the sweet heaviness of its odour is the listless air that palpitates dizzily above it: but Death is lurking for the slumberer beneath its blossoms.

Rhodopè. You must not love then!—but may not I?

Æsop. We will—but——

Rhodopè. We! O sound that is to vibrate on my breast for ever! O hour! happier than all other hours since time began! O gracious gods! who brought me into bondage!

Æsop. Be calm, be composed, be circumspect. We must hide our treasure that we may not lose it.

Rhodopè. I do not think that you can love me; and I fear and tremble to hope so. Ah, yes; you have said you did. But again you only look at me, and sigh as if you repented.

Æsop. Unworthy as I may be of thy fond regard, I

am not unworthy of thy fullest confidence; why distrust me?

Rhodopè. Never will I—never, never. To know that I possess your love, surpasses all other knowledge, dear as is all that I receive from you. I should be tired of my own voice if I heard it on aught beside: and, even yours is less melodious in any other sound than *Rhodopè.*

Æsop. Do such little girls learn to flatter?

Rhodopè. Teach me how to speak, since you could not teach me how to be silent.

Æsop. Speak no longer of me, but of thyself; and only of things that never pain thee.

Rhodopè. Nothing can pain me now.

Æsop. Relate thy story then, from infancy.

Rhodopè. I must hold your hand: I am afraid of losing you again.

Æsop. Now begin. Why silent so long?

Rhodopè. I have dropped all memory of what is told by me and what is untold.

Æsop. Recollect a little. I can be patient with this hand in mine.

Rhodopè. I am not certain that yours is any help to recollection.

Æsop. Shall I remove it?

Rhodopè. O! now I think I can recall the whole story. What did you say? did you ask any question?

Æsop. None, excepting what thou hast answered.

Rhodopè. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn-chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and, finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking however about the corn. A faint and

transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendour of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market-place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less saleable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhodopè. As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike

imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I never had seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine." Again I laughed aloud and heartily, and thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body toward the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry: at which I laughed again, and more than ever: for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honeycomb, and gave them to me. I held the honeycomb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but seizing the

bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked at him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes; I was too young: but I might have received his last breath; the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blameable, O Æsop?

Æsop. It was sublime humanity; it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow; he could number the steps of death and miss not one: but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, men the beautiful. The dominion of Pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious,

but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery if we neither make ourselves poor by our own improvidence, nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and highest of the human racé are sold; most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money into the market!

Rhodopè. Surely the great and powerful are never to to be purchased: are they?

Æsop. It may be a defect in my vision, but I cannot see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barters her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and the sweetest memories. Midas, in the height of prosperity, would have given his daughter to Lycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods.

Release my neck, O Rhodopè! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

Rhodopè. To hear thee converse on him in such a manner, I can do even that.

Æsop. Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? Did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

Rhodopè. I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw

him collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long, but said,

"Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little." He smiled faintly at this, and, after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began: "I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodopè! my chirping bird! over whom is no mother's wing! That it may lull thee asleep, I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhesus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simoïs! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by assembled gods, and then polluted by the Phrygian? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythera! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she upon whose brow I lay my hand, praise and bless thee for evermore!

"Ah yes! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms clasped together: her benefits have descended on thy beauteous head, my child! The Fates also have sung, beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear: and not from the spindle comes the

sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou couldst hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song, perhaps: lie down again, lie down, my Rhodopè! I will repeat what they are saying:

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious, than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the Nymphs called her Eurydicè. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.'

"O my child! the undeceiving Fates have uttered this. Other Powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us." He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me not by the side, but between them: for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop!

You ponder: you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last: yet shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly: it is from her I have learnt them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

Æsop. So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

Rhodopè. Who flatters now?

Æsop. Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the Fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè, and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

VI.

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL.

M. Claudius Marcellus, in command of the Roman army near Venusia, having fallen into an ambuscade of the Carthaginians and their allies, and been mortally wounded, expires in the presence of Hannibal: a Gaulish chieftain and a surgeon are in attendance.

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not—he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers—wide, forty paces—give him air—bring water—halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood—unbrace his armour. Loose the helmet first—his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me—they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain

of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure——

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is.—The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me.—Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome—Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot.—How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armour!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him—indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king: the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breastplate he pierced with his sword, these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? When his life may perhaps be recalled? When I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? When Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and emeralds and that scarlet——

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude—yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station—I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what else has the world in it? only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then! The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (*to the Surgeon*). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the

impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. O! what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. Mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest: this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in

the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us. There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate—and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks.

VII.

SCIPIO, POLYBIUS, AND PANÆTIUS.

The Greek historian Polybius, and the Greek philosopher Panætius, friends of Publius Scipio Æmilianus, enter his tent after the fall of Carthage.

Scipio. Polybius, if you have found me slow in rising to you, if I lifted not up my eyes to salute you on your entrance, do not hold me ungrateful—proud there is no danger that you will ever call me; this day of all days would least make me so: it shows me the power of the immortal gods, the mutability of fortune, the instability of empire, the feebleness, the nothingness of man. The

earth stands motionless; the grass upon it bends and returns, the same to-day as yesterday, the same in this age as in a hundred past: the sky darkens and is serene again; the clouds melt away, but they are clouds another time, and float like triumphal pageants along the heavens. Carthage is fallen! to rise no more! the funereal horns have this hour announced to us, that, after eighteen days and eighteen nights of conflagration, her last embers are extinguished.

Polybius. Perhaps, O Æmilianus, I ought not to have come in.

Scipio. Welcome, my friend.

Polybius. While you were speaking I would by no means interrupt you so idly, as to ask you to whom you have been proud, or to whom could you be ungrateful.

Scipio. To him, if to any, whose hand is in mine; to him on whose shoulder I rest my head, weary with presages and vigils. Collect my thoughts for me, O my friend! the fall of Carthage hath shaken and scattered them. There are moments when, if we are quite contented with ourselves, we never can remount to what we were before.

Polybius. Panætius is absent.

Scipio. Feeling the necessity, at the moment, of utter loneliness, I despatched him toward the city. There may be (yes, even there) some sufferings which the Senate would not censure us for assuaging. But behold he returns! We were speaking of you, Panætius!

Panætius. And about what beside? Come, honestly tell me, Polybius, on what are you reflecting and meditating with such sedately intense enthusiasm?

Polybius. After the burning of some village, or the overleaping of some garden-wall, to exterminate a few pirates or highwaymen, I have seen the commander's tent thronged with officers; I have heard as many trumpets

around him as would have shaken down the places of themselves: I have seen the horses start from the pretorium as if they would fly from under their trappings, and spurred as if they were to reach the east and west before sunset, that nations might hear of the exploit, and sleep soundly. And now do I behold in solitude, almost in gloom, and in such silence that, unless my voice prevent it, the grasshopper is audible, him who has levelled to the earth the strongest and most populous of cities, the wealthiest and most formidable of empires. I had seen Rome; I had seen (what those who never saw never *will* see) Carthage; I thought I had seen Scipio: it was but the image of him: here I find him.

Scipio. There are many hearts that ache this day: there are many that never will ache more: hath one man done it? one man's breath? What air, upon the earth, or upon the waters, or in the void of heaven, is lost so quickly! it flies away at the point of an arrow, and returns no more! the sea-foam stifles it! the tooth of a reptile stops it! a noxious leaf suppresses it. What are we in our greatness? Whence rises it? Whither tends it? Merciful gods! may not Rome be what Carthage is? may not those who love her devotedly, those who will look on her with fondness and affection after life, see her in such condition as to wish she were so?

Polybius. One of the heaviest groans over fallen Carthage, burst from the breast of Scipio: who would believe this tale?

Scipio. Men like my Polybius: others must never hear it.

Polybius. You have not ridden forth, Æmilianus, to survey the ruins.

Scipio. No, Polybius: since I removed my tent to avoid the heat from the conflagration, I never have ridden nor walked nor looked toward them. At this elevation, and three miles off, the temperature of the season is altered.

I do not believe, as those about me would have persuaded me, that the gods were visible in the clouds; that thrones of ebony and gold were scattered in all directions; that broken chariots and flaming steeds, and brazen bridges, had cast their fragments upon the earth; that eagles and lions, dolphins and tridents, and other emblems of power and empire, were visible at one moment, and at the next had vanished; that purple and scarlet overspread the mansions of the gods; that their voices were heard at first confusedly and discordantly, and that the apparition closed with their high festivals. I could not keep my eyes on the heavens; a crash of arch or of theatre or of tower, a column of flame rising higher than they were, or a universal cry, as if none until then had perished, drew them thitherward. Such were the dismal sights and sounds, a fresh city seemed to have been taken every hour, for seventeen days. This is the nineteenth since the smoke arose from the level roofs and from the lofty temples, and thousands died, and tens of thousands ran in search of death.

Calamity moves me; heroism moves me more. That a nation whose avarice we have so often reprehended, should have cast into the furnace gold and silver, from the insufficiency of brass and iron for arms; that palaces the most magnificent should have been demolished by the proprietor for their beams and rafters in order to build a fleet against us; that the ropes whereby the slaves hauled them down to the new harbour, should in part be composed of hair, for one lock of which kings would have laid down their diadems; that Asdrubal should have found equals, his wife none—my mind, my very limbs, are unsteady with admiration. O Liberty! what art thou to the valiant and brave, when thou art thus to the weak and timid! dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love. Never will I call upon thee where thy

name can be profaned, and never shall my soul acknowledge a more exalted Power than thee.

Panætius. The Carthaginians and Moors have, beyond other nations, a delicate feeling on female chastity. Rather than that their women should become slaves and concubines, they slay them: is it certain that Asdrubal did not observe, or cause to be observed, the custom of his country?

Polybius. Certain: on the surrender of his army his wife threw herself and her two infants into the flames. Not only memorable acts, of what the dastardly will call desperation, were performed, but some also of deliberate and signal justice. Avaricious as we called the people, and unjustly, as you have proved, Æmilianus, I will relate what I myself was witness to.

In a part of the city where the fire had subsided, we were excited by loud cries, rather of indignation, we thought, than of such as fear or lament or threaten or exhort; and we pressed forward to disperse the multitude. Our horses often plunged in the soft dust, and in the holes whence the pavement had been removed for missiles, and often reared up and snorted violently at smells which we could not perceive, but which we discovered to rise from bodies, mutilated and half-burnt, of soldiers and horses, laid bare, some partly, some wholly, by the march of the troop. Although the distance from the place whence we parted to that where we heard the cries, was very short, yet from the incumbrances in that street, and from the dust and smoke issuing out of others, it was some time before we reached it. On our near approach, two old men threw themselves on the ground before us, and the elder spake thus. "Our age, O Romans, neither will nor ought to be our protection: we are, or rather we have been, judges of this land; and to the uttermost of our power we have invited our countrymen to resist

you. The laws are now yours." The expectation of the people was intense and silent: we had heard some groans; and now the last words of the old man were taken up by others, by men in agony.

"Yes, O Romans!" said the elder who accompanied him that had addressed us, "the laws are yours; and none punish more severely than you do treason and parricide. Let your horses turn this corner, and you will see before you traitors and parricides."

We entered a small square: it had been a market-place: the roofs of the stalls were demolished, and the stones of several columns (thrown down to extract the cramps of iron and the lead that fastened them) served for the spectators, male and female, to mount on. Five men were nailed on crosses; two others were nailed against a wall, from scarcity (as we were told) of wood. "Can seven men have murdered their parents in the same year?" cried I.

"No, nor has any of the seven," replied the first who had spoken. "But when heavy impositions were laid upon those who were backward in voluntary contributions, these men, among the richest in our city, protested by the gods that they had no gold or silver left. They protested truly."

"And they die for this! inhuman, insatiable, inexorable wretch!"

"Their books," added he, unmoved at my reproaches, "were seized by public authority and examined. It was discovered that, instead of employing their riches in external or internal commerce, or in manufactures, or in agriculture, instead of reserving it for the embellishment of the city, or the utility of the citizens, instead of lending it on interest to the industrious and the needy, they had lent it to foreign kings and tyrants, some of whom were waging unjust wars by these very means, and others

were enslaving their own country. For so heinous a crime the laws had appointed no specific punishment. On such occasions the people and elders vote in what manner the delinquent shall be prosecuted, lest any offender should escape with impunity, from their humanity or improvidence. Some voted that these wretches should be cast amid the panthers; the majority decreed them (I think wisely) a more lingering and more ignominious death."

The men upon the crosses held down their heads, whether from shame or pain or feebleness. The sunbeams were striking them fiercely; sweat ran from them, liquefying the blood that had blackened and hardened on their hands and feet. A soldier stood by the side of each, lowering the point of his spear to the ground; but no one of them gave it up to us. A centurion asked the nearest of them how he dared to stand armed before him.

"Because the city is in ruins, and the laws still live," said he. "At the first order of the conqueror or the elders, I surrender my spear."

"What is your pleasure, O Commander?" said the elder.

"That an act of justice be the last public act performed by the citizens of Carthage, and that the sufferings of these wretches be not abridged."

Such was my reply. The soldiers piled their spears, for the points of which the hearts of the crucified men thirsted, and the people hailed us as they would have hailed deliverers.

VIII.

SCIPIO, PANÆTIUS, AND POLYBIUS.

The same speakers converse on the genius of Greece.

Polybius. Eternal thanks to the Romans !—who, whatever reason they may have had to treat the Greeks as enemies, to traverse and persecute such men as Lycortas my father, and as Philopœmen my early friend, to consume our cities with fire, and to furrow our streets with torrents (as we have heard lately) issuing from the remolten images of gods and heroes, have however so far respected the mother of Civilisation and of Law, as never to permit the cruel mockery of erecting Barbarism and Royalty on their vacant bases.

Panætius. Our ancient institutions in part exist; we lost the rest when we lost the simplicity of our forefathers. Let it be our glory that we have resisted the most populous and wealthy nations, and that, having been conquered, we have been conquered by the most virtuous; that every one of our chief cities hath produced a greater number of illustrious men than all the remainder of the earth around us; that no man can anywhere enter his hall or portico, and see the countenances of his ancestors from their marble columels, without a commemorative and grateful sense of obligation to us; that neither his solemn feasts nor his cultivated fields are silent on it; that not the lamp which shows him the glad faces of his children, and prolongs his studies, and watches by his rest,—that not the ceremonies whereby he hopes to avert the vengeance of the gods, nor the tenderer ones whereon are founded the affinities of domestic life, nor finally those which lead toward another,—would have existed in his country, if

Greece had not conveyed them. Bethink thee, Scipio, how little hath been done by any other nation to promote the moral dignity or enlarge the social pleasures of the human race. What parties ever met, in their most populous cities, for the enjoyment of liberal and speculative conversation? What Alcibiades, elated with war and glory, turned his youthful mind from general admiration and from the cheers and caresses of coeval friends, to strengthen and purify it under the cold reproofs of the aged? What Aspasia led Philosophy to smile on Love, or taught Love to reverence Philosophy? These, as thou knowest, are not the safest guides for either sex to follow; yet in these were united the gravity and the graces of wisdom, never seen, never imagined, out of Athens.

I would not offend thee by comparing the genius of the Roman people with ours: the offence is removable, and in part removed already by thy hand. The little of sound learning, the little of pure wit, that hath appeared in Rome from her foundation, hath been concentrated under thy roof: one tile would cover it. Have we not walked together, O Scipio, by starlight, on the shores of Surrentum and Baiæ, of Ischia, and Caprea, and hath it not occurred to thee that the heavens themselves, both what we see of them and what lieth above our vision, are peopled with our heroes and heroines? The ocean, that roars so heavily in the ears of other men, hath for us its tuneful shells, its placid nymphs, and its beneficent ruler. The trees of the forest, the flowers, the plants, passed indiscriminately elsewhere, awaken and warm our affection; they mingle with the objects of our worship; they breathe the spirit of our ancestors; they lived in our form; they spoke in our language; they suffered as our daughters may suffer; the deities revisit them with pity; and some (we think) dwell among them.

Scipio. Poetry! poetry!

Panætius. Yes; I own it. The spirit of Greece, passing through and ascending above the world, hath so animated universal nature, that the very rocks and woods, the very torrents and wilds burst forth with it—and it falls, Æmilianus, even from me.

Scipio. It is from Greece I have received my friends Panætius and Polybius.

Panætius. Say more, Æmilianus! You have indeed said it here already; but say it again at Rome: it is Greece who taught the Romans all beyond the rudiments of war: it is Greece who placed in your hand the sword that conquered Carthage.

IX.

METELLUS AND MARIUS.

At the siege of Numantia, the Roman centurion Caius Marius enters the besieged city at the desire of the tribune Cæcilius Metellus, and reports to him what he has seen within.

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the gods in secrecy: they have sounded the horn once only; and hoarsely, and low, and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the fig-tree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that.

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

Metellus. How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent.

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! dost thou not hear?

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the beanfield of Cereatæ[1]; for the sun is hot, and the ground is thirsty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

Metellus. How? We have not fought for many days; what bodies then are fresh ones?

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and girls: in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

Metellus. Mark rather the living—what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good; it burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel. I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me.

[1] The farm of Marius, near Arpinum.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians: no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

Metellus. Did they want then all the wood for the altar?

Marius. It appears so—I will return anon.

Metellus. The gods speed thee, my brave honest Marius!

Marius (*returning after an interval*). The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe however. Here a man may walk securely, and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless; but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion! what more? speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld then all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? hast thou descried nothing of the inhabitants but those carcases under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered, although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens, of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused, were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it?

Marius. It blazed under them and over them and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius? Thy visage is scorched: thy speech may wander after such an enterprise: thy shield burns my hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers.

Marius. 'Twere better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time.

The funereal horn that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should I say it?—there was another: there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him, for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in highth almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak: rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him, however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some, too, I can imagine,

from robuster arms, things of joyance won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate upward from among them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck hung the trumpet, felt this, and started.

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet, both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It, like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe, panted once more, and seized him!

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus! what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her—a Numantian.

Metellus. We shall feast to-morrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune: trust in fortune.

Marius. Auguries are surer: surest of all is perseverance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius.

Marius (*alone*). The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

X.

TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA.

Tiberius Claudius Nero having been compelled by his mother Livia and by Augustus to put away his first wife Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, and to marry Julia, the daughter of Augustus, afterwards meets Vipsania unexpectedly.

Tiberius. Vipsania, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

Vipsania. Whom do I see? my Tiberius?

Tiberius. Ah! no, no, no! but thou seest the father of thy little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him——

Vipsania. Tiberius! the altars, the gods, the destinies, are between us—I will take it from this hand; thus, thus shall he receive it.

Tiberius. Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania, I may kiss thy head—for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

Vipsania. Ambition does not see the earth she treads on: the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her. Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius. It has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

Tiberius. My ambition, I swear by the immortal gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world——

Vipsania. Overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

Tiberius. And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any

should look down on us and spurn us! Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign forsooth is a lovely thing! O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swang his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea. I have it before me; and though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it; just as I did from my little favourite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to mitigate its effulgence. These too were happy days: days of happiness like these I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why can not one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return?

Vipsania. Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

Tiberius. Who dared to call thee? Thou wert mine before the gods—do they deny it? was it my fault?

Vipsania. Since we are separated, and for ever, O Tiberius, let us think no more on the cause of it. Let neither of us believe that the other was to blame; so shall separation be less painful.

Tiberius. O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was? patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

Vipsania. Did you say that too? but I think it was so: I had felt little. One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me——

Tiberius. The wife of Cæsar did it. But hear me now, hear me: be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother who loves her only son immoderately; and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very, very kind; but she regards me only; and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother? So good she ever was to me! so loving!

Vipsania. I quite forgive her: be tranquil, O Tiberius!

Tiberius. Never can I know peace—never can I pardon—any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us! our one boy! our helpless little one! him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together. Rememberest thou? or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

Vipsania. I hear; I hear. O cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart lies under it.

Tiberius. Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. O she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me—she threw me to where I am at one breath. The gods cannot replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly? to whom can I open my heart? to whom speak plainly? There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing: there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

Vipsania. These words cool my breast like pressing

his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

Tiberius. My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropped from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied; and tossed away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh! Your merits may be yet rewarded—be of good cheer! Counsel me in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

Vipsania. This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

Tiberius. They had not then congratulated me.

Vipsania. On what?

Tiberius. And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous as I know she is, but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be: worthy to succeed them.

Vipsania. Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

Tiberius. Where is my love? my love?

Vipsania. Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in the place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

Tiberius. And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania! why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is below us. Methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buzz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

Vipsania. Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

Tiberius. Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedst it an echo? Will not thou laugh with me, as

thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded—I know not whom—to stand back, on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them: now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal gods! I cursed then audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

XI.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA.

The Lady Godiva, riding with her husband Earl Leofric into the city of Coventry, makes intercession with him on behalf of the people, and learns from his lips on what condition he will pardon them.

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls

or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odour.

Leofric. And now, Godiva my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage: they, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish? What he can do like God.

Leofric. How! What is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! shall none enjoy them? Not even we, my Leofric! The sun is ready to set: let it

never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words; they are better than mine; should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them!

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have then drawn the sword against you! Indeed I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving as they said they were——

Leofric. Must I starve too! Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much! may you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst—and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul! for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family.

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must indeed.

Leofric. Well then.

Godiva. Is the clamourousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? are maddening songs and giddy dances, and hireling praises from party-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us? or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is

the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival, the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again, to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have indeed lost myself. Some Power, some good, kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O, my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? No bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honour and rank among men are humbled by this: Earl Godwin will hear of it: up! up! the bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward: dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, this tax on hard labour, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as

to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages. Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets.

Godiva. O my dear cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me! It was not so! can mine have hardened it!

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And now what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer! thou hast heard it! Save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs: let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward: to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments then to-morrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence: my prayers are heard: the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric (*aside*). Ay, ay—they shall smart though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn: beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it; this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing; there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair: take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working there upon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment—I *will* say it—now then for worse—I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (*to herself*). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten! and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach! and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me! Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the morning come! ah, when will the noon be over!

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and on his reaching the last line his laughter was loud and immoderate. This Conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads;* so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me:—

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer;
And at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!

W. S. L.

XII.

TANCREDI AND CONSTANTIA.

During the struggle for the crown of Sicily between the Emperor Henry VI., married to Constance daughter of the Sicilian King William II., and Tancred Count of Lecce, natural son of King Roger II., Constance has fallen a prisoner into the hands of Tancred.

Constantia. Is this in mockery, sir? Do you place me under a canopy, and upon what (no doubt) you presume to call a throne, for derision?

Tancredi. Madonna! if it never were a throne before, henceforward let none approach it but with reverence. The greatest, the most virtuous, of queens and empresses (it were indecorous in such an inferior as I am to praise in your presence aught else in you that raises men's admiration) leaves a throne for homage wherever she has rested.

Constantia. Count Tancredi! your past conduct ill accords with your present speech. Your courtesy, great as it is, would have been much greater, if you yourself had taken me captive, and had not turned your horse and rode back, on purpose that villanous hands might seize me.

Tancredi. Knightly hands (I speak it with all submission) are not villanous. I could not in my heart command you to surrender; and I would not deprive a brave man, a man distinguished for deference and loyalty, of the pleasure he was about to enjoy in encountering your two barons. I am confident he never was discourteous.

Constantia. He was; he took my horse's bridle by the bit, turned his back on me, and would not let me go.

Tancredi. War sometimes is guilty of such enormities, and even worse.

Constantia. I would rather have surrendered myself to the most courageous knight in Italy.

Tancredi. Which may that be?

Constantia. By universal consent, Tancredi, Count of Lecce.

Tancredi. To possess the highest courage, is but small glory; to be without it, is a great disgrace.

Constantia. Loyalty, not only to ladies, but to princes, is the true and solid foundation of it. Count of Lecce! am I not the daughter of your king?

Tancredi. I recognise in the Lady Constantia the daughter of our late sovran lord, King William, of glorious memory.

Constantia. Recognise then your queen.

Tancredi. Our laws, and the supporters of these laws, forbid it.

Constantia. Is that memory a glorious one, as you call it, which a single year is sufficient to erase? And did not my father nominate me his heir?

Tancredi. A kingdom is not among the chattels of a king: a people is paled within laws, and not within parks and chases: the powerfullest have no privilege to sport in that inclosure. The barons of the realm and the knights and the people assembled in Palermo, and there by acclamation called and appointed me to govern the state. Certainly the Lady Constantia is nearer to the throne in blood, and much worthier: I said so then. The unanimous reply was that Sicily should be independent of all other lands, and that neither German Kings nor Roman Emperors should control her.

Constantia. You must be aware, sir, that an armed resistance to the Emperor is presumptuous and traitorous.

Tancredi. He has carried fire and sword into my

country, and has excited the Genoese and Pisans, men speaking the same language as ourselves, to debark on our coasts, to demolish our villages, and to consume our harvests.

Constantia. Being a sovran, he possesses the undoubted right.

Tancredi. Being a Sicilian, I have no less a right to resist him.

Constantia. Right? Do rights appertain to vassals?

Tancredi. Even to them; and this one particularly. Were I still a vassal, I should remember that I am a king by election, by birth a Sicilian, and by descent a Norman.

Constantia. All these fine titles give no right whatever to the throne, from which an insuperable bar precludes you.

Tancredi. What bar can there be which my sword and my people's love are unable to bear down?

Constantia. Excuse my answer.

Tancredi. Deign me one, I entreat you, Madonna! although the voice of my country may be more persuasive with me even than yours.

Constantia. Count Lecce! you are worthy of all honour, excepting that alone which can spring only from lawful descent.

Tancredi. My father was the first-born of the Norman conqueror, King of Sicily: my mother, in her own right, Countess of Lecce. I have no reason to blush at my birth; nor did ever the noble breast which gave me nourishment heave with a sense of ignominy as she pressed me to it. She thought the blessing of the poor equivalent to the blessing of the priest.

Constantia. I would not refer to her ungently: but she by her alliance set at nought our Holy Father.

Tancredi. In all her paths, in all her words and actions, she obeyed him.

Constantia. Our Holy Father?

Tancredi. Our holiest, our holy one, "our Father which is in heaven." She wants no apology: precedent is nothing: but remember our ancestors: I say *ours;* for I glory in the thought that they are the same, and so near. Among the early dukes of Normandy, vanquishers of France, and (what is greater) conquerors of England, fewer were born within the pale of wedlock than without. Nevertheless the ladies of our nation were always as faithful to love and duty, as if hoods and surplices and psalms had gone before them, and the church had been the vestibule to the bed-chamber.

Constantia. My cousin the countess was irreproachable, and her virtues have rendered you as popular as your exploits. Who is this pretty boy who holds down his head so, with the salver in his hand?

Tancredi. He is my son.

Constantia. Why then does he kneel before me?

Tancredi. To teach his father his duty

Constantia. You acknowledge the rights of my husband?

Tancredi. To a fairer possession than fair Sicily.

Constantia. I must no longer hear this language.

Tancredi. I utter it from the depths of a heart as pure as the coldest.

Constantia (*to the boy*). Yes, my sweet child! I accept the refreshments you have been holding so patiently and present so gracefully. But you should have risen from your knees, such a posture is undue to a captive.

Boy. Papa! what did the lady say? Do you ever make ladies captives?

(*To Constantia*). Run away: I will hold his hands for him.

Constantia. I intend to run away; but you are quite as dangerous as your father. Count! you must name my ransom.

Tancredi. Madonna, I received it when you presented your royal hand to my respectful homage. The barons who accompanied you are mounted at the door, in order to reconduct you; and the most noble and the most venerable of mine will be proud of the same permission.

Constantia. I also am a Sicilian, Tancredi! I also am sensible to the glories of the Norman race. Never shall my husband, if I have any influence over him, be the enemy of so courteous a knight. I could almost say prosper! prosper! for the defence, the happiness, the example, of our Sicily.

Tancredi. We may be deprived of territory and power; but never of knighthood. The brave alone can merit it, the brave alone can confer it, the recreant alone can lose it. So long as there is Norman blood in my veins I am a knight: and our blood and our knighthood are given us to defend the sex. Insensate! I had almost said the weaker! and with your eyes before me!

Constantia. He cannot be a rebel, nor a false bad man.

Tancredi. Lady! the sword which I humbly lay at your feet was, a few years ago, a black misshapen mass of metal: the gold that surrounds it, the jewel that surmounts it, the victories it hath gained, constitute now its least value; it owes the greatest to its position.

XIII.

MAHOMET AND SERGIUS.

Mahomet confides his schemes and his aspirations to his friend, the Nestorian monk Sergius.

Mahomet. I should rather like, if convenient to Sergius, to extend my empire over the plains of Damascus; chiefly because this empire must be extended by the sword, which

is tempered nowhere in such perfection as by the waters of Abbana and Pharphar.

Sergius. I demur to this.

Mahomet. I would engage to give thee in exchange the whole of Europe.

Sergius. Mahomet, thou art ambitious.

Mahomet. To serve my friend; otherwise no mortal was ever so far removed from it. I have many other faults; none however which a friend can suffer from, or ought to see.

Sergius. Although I little doubt that any plausible new religion would subvert the old rottenness that lies accumulated around us, now that people find the priests of Christ assuming the garb and language of despots, with the temper and trade of executioners, yet it may be the labour of years to penetrate with an army from the centre of Arabia into this country.

Mahomet. Of two or three at most. I have had visions that promise me Syria.

Sergius. Mahomet, the system I laid down for thee contains no visions.

Mahomet. Many spring from it.

Sergius. Thou wouldst alter it, I see.

Mahomet. It was too pure: people have fed upon prodigies; they must have them still. Situate the native of a watery plain upon the mountain, and he will regret the warm comfortable fogs and the low fleeting lights of his marsh. I would continue on the best terms with my adviser and guide; but verily my entrails yearn for the good people of Damascus.

Sergius. Leave them to me; and if thy entrails yearn take a goblet of Cyprus.

Mahomet. I dare not drink wine: it aggravates my malady, the only one to which I am subject. Another inspiration here comes over me. I will forbid the use

of this beverage. Why should others enjoy what I can not?

Sergius. True religionist! But, Mahomet! Mahomet! will vision upon vision, revelation upon revelation, supersede this delicious habit? Relinquish such an impracticable conceit. Forbid wine indeed! God himself, if he descended on earth, and commanded it in a louder and clearer voice than that at which the creation sprang forth, unless first he altered the composition both of body and soul, would utterly fail in this commandment.

Mahomet. I will order it: I will see it executed: for now thou urgest me. Yea, Sergius! men shall abstain from wine in all those regions of the earth where wine hath fragrance and captivation: and they shall continue to drink it and be damned where it is nauseous and fiery and Æthiopian in complexion: and the priests in those regions shall drink the most of it. Thus saith the Lord.

Sergius. He hath said many things which nobody minds. If whole nations abstain from wine, by any ordinance, prophetic or angelic, and from such wine as Syria and Cyprus and Chios and Crete afford us, there will be a miracle not resembling most others; no miracle of a moment, witnessed by the ignorant and run away with by the impostor, a sacrilege to examine; but a miracle to be touched and interrogated, as long, as attentively, as intrinsically, as the most incredulous could require, and such as all the world must acknowledge to be irresistible, and must bend before its divinity. * * *

Mahomet. Hitherto, when I dreamed that thou madest to me any cession of territory for the plantation of the faith, thou didst give me thy blessing and cede it.

Sergius. And thou didst to me in like manner. But now thy dreams cover nation after nation; let us agree, my friend Mahomet, to dream no more. Lie on thy left side, man, on thy noble camel-hair couch, white and

black like a zebra (as thou boastest in thy poetry), and never turn thy face again toward Syria.

Mahomet. This seems, my friend, like a threat.

Sergius. Say rather, like divination.

Mahomet. I can divine better than thou canst.

Sergius. Contentment is better than divination or visions. Thou wert born and educated in Arabia: and nothing can transcend the description thou hast given me of thy native country.

Mahomet. All native countries are most beautiful; yet we want something from them which they will not give us. Our first quarrels of any seriousness are with them; as the first screams and struggles of infants, the first tearing of robes and sobs of anger, are against their mothers.

Delightful is it to bathe in the *moonsea* on the sands, and to listen to tales of genii in the tent: but then in Arabia the anxious heart is thrown into fierce and desperate commotion, by the accursed veil that separates beauty from us. There we never see the blade of that sweet herbage rise day after day into light and loveliness, never see the blossom expand; but receive it unselected, unsolicited, and unwon. Happy the land where the youthful are without veils, the aged without suspicion; where the antelope may look to what resting-place she listeth, and bend her slender foot to the fountain that most invites her.

Odoriferous gales! whether of Deban or of Dafar, if ye bring only fragrance with you, carry it to the thoughtless and light-hearted! carry it to the drinker of wine, to the feaster and the dancer at the feast. If ye never have played about the beloved of my youth, if ye bring me no intelligence of her, pass on! away with you!

XIV.

FILIPPO LIPPI AND EUGENIUS IV.

The painter Fra Filippo Lippi, on his return from captivity in Barbary, is questioned by Pope Eugenius IV. concerning his experiences in the service of the corsair Abdul.

Eugenius. How wert thou mainly occupied?

Filippo. I will give your Holiness a sample both of my employments and of Abdul's character. He was going one evening to a country house, about fifteen miles from Tunis; and he ordered me to accompany him. I found there a spacious garden, overrun with wild-flowers and most luxuriant grass, in irregular tufts, according to the dryness or the humidity of the spot. The clematis overtopped the lemon and orange trees; and the perennial pea sent forth here a pink blossom, here a purple, here a white one, and, after holding (as it were) a short conversation with the humbler plants, sprang up about an old cypress, played among its branches, and mitigated its gloom. White pigeons, and others in colour like the dawn of day, looked down on us and ceased to coo, until some of their companions, in whom they had more confidence, encouraged them loudly from remoter boughs, or alighted on the shoulders of Abdul, at whose side I was standing. A few of them examined me in every position their inquisitive eyes could take, displaying all the advantages of their versatile necks, and pretending querulous fear in the midst of petulant approaches.

Eugenius. Is it of pigeons thou art talking, O Filippo? I hope it may be.

Filippo. Of Abdul's pigeons. He was fond of taming all creatures; men, horses, pigeons, equally: but he tamed them all by kindness. In this wilderness is an edifice not unlike our Italian chapter-houses built by the Lombards, with long narrow windows, high above the ground. The centre is now a bath, the waters of which, in another part of the enclosure, had supplied a fountain, at present in ruins, and covered by tufted canes, and by every variety of aquatic plants. The structure has no remains of roof: and, of six windows, one alone is unconcealed by ivy. This had been walled up long ago, and the cement in the inside of it was hard and polished. "Lippi!" said Abdul to me, after I had long admired the place in silence, "I leave to thy superintendence this bath and garden. Be sparing of the leaves and branches: make paths only wide enough for me. Let me see no mark of hatchet or pruning-hook, and tell the labourers that whoever takes a nest or an egg shall be impaled."

Eugenius. Monster! so then he would really have impaled a poor wretch for eating a bird's egg? How disproportionate is the punishment to the offence!

Filippo. He efficiently checked in his slaves the desire of transgressing his command. To spare them as much as possible, I ordered them merely to open a few spaces, and to remove the weaker trees from the stronger. Meanwhile I drew on the smooth blank window the figure of Abdul and of a beautiful girl.

Eugenius. Rather say handmaiden: choicer expression: more decorous.

Filippo. Holy Father! I have been lately so much out of practice, I take the first that comes in my way. Handmaiden I will use in preference for the future.

Eugenius. On then! and God speed thee!

Filippo. I drew Abdul with a blooming handmaiden. One of his feet is resting on her lap, and she is drying

the ankle with a saffron robe, of which the greater part is fallen in doing it. That she is a bondmaid is discernible, not only by her occupation, but by her humility and patience, by her loose and flowing brown hair, and by her eyes expressing the timidity at once of servitude and of fondness. The countenance was taken from fancy, and was the loveliest I could imagine: of the figure I had some idea, having seen it to advantage in Tunis. After seven days Abdul returned. He was delighted with the improvement made in the garden. I requested him to visit the bath. "We can do nothing to that," answered he impatiently. "There is no sudatory, no dormitory, no dressing-room, no couch. Sometimes I sit an hour there in the summer, because I never found a fly in it: the principal curse of hot countries, and against which plague there is neither prayer nor amulet, nor indeed any human defence." He went away into the house. At dinner he sent me from his table some quails and ortolans, and tomatoes and honey and rice, beside a basket of fruit covered with moss and bay-leaves, under which I found a verdino fig, deliciously ripe, and bearing the impression of several small teeth, but certainly no reptile's.

Eugenius. There might have been poison in them for all that.

Filippo. About two hours had passed, when I heard a whirr and a crash in the windows of the bath (where I had dined and was about to sleep) occasioned by the settling and again the flight of some pheasants. Abdul entered. "Beard of the Prophet! What hast thou been doing? That is myself! No, no, Lippi! thou never canst have seen *her:* the face proves it: but those limbs! thou hast divined them aright: thou hast had sweet dreams then! Dreams are large possessions: in them the possessor may cease to possess his own. To the slave

O Allah! to the slave is permitted what is not his!—I burn with anguish to think how much—yea, at that very hour. I would not another should, even in a dream——but, Lippi! thou never canst have seen above the sandal?" To which I answered, "I never have allowed my eyes to look even on that. But if any one of my lord Abdul's fair slaves resembles, as they surely must all do, in duty and docility, the figure I have represented, let it express to him my congratulation on his happiness." "I believe," said he, "such representations are forbidden by the Koran; but as I do not remember it, I do not sin. There it shall stay, unless the angel Gabriel comes to forbid it." He smiled in saying so.

Eugenius. There is hope of this Abdul. His faith hangs about him more like oil than pitch.

Filippo. He inquired of me whether I often thought of those I loved in Italy, and whether I could bring them before my eyes at will. To remove all suspicion from him, I declared I always could, and that one beautiful object occupied all the cells of my brain by night and day. He paused and pondered, and then said, "Thou dost not love deeply." I thought I had given the true signs. "No, Lippi! we who love ardently, we, with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls, can not bring before us the features which, while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

Eugenius. What figures now have these unbelievers?

Filippo. Various in their combinations as the letters or the numerals; but they all, like these, signify something.

Almeida (did I not inform your Holiness?) has large hazel eyes.

Eugenius. Has she? thou never toldest me that. Well, well! and what else has she? Mind! be cautious! use decent terms.

Filippo. Somewhat pouting lips.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! What did they pout at?

Filippo. And she is rather plump than otherwise.

Eugenius. No harm in that.

Filippo. And moreover is cool, smooth, and firm as a nectarine gathered before sunrise.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! do not remind me of nectarines. I am very fond of them; and this is not the season! Such females as thou describest, are said to be among the likeliest to give reasonable cause for suspicion. I would not judge harshly, I would not think uncharitably; but unhappily, being at so great a distance from spiritual aid, peradventure a desire, a suggestion, an inkling—ay? If she, the lost Almeida, came before thee when her master was absent—which I trust she never did——But those flowers and shrubs and odours and alleys and long grass and alcoves, might strangely hold, perplex, and entangle, two incautious young persons—ay?

Filippo. I confessed all I had to confess in this matter, the evening I landed.

Eugenius. Ho! I am no candidate for a seat at the rehearsal of confession: but perhaps my absolution might be somewhat more pleasing and unconditional. Well! well! since I am unworthy of such confidence, go about thy business—paint! paint!

Filippo. Am I so unfortunate as to have offended your Beatitude?

Eugenius. Offend *me*, man! who offends *me?* I took an interest in thy adventures, and was concerned lest thou mightest have sinned; for by my soul! Filippo!

those are the women that the devil hath set his mark on.

Filippo. It would do your Holiness's heart good to rub it out again, wherever he may have had the cunning to make it.

Eugenius. Deep! deep!

Filippo. Yet it may be got at; she being a Biscayan by birth, as she told me, and not only baptised, but going by sea along the coast for confirmation, when she was captured.

Eugenius. Alas! to what an imposition of hands was this tender young thing devoted! Poor soul!

Filippo. I sigh for her myself when I think of her.

Eugenius. Beware lest the sigh be mundane, and lest the thought recur too often. I wish it were presently in my power to examine her myself on her condition. What thinkest thou? Speak.

Filippo. Holy Father! she would laugh in your face.

Eugenius. So lost!

Filippo. She declared to me she thought she should have died, from the instant she was captured until she was comforted by Abdul: but that she was quite sure she should if she were ransomed.

Eugenius. Has the wretch then shaken her faith?

Filippo. The very last thing he would think of doing. Never did I see the virtue of resignation in higher perfection than in the laughing light-hearted Almeida.

Eugenius. Lamentable! Poor lost creature! lost in this world and in the next.

Filippo. What could she do? how could she help herself?

Eugenius. She might have torn his eyes out, and have died a martyr.

Filippo. Or have been bastinadoed, whipped, and given up to the cooks and scullions for it.

Eugenius. Martyrdom is the more glorious the greater the indignities it endures.

Filippo. Almeida seems unambitious. There are many in our Tuscany who would jump at the crown over those sloughs and briars, rather than perish without them: she never sighs after the like.

Eugenius. Nevertheless, what must she witness! what abominations! what superstitions!

Filippo. Abdul neither practises nor exacts any other superstition than ablutions.

Eugenius. Detestable rites! without our authority. I venture to affirm that in the whole of Italy and Spain no convent of monks or nuns contains a bath; and that the worst inmate of either would shudder at the idea of observing such a practice in common with the unbeliever. For the washing of the feet indeed we have the authority of the earlier Christians; and it may be done; but solemnly and sparingly. Thy residence among the Mahometans, I am afraid, hath rendered thee more favourable to them than beseems a Catholic, and thy mind, I do suspect, sometimes goes back into Barbary unreluctantly.

Filippo. While I continued in that country, although I was well treated, I often wished myself away, thinking of my friends in Florence, of music, of painting, of our villeggiatura at the vintage-time; whether in the green and narrow glades of Pratolino, with lofty trees above us, and little rills unseen, and little bells about the necks of sheep and goats, tinkling together ambiguously; or amid the grey quarries or under the majestic walls of ancient Fiesole; or down in the woods of the Doccia, where the cypresses are of such a girth that, when a youth stands against one of them, and a maiden stands opposite, and they clasp it, their hands at the time do little more than meet. Beautiful scenes, on which Heaven smiles

eternally, how often has my heart ached for you! He who hath lived in this country, can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose. Barbary hath also the blessing of climate; and although I do not desire to be there again, I feel sometimes a kind of regret at leaving it. A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between.

XV.

LEONORA DI ESTE AND FATHER PANIGAROLA.

Leonora di Este, sister to the Duke of Ferrara, beloved by Tasso, questions Panigarola on her death-bed concerning the manner in which the poet (being in confinement as a lunatic) has borne the news that she is about to die.

Leonora. You have then seen him, father? Have you been able, you who console so many, you who console even me, to comfort poor Torquato?

Panigarola. Madonna! the ears of the unhappy man are quickened by his solitude and his sorrow. He seemed aware, or suspicious at least, that somebody was listening at his prison-door; and the cell is so narrow that every sound in it is audible to those who stand outside.

Leonora. He might have whispered.

Panigarola. It would have been most imprudent.

Leonora. Said he nothing? not a word?—to prove—to prove that he had not lost his memory; his memory? of

what? of reading his verses to me, and of my listening to them. Lucrezia listened to them as attentively as I did, until she observed his waiting for my applause first. When she applauded, he bowed so gracefully: when I applauded he only held down his head. I was not angry at the difference. But tell me, good father! tell me, pray, whether he gave no sign of sorrow at hearing how soon I am to leave the world. Did you forget to mention it! or did you fear to pain him?

Panigarola. I mentioned it plainly, fully.

Leonora. And was he, was gentle Torquato, very sorry?

Panigarola. Be less anxious. He bore it like a Christian. He said deliberately, but he trembled and sighed, as Christians should sigh and tremble, that, although he grieved at your illness, yet that to write either in verse or prose, on such a visitation of Providence, was repugnant to his nature.

Leonora. He said so? could *he* say it? But I thought you told me he feared a listener. Perhaps too he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, already I feel the chilliness of the grave: his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it!—O father, father!

Panigarola. Human vanity still is lingering on the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable in him, to anticipate your wishes?

Leonora. Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me through you that he lamented to lose me.

Panigarola. Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

Leonora. That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want some-

times to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

Panigarola. Madonna! this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin, and the Saints around her throne, accept and ratify it.

Leonora. Father! what were you saying? What were you asking me? Whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not. I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

Panigarola. Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of Heaven, be ready for that journey's end where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

Leonora. I am prepared to depart; for I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is insurmountable; and the wings of angels will sustain and raise me, seeing my descent toward earth too rapid, too unresisted, and too prone. Pray, father, for my deliverance: pray also for poor Torquato's: do not separate us in your prayers. O! could he leave his prison as surely and as speedily as I shall mine! it would not be more thankfully. O! that bars of iron were as fragile as bars of clay! O! that princes were as merciful as Death! But tell him, tell Torquato—go again; entreat, persuade, command him, to forget me.

Panigarola. Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

Leonora. I die happy.

XVI.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL.

Jeanne d'Arc is introduced into the presence of Agnes Sorel, mistress of the French king, Charles VII.

Agnes. If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really, and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

Jeanne. I hope I shall be greatly more so.

Agnes. Nay, nay: do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.

Jeanne. By God's help I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

Agnes. Ha! ha! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

Jeanne. I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

Agnes. Never hope it.

Jeanne. The deliverance that is never hoped seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

Agnes. Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. O how I rejoice that a mere child has done so.

Jeanne. A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

Agnes. But Talbot is a giant of another mould: his will is immovable, his power irresistible, his word of command is *Conquer.*

Jeanne. It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowning it in English blood.

Agnes. Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress. Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Creci? hast thou never heard of Agincourt? hast thou never heard of Poictiers? where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five. The French are the eagle's plume, the English are his talon.

Jeanne. The talon and the plume shall change places.

Agnes. Too confident!

Jeanne. O lady! is any one too confident in God?

Agnes. We may mistake his guidance. Already not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative churchmen, believe you in their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

Jeanne. What country or what creature has the Evil-one ever saved? With what has he tempted me? With reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

Agnes. But you are not afraid.

Jeanne. Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbour's gate turned me pale as ashes. And (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

Agnes. No wonder! A creature in a fever! What a frightful thing!

Jeanne. It would be were it not so piteous.

Agnes. And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

Jeanne. I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

Agnes. And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

Jeanne. Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

Agnes. Ah! this is courage.

Jeanne. The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any, until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me if I err! but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

Agnes. Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child! Why fallest thou before me? I have some power indeed, but in this extremity I could little help thee. The priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God: I am unworthy to behold it. Rise, Jeanne, rise!

Jeanne. Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous: France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

Agnes. Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

Jeanne. O Lady Agnes!

Agnes. Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou? thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee, left untroubled, joyous, exulting. Speak; tell me.

Jeanne. I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

Agnes. In truth I do: why then look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence! Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

Jeanne. Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

Agnes. I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

Jeanne. Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jewelled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

Agnes. What can I, what can I do?

Jeanne. Lead the king back to his kingdom.

Agnes. The king is in France.

Jeanne. No, no, no.

Agnes. Upon my word of honour.

Jeanne. And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth!

Agnes. Indeed no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him. He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good-natured: he even lets them draw blood; he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed he is here. He never thought of leaving the country: and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseveration? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

Jeanne. Then not in France. In France all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honour.

Agnes. The English have always been merciful and generous.

Jeanne. And will you be less generous, less merciful?

Agnes. I?

Jeanne. You; the beloved of Charles.

Agnes. This is too confident. No, no: do not draw back: it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

Jeanne. Your beloved; your king.

Agnes. Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

Jeanne. Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labour with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

Agnes. I can not fight: I abominate war.

Jeanne. Not more than I do; but men love it.

Agnes. Too much.

Jeanne. Often too much, for often unjustly. But when God's right hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

Agnes. I dare not; indeed I dare not.

Jeanne. You dare not? you who dare withhold the king from his duty!

Agnes. We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

Jeanne. Then we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine: but above all it is yours.

Agnes. There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

Jeanne. Are these learned and religious men in the court? Pray tell me: since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blameably, abate a little of my rever-

ence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

Agnes. They are modest; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

Jeanne. They believe then that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved? And do you love him? Why do you sigh so?

Agnes. Life is but sighs, and when they cease 'tis over.

Jeanne. Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

Agnes. From my soul; and above it.

Jeanne. Then save him.

Lady! I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy to you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

Agnes. My heart can admit nothing but his image.

Jeanne. It must fall thence at last.

Agnes. Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas! if he should ever cease to love me!

Jeanne. Alas! if God should!

Agnes. Then indeed he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

Jeanne. And none worse after?

Agnes. What can there be?

O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

Jeanne. Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

Agnes. I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

Jeanne. Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

Agnes. You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

Jeanne. Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong, and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

Agnes. Is he in danger! O!—you see all things—is he? is he? is he?

Jeanne. From none but you.

Agnes. God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France.

He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

Jeanne. Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

Agnes. When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving, God is merciful.

Jeanne. I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties: yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human: He teaches me that it ought to have more: finally, He commands me to announce to thee, not His anger, but His will.

Agnes. Declare it; O declare it. I do believe His holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

Jeanne. Encourage the king to lead his vassals to the field.

Agnes. When the season is milder.

Jeanne. And bid him leave you for ever.

Agnes. Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire

summer! Oh anguish! It sounded in my ears as if you said "for ever."

Jeanne. I say it again.

Agnes. Thy power is superhuman, mine is not.

Jeanne. It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

Agnes. We did not make our hearts.

Jeanne. But we can mend them.

Agnes. Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

Jeanne. Say rather it repels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutary pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

Agnes. Bid him leave me! wish it! permit! think it near! believe it ever can be! Go, go—I am lost eternally.

Jeanne. And Charles too.

Agnes. Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

Jeanne. He has left undone what others do.

Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for: what prizes I quite forget: certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy: but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" the deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

Agnes. But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the king to expose his person in battle, until we have supplicated and appeased them.

Jeanne. One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exer-

tion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

Agnes. Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose: I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

Jeanne. Sad earthly thoughts!

Agnes. You make them sad, you cannot make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

Jeanne. Has man that power?

Agnes. Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

Jeanne. Be happy too.

Agnes. How? how?

Jeanne. By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

Agnes. I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh! I will so pray, so weep.

Jeanne. Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

Agnes. Again I ask you what *can* I do?

Jeanne. When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

Agnes. I will think about it seriously.

Jeanne. Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

Agnes. Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I

sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! O how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

Jeanne. Think not of me: pursue thy destination: save France.

Agnes (*after a long pause*). Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer! my crimes are visited? Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the king: come to him whom thy virtue and valour have rescued.

Jeanne. Not now; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him; a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

XVII.

HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

The King presents himself suddenly and in disguise before his cast-off wife after she has been condemned to death.

Henry. Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'Sblood! does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband, after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why! verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling water over her.*) Hast had water enough upon thee? take that then—art thyself again?

Anne. Father of mercies! do I meet again my husband, as was my last prayer on earth! do I behold my beloved lord—in peace—and pardoned, my partner in eternal

bliss! It was his voice. I cannot see him—why cannot I? O why do these pangs interrupt the transports of the blessed!

Henry. Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came for that: Nanny, thou art a sweet slut: thou groanest, wench: art in labour? Faith! among the mistakes of the night, I am ready to think almost that thou hast been drinking, and that I have not.

Anne. God preserve your Highness: grant me your forgiveness for one slight offence. My eyes were heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading; I did not know of your presence at first, and when I did I could not speak. I strove for utterance; I wanted no respect for my liege and husband.

Henry. My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt then lie! Thou wert reading, and aloud, too, with thy saintly cup of water by thee, and—what! thou art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

Anne. I had no other fruit to offer your Highness the first time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

Henry. Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

Anne. Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried; I am still weak and liable to swoons.

Henry. Thou hast, however, thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips, resisting all impression; but, now thou talkest about miscarrying, who is the father of that boy?

Anne. The father is yours and mine—he who has taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

Henry. Pagan, or worse, to talk so! He did not come into the world alive: there was no baptism.

Anne. I thought only of our loss: my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

Henry. No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say, whether at my entrance, thou wert waking or wandering.

Anne. Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

Henry. Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of?

Anne. I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

Henry. Ha! false one—never two sentences of truth together.—But come, what didst think about, asleep or awake?

Anne. I thought that God had pardoned me my offences, and had received me unto him.

Henry. And nothing more?

Anne. That my prayers had been heard and my wishes were accomplishing: the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

Henry. Vexatious little devil! she says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness.—Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery?

Anne. If I had committed any kind of falsehood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon: but if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

Henry. Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton; hast thou not?

Anne. He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your Highness.

Henry. And Brereton and Norris, what have they taught thee?

Anne. They are your servants, and trusty ones.

Henry. Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

Anne. Yes; and——

Henry. What didst thou?

Anne. I defied him.

Henry. Is that all?

Anne. I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then indeed I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your Highness: I should have smiled.

Henry. We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee—ay, clap thy hands and kiss my sleeve, harlot!

Anne. O that so great a favour is vouchsafed me! my honour is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

Henry. Give me an account of the monies thou hast received from me, within these nine months: I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds within that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

Anne. I have regularly placed it out to interest.

Henry. Where? I demand of thee.

Anne. Among the needy and ailing. My lord archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly: I also had a copy myself: those who took away my papers may easily find it, for there are few others, and they lie open.

Henry. Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee—dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

Anne. I do indeed.

Henry. I never thought thee ambitious; but thy vices creep out one by one.

Anne. I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one; nor that my innocence is called in question by those who never knew me: but I lament that the good people, who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation, check them when they speak about me; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion, is my accuser. O my lord, my husband, and king! the judgments of God are righteous; on this surely we must think alike.

Henry. And what then? speak out—again I command thee, speak plainly—thy tongue was not so torpid but this moment.

Anne. If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business,—should it haply seem possible to you that passion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have warped so strong an understanding,—do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

Henry. What! thou wouldst fain change thy quarters, ay?

Anne. My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your Highness may determine.

Henry. Yet thou appearest hale and resolute, and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to them all.

Anne. The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other climates, that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing.

My heart indeed is now sustained strangely : it became the more sensibly so from that time forward when power and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness from those about me gives satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me ; yet I was never an ingrate. What pains have I taken to find out the village girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning ! how gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight which else had warmed him half the winter ! But these are times past : I was not Queen of England.

Henry. Nor adulterous, nor heretical.

Anne. God be praised !

Henry. Learned saint, thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform me about the graver of them.

Anne. Which may it be, my liege ?

Henry. Which may it be, pestilence ! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around us at such impiety.

Anne. I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians ; such is your Highness.

Henry. Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul ?

Anne. When they are united they must be worst.

Henry. Go on, go on : thou pushest thy own breast against the sword : God has deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more ; proceed, I charge thee.

Anne. An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another from ignorance or weakness, or from the more persuasive manner of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things besides, may influ-

ence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

Henry. Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth! Anne, thou hast well sobered me: I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start; I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the Church permitted it, thou shouldst set forth on the long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, however loth.

Anne. Love your Elizabeth, my honoured Lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me; do not chide her; think how young she is.

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart—or break it.

XVIII.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

Roger Ascham prepares the mind of his pupil Lady Jane Grey for the perils that will encompass her after her marriage.

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

> Invisibly bright water! so like air,
> On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear
> My little bark, of all light barks most light,
> And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
> And, hanging back, breath'd each fresh gale aghast,
> And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half-an-hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature, and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature.

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home. at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is

there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as Ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk: yet leave unto me, I do beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy childbed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and

happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disdisobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening: I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

XIX.

ESSEX AND SPENSER.

The poet Spenser, newly returned from Ireland after the burning of his house and infant son, has been summoned to confer with the Earl of Essex, who as yet is ignorant of his misfortune.

Essex. Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country; it having pleased the queen's majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spenser. Wisely and well considered; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Some attribute to the Irish all sorts of excesses; others tell us that these are old stories; that there is not a more inoffensive race of merry creatures under heaven, and that their crimes are all hatched for them here in England, by the incubation of printers' boys, and are brought to market at times of distressing dearth in news. From all that I myself have seen of them, I can only say that the civilised (I mean the richer and titled) are as susceptible of heat as iron, and as impenetrable to light as granite. The half barbarous are probably worse; the utterly barbarous may be somewhat better. Like game-cocks, they must spur when they meet. One fights because he fights an

Englishman; another because the fellow he quarrels with comes from a distant county; a third because the next parish is an eye-sore to him, and his fist-mate is from it. The only thing in which they all agree as proper law is the tooth for tooth act * * *

Various plans have been laid before us for civilising or coercing them. Among the pacific, it was proposed to make an offer to five hundred of the richer Jews in the Hanse-towns, and in Poland, who should be raised to the dignity of the Irish peerage, and endowed with four thousand acres of good forfeited land, on condition of each paying two thousand pounds, and of keeping up ten horsemen and twenty foot, Germans or Poles, in readiness for service.

The Catholics bear nowhere such ill-will toward Jews as toward Protestants. Brooks make even worse neighbours than oceans do.

I myself saw no objection to the measure: but our gracious queen declared she had an insuperable one; *they stank!* We all acknowledged the strength of the argument, and took out our handkerchiefs. Lord Burleigh almost fainted; and Raleigh wondered how the Emperor Titus could bring up his men against Jerusalem.

"Ah!" said he, looking reverentially at her majesty, "the star of Berenice shone above him! and what evil influence could that star not quell! What malignancy could it not annihilate!"

Hereupon he touched the earth with his brow until the queen said,

"Sir Walter! lift me up those laurels."

At which manifestation of princely good-will he was advancing to kiss her majesty's hand, but she waved it, and said sharply,

"Stand there, dog!"

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them ; for I would rather know one part well, than all imperfectly ; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them ; I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather then of thy happier hours and busier occupations ; these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone, and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well ; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve; I *must* weep: it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow: but really I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything, except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another on these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it; and when it visiteth a wise man, and a brave, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand: he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

Spenser. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory!

Essex. Where are thy friends? Are they with thee?

Spenser. Ah, where indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip! where art thou! whose presence was unto me peace and safety; whose smile was contentment and whose praise renown. My lord! I can not but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the queen and council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder?

Spenser. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no council, no queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex. We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies and serve their friends.

Spenser. O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex. I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider; the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependant?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons; but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings: and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants

have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.[1]

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting: I shall never see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage, what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough! enough! enough! Have all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes?

Essex. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

Spenser. Burned alive! burned to ashes! burned to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth! I cannot lay down our Edmund. Oh these flames! they persecute, they enthrall me, they curl round my temples, they hiss upon my brain, they taunt me with their fierce foul voices, they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life, to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me; I may answer them, I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you; soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful; you have brought me comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning

[1] It happened so.

point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me: ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace; the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration, than I now dare intreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream, but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels there is not one so beautiful: and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian, could never love me so. Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one, my helpless boy, would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity!

Come, give me thy hand: let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

XX.

LADY LISLE AND ELIZABETH GAUNT.

Alice Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, condemned to death for sheltering the adherents of Monmouth, converse in prison before their execution.

Lady Lisle. Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

Elizabeth Gaunt. From the cell of the condemned we

are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it. Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

Lady Lisle. Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful; you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion, and again you looked upon me, and tears rolled down your face. Alas! that I should by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy. Alas! that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death.

Elizabeth Gaunt. Be comforted: you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

I wept because another was greatly more wretched than myself. I wept at that black attire; at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

Lady Lisle. It covers a wounded, almost a broken heart: an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

Elizabeth Gaunt. In his name let us now rejoice! Let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once together! We may yield up our souls perhaps at the same hour.

Lady Lisle. Is mine so pure? Have I bemoaned as I should have done the faults I have committed? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God? and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost!

Open, O gates of death!

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle!

Elizabeth Gaunt. And cannot you too smile, sweet

lady? are not you with him even now? Doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to partake them. O! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death, condemn to so great an evil as they thought it, and may find it, this innocent and helpless widow!

Lady Lisle. Blame not *that* jury! blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so: I received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my king had forbidden it.

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death unless the judge had threatened them with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I hope at least the unfortunate man, whom you received in the hour of danger, may avoid his penalty.

Lady Lisle. Let us hope it.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I too am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

Lady Lisle. Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to *his* guidance.

Elizabeth Gaunt. He abandoned that guidance.

Lady Lisle. Unfortunate! how can money then avail him!

Elizabeth Gaunt. It might save him from distress and

despair, from the taunts of hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

Lady Lisle. In godliness, O my friend! there can not be inclemency.

Elizabeth Gaunt. You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it; for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid, proner to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

Poor man! I never knew him before: I cannot tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

Lady Lisle. I am not a busy idler in curiosity; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

Elizabeth Gaunt. The person's name I never may disclose; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwelling, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbour him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly; yet his fears made him shiver through them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting; still, although he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the king, that his majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one: but it *was* a hope; and I gave it him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart; it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature! he consented with it to betray me; and I am condemned to be burnt alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way through life he will find those only

who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

Lady Lisle. It does not: oh! it does not.

Elizabeth Gaunt. What then?

Lady Lisle. Your saintly tenderness, your heavenly tranquillity.

Elizabeth Gaunt. No, no: abstain! abstain! It was I who grieved: it was I who doubted. Let us now be firmer: we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tears. I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one: he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss.

Lady Lisle. O my good angel! that bestrewest with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have prosecuted us, be conscious on their deathbeds that we have entered it! And they too will at last find rest.

XXI.

PETER THE GREAT AND ALEXIS.

Peter the Great reprimands and orders for trial his son Alexis, who had fled to Vienna: the Chancellor reports the result.

Peter. And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou hast returned again from Vienna. After this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me?

Alexis. My emperor and father! I am brought before your majesty, not at my own desire.

Peter. I believe it well.

Alexis. I would not anger you.

Peter. What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna?

Alexis. The hope of peace and privacy; the hope of security; and above all things, of never more offending you.

Peter. That hope thou hast accomplished.

Thou imaginedst then that my brother of Austria would maintain thee at his court—Speak!

Alexis. No, sir! I imagined that he would have afforded me a place of refuge.

Peter. Didst thou then take money with thee?

Alexis. A few gold pieces.

Peter. How many?

Alexis. About sixty.

Peter. He would have given thee promises for half the money; but the double of it does not purchase a house: ignorant wretch!

Alexis. I knew as much as that; although my birth did not appear to destine me to purchase a house anywhere; and hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind.

Peter. Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition. I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. When thou wert a child, and couldst hardly walk, I have taken thee into the arsenal, though children should not enter, according to regulations; I have there rolled cannon-balls before thee over iron plates; and I have shown thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres; and I have pricked the back of my hands until the blood came out in many places; and I have made thee lick it; and I have then done the same to thine. Afterward from thy tenth year, I have mixed

gunpowder in thy grog; I have peppered thy peaches; I have poured bilge-water (with a little good wholesome tar in it) upon thy melons; I have brought out girls to mock thee and cocker thee, and talk like mariners, to make thee braver. Nothing would do. Nay, recollect thee! I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot; and I have shown thee every day the halves and quarters of bodies; and I have sent an orderly or chamberlain for the heads; and I have pulled the cap up from over the eyes; and I have made thee, in spite of thee, look steadfastly upon them; incorrigible coward! And now another word with thee about thy scandalous flight from the palace; in time of quiet too! To the point! did my brother of Austria invite thee? Did he, or did he not?

Alexis. May I answer without doing an injury or disservice to his imperial majesty?

Peter. Thou mayest. What injury canst thou or any one do, by the tongue, to such as he is?

Alexis. At the moment, no; he did not. Nor indeed can I assert that he at any time invited me: but he said he pitied me.

Peter. About what? hold thy tongue: let that pass. Princes never pity but when they would make traitors: then their hearts grow tenderer than tripe. He pitied thee, kind soul, when he would throw thee at thy father's head; but finding thy father too strong for him, he now commiserates the parent, laments the son's rashness and disobedience, and would not make God angry for the world. At first, however, there must have been some overture on his part; otherwise thou art too shame-faced for intrusion. Come—thou hast never had wit enough to lie—tell me the truth, the whole truth.

Alexis. He said that, if ever I wanted an asylum, his court was open to me.

Peter. Open! so is the tavern; but folks pay for what they get there. Open truly! and didst thou find it so?

Alexis. He received me kindly.

Peter. I see he did.

Alexis. Derision, O my father, is not the fate I merit.

Peter. True, true! it was not intended.

Alexis. Kind father! punish me then as you will.

Peter. Villain! wouldst thou kiss my hand too? Art thou ignorant that the Austrian threw thee away from him, with the same indifference as he would the outermost leaf of a sandy sunburnt lettuce?

Alexis. Alas! I am not ignorant of this.

Peter. He dismissed thee at my order. If I had demanded from him his daughter, to be the bed-fellow of a Kalmuc, he would have given her, and praised God.

Alexis. O father! is his baseness my crime?

Peter. No; thine is greater. Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labour of my lifetime to establish. Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories.

Alexis. I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety.

Peter. Liar! coward! traitor! when the Polanders and Swedes fell before me, didst thou from thy soul congratulate me? Didst thou get drunk at home or abroad, or praise the Lord of Hosts and Saint Nicolas? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited?

Alexis. I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life; I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first; that the gentlest and most domestic were the earliest mourners; that frugality was supplanted by intemperance; that order was succeeded by confusion; and that your Majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising.

Peter. I destroy them! how? Of what plans art thou speaking?

Alexis. Of civilising the Muscovites. The Polanders in part were civilised: the Swedes more than any other nation on the continent; and so excellently versed were they in military science, and so courageous, that every man you killed cost you seven or eight.

Peter. Thou liest: nor six. And civilised forsooth! Why, the robes of the Metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats, between Jew and Livornese. I have no notion that Poland and Sweden shall be the only countries that produce great princes. What right have they to such as Gustavus and Sobieski? Europe ought to look to this, before discontent becomes general, and the people does to us what we have the privilege of doing to the people. I am wasting my words: there is no arguing with positive fools like thee. So thou wouldst have desired me to let the Polanders and Swedes lie still and quiet! Two such powerful nations!

Alexis. For that reason and others I would have gladly seen them rest, until our own people had increased in numbers and prosperity.

Peter. And thus thou disputest my right, before my face, to the exercise of the supreme power.

Alexis. Sir! God forbid!

Peter. God forbid indeed! What care such villains as thou art what God forbids! He forbids the son to be disobedient to the father: he forbids—he forbids—twenty things. I do not wish, and will not have, a successor who dreams of dead people.

Alexis. My father! I have dreamt of none such.

Peter. Thou hast; and hast talked about them—Scythians I think they call 'em. Now who told thee, Mr. Professor, that the Scythians were a happier people than we are; that they were inoffensive; that they were

free ; that they wandered with their carts from pasture to pasture, from river to river ; that they traded with good faith ; that they fought with good courage ; that they injured none, invaded none, and feared none ? At this rate I have effected nothing. The great founder of Rome, I heard in Holland, slew his brother for despiting the weakness of his walls : and shall the founder of this better place spare a degenerate son, who prefers a vagabond life to a civilised one, a cart to a city, a Scythian to a Muscovite ? Have I not shaved my people, and breeched them ? Have I not formed them into regular armies, with bands of music and havresacs ? Are bows better than cannon, shepherds than dragoons, mare's milk than brandy, raw steaks than broiled ? Thine are tenets that strike at the root of politeness and sound government. Every prince in Europe is interested in rooting them out by fire and sword. There is no other way with false doctrines : breath against breath does little.

Alexis. Sire, I never have attempted to disseminate my opinions.

Peter. How couldst thou ? the seed would fall only on granite. Those, however, who caught it brought it to me.

Alexis. Never have I undervalued civilisation : on the contrary, I regretted whatever impeded it. In my opinion, the evils that have been attributed to it, sprang from its imperfections and voids ; and no nation has yet acquired it more than very scantily.

Peter. How so ? give me thy reasons ; thy fancies rather ; for reason thou hast none.

Alexis. When I find the first of men, in rank and genius, hating one another, and becoming slanderers and liars in order to lower and vilify an opponent ; when I hear the God of mercy invoked to massacres, and thanked for furthering what he reprobates and condemns ;—I look

back in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism. I have expressed my admiration of our forefathers, who, not being Christians, were yet more virtuous than those who are ; more temperate, more just, more sincere, more chaste, more peaceable.

Peter. Malignant atheist !

Alexis. Indeed, my father, were I malignant I must be an atheist ; for malignity is contrary to the command, and inconsistent with the belief, of God.

Peter. Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourses on reason and religion ! from my own son too ! No, by the Holy Trinity ! thou art no son of mine. If thou touchest my knee again, I crack thy knuckles with this tobacco-stopper : I wish it were a sledge-hammer for thy sake. Off, sycophant ! off, run-away slave !

Alexis. Father ! father ! my heart is broken ! If I have offended, forgive me !

Peter. The state requires thy signal punishment.

Alexis. If the state requires it, be it so : but let my father's anger cease.

Peter. The world shall judge between us. I will brand thee with infamy.

Alexis. Until now, O father ! I never had a proper sense of glory. Hear me, O Czar ! let not a thing so vile as I am stand between you and the world ! Let none accuse you !

Peter. Accuse me ! rebel ! Accuse me ! traitor !

Alexis. Let none speak ill of you, O my father ! The public voice shakes the palace ; the public voice penetrates the grave ; it precedes the chariot of Almighty God, and is heard at the judgment seat.

Peter Let it go to the devil ! I will have none of it here in Petersburgh. Our church says nothing about it ; our laws forbid it. As for thee, unnatural brute, I have no more to do with thee neither !

Ho there! Chancellor! What! come at last! Wert napping, or counting thy ducats?

Chancellor (*entering*). Your Majesty's will and pleasure!

Peter. Is the Senate assembled in that room?

Chancellor. Every member, sire.

Peter. Conduct this youth with thee, and let them judge him: thou understandest me.

Chancellor. Your Majesty's commands are the breath of our nostrils.

Peter. If these rascals are remiss, I will try my new cargo of Livonian hemp upon 'em.

Chancellor (*returning after an interval*). Sire! sire!

Peter. Speak, fellow! Surely they have not condemned him to death, without giving themselves time to read the accusation, that comest back so quickly.

Chancellor. No, sire! nor has either been done.

Peter. Then thy head quits thy shoulders.

Chancellor. O sire!

Peter. Curse thy silly *sires!* What art thou about?

Chancellor. Alas! he fell.

Peter. Tie him up to thy chair then. Cowardly beast! what made him fall?

Chancellor. The hand of Death; the name of father.

Peter. Thou puzzlest me; prythee speak plainer.

Chancellor. We told him that his crime was proven and manifest; that his life was forfeited.

Peter. So far, well enough.

Chancellor. He smiled.

Peter. He did! did he! Impudence shall do him little good. Who could have expected it from that smock-face! Go on: what then?

Chancellor. He said calmly, but not without sighing twice or thrice, "Lead me to the scaffold: I am weary of life: nobody loves me." I condoled with him, and wept upon his hand, holding the paper against my bosom.

He took the corner of it between his fingers, and said, "Read me this paper: read my death-warrant. Your silence and tears have signified it; yet the law has its forms. Do not keep me in suspense. My father says, too truly, I am not courageous: but the death that leads me to my God shall never terrify me."

Peter. I have seen these white-livered knaves die resolutely: I have seen them quietly fierce like white ferrets, with their watery eyes and tiny teeth. You read it?

Chancellor. In part, sire! When he heard your Majesty's name, accusing him of treason and attempts at rebellion and parricide, he fell speechless. We raised him up: he was motionless: he was dead!

Peter. Inconsiderate and barbarous varlet as thou art, dost thou recite this ill accident to a father! and to one who has not dined! Bring me a glass of brandy.

Chancellor. And it please your Majesty, might I call a —a——

Peter. Away, and bring it: scamper! All equally and alike shall obey and serve me.

Harkye! bring the bottle with it: I must cool myself —and—harkye! a rasher of bacon on thy life! and some pickled sturgeon, and some krout and caviar, and good strong cheese.

NARRATIVE.

XXII.

THE LOVES OF GEBIR AND OF TAMAR.

Gebir, a prince of Spain, meets and falls in love with his enemy Charoba, Queen of Egypt, whose country he has invaded in revenge for ancestral wrongs. He sets out to confide his passion to his shepherd brother Tamar. Tamar on his part discloses his own love for a sea-nymph, who in the guise of a sailor had challenged him to wrestle and overthrown him.

GEBIR, at Egypt's youthful queen's approach,
Laid by his orbèd shield; his vizor-helm,
His buckler and his corslet he laid by,
And bade that none attend him; at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, crouch'd; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees
Tottering as from the motion of the car,
His eyes look'd earnest on her, and those eyes
Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, loved,

For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond
And cross'd Ambition lose her lofty aim,
Bending, he kiss'd her garment, and retired.
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,
And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,
When heavy dews are laden with disease,
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.
"Now," said he to himself, "will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother's breast."
His brother stood before him: he, amazed,
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.
"Is it thou, brother? Tamar, is it thou?
Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,
Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore
Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand?
And why that sadness? When I past our sheep
The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,
Therefore if one be wanting, 'tis untold."
"Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,"
Said Tamar; "and this dull and dreary shore
Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."
Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,
Silent, but not by Gebir unobserved:
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.
"Let me approach thee; does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?"
"O brother, is this pity or reproach?"
Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach,

If pity, O how vain!" "Whate'er it be
That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,
And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang."
"Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!
Everything (take my hand) will I confess.
I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;
How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
That anger which has risen to your cheek?
Can other men? could you? what, no reply!
And still more anger, and still worse conceal'd!
Are these your promises? your pity this?"
"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel—
Mark me aright—I feel for thee—proceed—
Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
"'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
Twas pleasant, and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I cannot wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assumed
The Sailor; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stepp'd upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose

My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal gods! her eyes
Resembled—what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those? Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'
'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return:
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend;
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'

Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, inclosed in haze like heaven,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gush'd my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so compress'd
That life was almost quivering on my lips.
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I cannot tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome—with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reach'd
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languish'd, lengthening, just like love.

She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd."

XXIII.

THE MEETING OF THE WEIRD SISTERS.

Dalica, the nurse of Charoba, repairs by night to her native city of Masar, to concoct an incantation against Gebir, and encounters her sister Myrthyr among the ruins.

ONCE a fair city, courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, throng'd by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresh'd,
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament,
Stood, in the wilderness of woe, Masar.
Ere far advancing, all appear'd a plain;
Treacherous and fearful mountains, far advanced:
Her glory so gone down, at human step
The fierce hyæna frighted from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,

Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired.
Yet were remaining some of ancient race,
And ancient arts were now their sole delight.
With Time's first sickle they had mark'd the hour
When at their incantation would the Moon
Start back, and shuddering shed blue blasted light.
The rifted rays they gather'd, and immersed
In potent portion of that wondrous wave,
Which, hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,
And led her armies through his crystal gates.
Hither (none shared her way, her counsel none)
Hied the Masarian Dalica: 'twas night,
And the still breeze fell languid on the waste.
She, tired with journey long and ardent thoughts,
Stopp'd; and before the city she descried
A female form emerge above the sands:
Intent she fix'd her eyes, and on herself
Relying, with fresh vigour bent her way;
Nor disappear'd the woman; but exclaim'd,
(One hand retaining tight her folded vest)
"Stranger! who loathest life, there lies Masar.
Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn
The cormorant in his solitary haunt
Of insulated rock or sounding cove
Stands on thy bleachèd bones and screams for prey.
My lips can scatter them o'er every sea
Under the rising and the setting sun,
So shrivell'd in one breath as all the sands
We tread on, could not in a hundred years.
Wretched who die nor raise their sepulchre!
Therefore begone." But Dalica unawed,
(Though in her wither'd but still firm right hand,
Held up with imprecations hoarse and deep,
Glimmer'd her brazen sickle, and enclosed
Within its figured curve the fading moon)

Spake thus aloud. "By yon bright orb of Heaven,
In that most sacred moment when her beam
(Guided first thither by the forkèd shaft,)
Strikes thro' the crevice of Arishtah's tower——"
"Sayest thou?" astonished cried the sorceress,
"Woman of outer darkness, fiend of death,
From what inhuman cave, what dire abyss,
Hast thou invisible that spell o'erheard?
What potent hand hath touched thy quicken'd corse,
What song dissolved thy cerements? who unclosed
Those faded eyes, and fill'd them from the stars?
But if with inextinguish'd light of life
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerced,
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared
Those hallow'd words, divulging, to profane?"
Dalica cried, "To heaven not earth address'd
Prayers for protection cannot be profane."
Here the pale sorceress turn'd her face aside
Wildly, and mutter'd to herself amazed,
"I dread her who, alone at such an hour,
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine
The words of reason with our gifted rites.
Yet will I speak once more. If thou hast seen
The city of Charoba, hast thou marked
The steps of Dalica?"
"What then?"
"The tongue
Of Dalica has then our rites divulged."
"Whose rites?"
"Her mother's."
"Never."
"One would think,
Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica."
"I am;
Woman! and who art thou?"

With close embrace
Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried,
"Art thou then not my sister? ah! I fear
The golden lamps and jewels of a court
Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity:
O Dalica! mine watch the waning moon,
For ever patient in our mother's art,
And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts
Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power:
Studies intense of stern and strong delight!
And thou too, Dalica, so many years
Wean'd from the bosom of thy native land,
Returnest back and seekest true repose.
O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When, laying down your burthen at the gate
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed."
"Alas!" said Dalica, "tho' all commend
This choice, and many meet with no control,
Yet none pursue it! Age by care oppress'd
Feels for the couch and drops into the grave.
The tranquil scene lies further still from Youth:
Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love
Consume Youth's fairest flowers; compared with Youth
Age has a something something like repose.
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes:
But mind my errand, and my suit perform."

XXIV.

THE MARRIAGE MORNING.

Gebir and Charoba are to be united in the presence of their respective hosts. The poet describes the excitement in the camp and in the city, and how the bridegroom and bride severally rise and begin the day.

THE long awaited day at last arrived,
When, link'd together by the seven-arm'd Nile,
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.
Here the Tartessian, there the Gadite tents
Rang with impatient pleasure: here engaged
Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,
Contending warm with amicable skill;
While they of Durius raced along the beach
And scatter'd mud and jeers on all behind.
The strength of Bætis too removed the helm
And stripp'd the corslet off, and stanch'd the foot
Against the mossy maple, while they tore
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides, and closes far astern:
The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening wave
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast.
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,

And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step : the swains admired
What so transversely could have swept the dew :
For never long one path had Gebir trod,
Nor long—unheeding man—one pace preserved.
Not thus Charoba : she despair'd the day :
The day was present ; true ; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease ;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty.
How often, when her maids with merry voice
Call'd her and told the sleepless queen 'twas morn,
How often would she feign some fresh delay,
And tell them (though they saw) that she arose.
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors,
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high :
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed :
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aërial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turn pursued.
Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,
Charoba : long she linger'd at the brink ;
Often she sigh'd, and, naked as she was,
Sate down, and leaning on the couch's edge
On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek : she moved her eyes :
She blush'd ; and blushing plunged into the wave.
Now brazen chariots thunder through each street
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay,
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed ;

Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar ; now are heard
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,
Threats and defiance and suburban war.
Hark ! the reiterated clangour sounds !
Now murmurs like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba—now the strife
To see again a form so often seen !
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again ?
Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight
To reproduce in hour of bitterness ?
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp :
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reach'd
Her car, but shudder'd paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine ;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.

XXV.

THE DEATH OF CHRYSAOR.

Neptune, at the request of Jove, severs the rock of Gades from the mainland in order to chastise the insolence of the Iberian king, Chrysaor.

THOUGH seated then on Afric's further coast,
Yet sudden, at his voice, so long unheard,
(For he had griev'd, and treasured up his grief)
With short kind greeting meet from every side

The Triton herds, and warm with melody
The azure concave of their curling shells.
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,
Leapt from his pearly beryl-studded car.
Earth trembled; the retreating tide, black-brow'd,
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd
The promontory's base; but when the god
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darkened with their fragments ere they fell.
Lygeia vocal, Xantho yellow-haired,
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroë
Demure, and sweet Ionè, youngest born,
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song—
Had you seen playing round her placid neck
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,
O! who had call'd them boders of a storm?—
These and the many sister Nereïds,
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,
All, unsuspicious of the dread intent,
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave.
Still, just above, one moment more, appear
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurs'd
The stars, the destinies, the gods—his breast
Panted from consternation and dismay,
And pride untoward, on himself o'erthrown.
From his distended nostrils issued gore,
At intervals, wherewith his wiry locks,
Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed:
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon

Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.

* * * *

Shrunken mid brutal hair his violent veins
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,
Struggling, and tearing up the glebe to turn;
And from a throat that, as it throbb'd and rose,
Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

XXVI.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNOË.

WHO will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, emboss'd
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.
The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces

We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.
"Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,
If pity, ever touch'd thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walk'd up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"
"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphroditè, before Herè,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."
The sword was up,
And yet he kiss'd her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seeth'd slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have ask'd thyself
This question ere the sail first flapp'd the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes

Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peiræeus they re-enter'd, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropp'd his arm and blush'd to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walk'd silent too, until they reach'd
The mansion of Peisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he.
"Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."
"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunoë, my daughter?"
"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunoë! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the goddess

Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness,
To poverty and exile, this my child."
Then shudder'd Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,
"I see my crime: I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."

He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

XXVII.

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A VISION came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo: each had heard
The same command; each followed it; all three
Assembled on one day before the god
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning; and the birds that build
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropp'd
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
March'd side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful god who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name

Of one alone; nor would that name survive
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
"Ye come," the god said mildly, "of one will
To people what is desert in the isle
Of Lemnos. But strong men possess its shores;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprise
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive."
They heard, and look'd in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad;
Sad was Enallos; yet those two by none
Were loved; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah! therefore did that heart
So sink within him.

They have sail'd; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,
And who springs first and farthest upon shore.
Enallos came the latest from the deck.
Swift ran the rumour what the god had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,
That they might give their hands, and have their homes,
And nurse their children; and more thoughts perhaps
Led up to these, and even ran before.

But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seized the virgin on the way.
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him.
She alone embark'd
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her, and they call'd
Enallos: when Enallos look'd upon her,
Forebodings shook him: hopes rais'd *her*, and love
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray
Kindly were all to her and dutiful;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of figs
And vines, and far as far could be apart.
Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs
Perplex'd them: land they saw not yet nor knew,
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew
Howl'd for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."
O maid of Pindus! I would linger here
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
Where thou and I, apart from living men,
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
Ah! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed?
And thy voice too, Cymodameia! thine
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
In this extremity. Sad words! sad words!
"O save me! save! Let me not die so young!

Loving thee so! Let me not cease to see thee!"
Thus prayed Cymodameia.
Thus prayed he:
"O God! who givest light to all the world,
Take not from me what makes that light most blest!
Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
To share with her (and bring no curses up
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate!"
They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pitch)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again, before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the straight line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea engulph'd them both.
Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
The shore was won; the fields mark'd out; and roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter, knew the doors: then infant cries
Were heard within; and lastly, tottering steps
Patter'd along the image-station'd hall.
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
And often, when the flame on windy nights
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men push'd almost from under them
The bench on which they talk'd about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw

Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green:
And many nymphs sate round: one blew aloud
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopp'd
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy;
A fourth took up the lyre and pinch'd the strings,
Invisible by trembling: many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me,
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea,
There stands but one young man: how fair! how fond!
Ah! were he fond to *them!* It may not be!
Yet did they tend him morn and eve; by night
They also watch'd his slumbers: then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed.
"O Phœbus! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the nymphs she sees around,
And asks me, 'Are they not more beautiful?'
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me! Release her from the sight;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears!"
She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground
Ere she had clasp'd his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe; and its white radiance rose

Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loos'd not from that robe his grasp,
But spann'd one ankle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intently fix'd thereon,
And still as fix'd in dreaming. Both were cast
Upon an island till'd by peaceful men
And few,—no port nor road accessible,—
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
And warm with summer, warm with love and song
'Tis said that some, whom most Apollo loves,
Have seen that island guided by his light;
And others have gone near it, but a fog
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks;
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
And shepherd-boys and pious hinds believe.

XXVIII.

THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè rais'd her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large;
For various men wore various coronals,
But one was their devotion; 'twas to her

Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.
Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And ere he ended, sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.
"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."
Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,

Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, "Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some god
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echion, half-afraid,
Half-angry cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.
"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no god wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?

And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side?

Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?

Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birthday since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it: 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough.
It shows such kindness—if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.

Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.

Hamad. But wilt thou spare the tree?

Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

Hamad. Awhile? thy father numbers then my days?

Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?

Hamad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.

Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay—
Ask not how much—but very much. Rise not:
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè.
O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?
Hamad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.
Rhaicos. Where is it?
Hamad. In this oak.
Rhaicos. Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.
Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!
Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love—but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee—not once more,
But many days: let me love on—unloved!
I aimed too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.
Hamad. Go—rather go, than make me say I love.
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard—
Hark! on the left—Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.
Hamad. Do men take first, then claim?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them? and whose laughs? and why?

Savoury was the smell and long past noon,
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram-

Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of, until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid.
It was religion.
He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,
"Father, that oak is Zeus's own; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love—that one"
(He blush'd, nor said
What one)
"Has promised this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best; if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."
"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What has been promised; would they reckon that?"
Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft,

Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out, they pleased
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here.
He spake; and pluck'd it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
And—for thou must be wretched—weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,

Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."
Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season : years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.
The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She called
Her faithful bee : 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.
Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there
The draft-board was expanded ; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son
Was puzzled, vex'd, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear : up went his hand
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.
At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall

Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing; but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

XXIX.

ACON AND RHODOPÈ; OR, INCONSTANCY.

(A Sequel.)

THE Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,
Of measured pace though varying mien all twelve,
Some froward, some sedater, some adorn'd
For festival, some reckless of attire.
The snow had left the mountain-top; fresh flowers
Had withered in the meadow; fig and prune
Hung wrinkling; the last apple glow'd amid
Its freckled leaves; and weary oxen blink'd
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,
To creak ere long beneath them carried home.
This was the season when twelve months before,
O gentle Hamadryad, true to love!
Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood
Was blasted and laid desolate: but none

Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd
Of what was thine.
Old Thallinos sat mute
In solitary sadness. The strange tale
(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)
Echion had related, whom no force
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.
The father said, "Echion! thou must weigh,
Carefully, and with steady hand, enough
(Although no longer comes the store as once!)
Of wax to burn all day and night upon
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie:
So may the gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd!"
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,
And lighted it and left it.
First of those
Who visited upon this solemn day
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodopè
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one trust.
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate
She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and first
Lapp'd by the flame of love: his father's lands
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone
And look'd with stedfast eyes toward the oak
Shivered and black and bare.
"May never we
Love as they loved!" said Acon. She at this
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.
He caught the flying smile, and blush'd, and vow'd
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,
Should alter his.

The father of the youth
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not
Song, that could lift earth's weight from off his heart,
Discretion, that could guide him thro' the world,
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven;
Silver and gold and land, not green before
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.
Fathers have given life, but virgin heart
They never gave; and dare they then control
Or check it harshly? dare they break a bond
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,
But Acon had complied—'twas dutiful!
Crush thy own heart, Man! Man! but fear to wound
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,
By thee created, weak or strong by thee;
Touch it not but for worship; watch before
Its sanctuary; nor leave it till are closed
The temple doors and the last lamp is spent.
Rhodopè, in her soul's waste solitude,
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,
Often not hearing it, and many tears
Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,
Nor shunn'd to look upon the hollow stone
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay
His plighted hand where recently 'twas laid
Opposite hers, when finger playfully
Advanced and push'd back finger, on each side.
He did not think of this, as she would do
If she were there alone. The day was hot;
The moss invited him; it cool'd his cheek,
It cool'd his hands; he thrust them into it

And sank to slumber. Never was there dream
Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.
She took him by the arm and led him on
Along a valley, where profusely grew
The smaller lilies with their pendant bells,
And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,
The violet, shy of butting cyclamen,
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry;
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for gods.
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight
His senses were bewildered, and he thought
He saw again the face he most had loved.
He stopp'd: the Hamadryad at his side
Now stood between; then drew him farther off:
He went, compliant as before: but soon
Verdure had ceased: although the ground was smooth,
Nothing was there delightful. At this change
He would have spoken, but his guide repress'd
All questioning, and said,

"Weak youth! what brought
Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,
My life-long residence? this bank, where first
I sate with him—the faithful (now I know
Too late!) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home;
Be happy, if thou canst; but come no more
Where those whom death alone could sever, died."

He started up: the moss whereon he slept
Was dried and withered: deadlier paleness spread
Over his cheek; he sickened: and the sire
Had land enough; it held his only son.

XXX.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veinèd feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers

XXXI.

THE CROWNING OF THELYMNIA.

Polybius relates how in his youth he was present when Critolaus and some other young officers invited the philosopher Euthymedes to a repast in the country near Olympia, and how Thelymnia, the mistress of Critolaus, was crowned before the arrival of the guest.

BEHIND us lay the forest of Pholoë, with its many glens opening to the plain: before us the Temple of Olympian Zeus, indistinctly discernible, leaned against the azure heavens: and the rivulet of Selinus ran a few stadions from us, seen only where it received a smaller streamlet, originating at a fountain close by.

The cistus, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the serpolet, bloomed over our heads and beside us; for we had chosen a platform where a projecting rock, formerly a stone-quarry, shaded us, and where a little rill, of which the spring was there, bedimmed our goblets with the purest water. The awnings we had brought with us to protect us from the sun, were unnecessary for that purpose: we rolled them therefore into two long seats, filling them with moss, which grew profusely a few paces below. "When our guest arrives," said Critolaus, "every one of these flowers will serve him for some moral illustration; every shrub will be the rod of Mercury in his hands." We were impatient for the time of his coming. Thelymnia, the beloved of Critolaus, had been instructed by him in a stratagem, to subvert, or shake at least and stagger, the philosophy of Euthymedes. * * *

Thelymnia wore a dress like ours, and acceded to every advice of Critolaus, excepting that she would not consent so readily to entwine her head with ivy. At first she

objected that there was not enough of it for all. Instantly two or three of us pulled down (for nothing is more brittle) a vast quantity from the rock, which loosened some stones, and brought down together with them a bird's nest of the last year. Then she said, "I dare not use this ivy: the omen is a bad one."

"Do you mean the nest, Thelymnia?" said Critolaus.

"No, not the nest so much as the stones," replied she, faltering.

"Ah! those signify the dogmas of Euthymedes, which you, my lovely Thelymnia, are to loosen and throw down."

At this she smiled faintly and briefly, and began to break off some of the more glossy leaves; and we who stood around her were ready to take them and place them in her hair; when suddenly she held them tighter, and let her hand drop. On her lover's asking her why she hesitated, she blushed deeply, and said, "Phoroneus told me I look best in myrtle."

Innocent and simple and most sweet (I remember) was her voice, and, when she had spoken, the traces of it were remaining on her lips. Her beautiful throat itself changed colour; it seemed to undulate; and the roseate predominated in its pearly hue. Phoroneus had been her admirer: she gave the preference to Critolaus: yet the name of Phoroneus at that moment had greater effect upon him than the recollection of his defeat.

Thelymnia recovered herself sooner. We ran wherever we saw myrtles, and there were many about, and she took a part of her coronal from every one of us, smiling on each; but it was only of Critolaus that she asked if he thought that myrtle became her best. "Phoroneus," answered he, not without melancholy, "is infallible as Paris." There was something in the tint of the tender sprays resembling that of the hair they encircled: the blossoms too were white as her forehead. She reminded

me of those ancient fables which represent the favourites of the gods as turning into plants; so accordant and identified was her beauty with the flowers and foliage she had chosen to adorn it.

XXXII.

THE DREAM OF EUTHYMEDES.

Euthymedes relates how there was revealed to him in a dream an allegory of Love, Hope, and Fear.

Euthymedes. I was in a place not very unlike this, my head lying back against a rock, where its crevices were tufted with soft and odoriferous herbs, and where vine leaves protected my face from the sun, and from the bees, which however were less likely to molest me, being busy in their first hours of honey-making among the blossoms. Sleep soon fell upon me; for of all philosophers I am certainly the drowsiest, though perhaps there are many quite of equal ability in communicating the gift of drowsiness. Presently I saw three figures, two of which were beautiful, very differently, but in the same degree: the other was much less so. The least of the three, at the first glance, I recognised to be Love, although I saw no wings, nor arrows, nor quiver, nor torch, nor emblem of any kind designating his attributes. The next was not Venus, nor a grace, nor a nymph, nor goddess of whom in worship or meditation I had ever conceived an idea; and yet my heart persuaded me she was a goddess, and from the manner in which she spoke to Love, and he again to her, I was convinced she must be. Quietly and unmovedly as she was standing, her figure I perceived was adapted to the perfection of activity. With all the succulence and suppleness of early youth, scarcely beyond

puberty, it however gave me the idea, from its graceful and easy languor, of its being possessed by a fondness for repose. Her eyes were large and serene, and of a quality to exhibit the intensity of thought, or even the habitude of reflection, but incapable of expressing the plenitude of joy; and her countenance was tinged with so delicate a colour, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud, passing over it in the heavens. The third figure, who sometimes stood in one place and sometimes in another, and of whose countenance I could only distinguish that it was pale, anxious and mistrustful, interrupted her perpetually. I listened attentively and with curiosity to the conversation, and by degrees I caught the appellations they interchanged. The one I found was Hope; and I wondered I did not find it out sooner: the other was Fear; which I should not have found out at all; for she did not look terrible nor aghast, but more like Sorrow or Despondency. The first words I could collect of Hope were these, spoken very mildly, and rather with a look of appeal, than accusation. "Too surely you have forgotten, for never was child more forgetful or more ungrateful, how many times I have carried you in my bosom, when even your mother drove you from her, and when you could find no other resting-place in heaven or earth."

"O unsteady unruly Love!" cried the pale goddess with much energy, "it has often been by my intervention that thy wavering authority was fixed. For this I have thrown alarm after alarm into the heedless breast that Hope had once beguiled, and that was growing insensible and torpid under her feebler influence. I do not upbraid thee; and it never was my nature to caress thee; but I claim from thee my portion of the human heart, mine, ever mine, abhorrent as it may be of me. Let Hope stand on one side of thy altars, but let my place be on

the other; or I swear by all the gods! not any altars shalt thou possess upon the globe."

She ceased—and Love trembled. He turned his eyes upon Hope, as if in his turn appealing to her. She said, "It must be so; it was so from the beginning of the world: only let me never lose you from my sight." She clasped her hands upon her breast, as she said it, and he looked on her with a smile, and was going up (I thought) to kiss her, when he was recalled and stopped.

"Where Love is, there will I be also, said Fear, and even thou, O Hope! never shalt be beyond my power."

At these words I saw them both depart. I then looked toward Love: I did not see him go; but he was gone.

XXXIII.

A TUSCAN SABBATH.

Francesco Petrarca, staying with Giovanni Boccaccio in his villa near Certaldo, during his sickness, rises betimes on the Lord's Day and goes to hear mass in the parish church.

It being now the Lord's Day, Messer Francesco thought it meet that he should rise early in the morning and bestir himself, to hear mass in the parish church at Certaldo. Whereupon he went on tiptoe, if so weighty a man could indeed go in such a fashion, and lifted softly the latch of Ser Giovanni's chamber-door, that he might salute him ere he departed, and occasion no wonder at the step he was about to take. He found Ser Giovanni fast asleep, with the missal wide open across his nose, and a pleasant smile on his genial joyous mouth. Ser Francesco

leaned over the couch, closed his hands together, and, looking with even more than his usual benignity, said in a low voice,

"God bless thee, gentle soul! the mother of purity and innocence protect thee!"

He then went into the kitchen, where he found the girl Assunta, and mentioned his resolution. She informed him that the horse had eaten his two beans,[1] and was as strong as a lion and as ready as a lover. Ser Francesco patted her on the cheek, and called her *semplicetta!* She was overjoyed at this honour from so great a man, the bosom-friend of her good master, whom she had always thought the greatest man in the world, not excepting Monsignore, until he told her he was only a dog confronted with Ser Francesco. She tripped alertly across the paved court into the stable, and took down the saddle and bridle from the farther end of the rack. But Ser Francesco, with his natural politeness, would not allow her to equip his palfrey.

"This is not the work for maidens," said he; "return to the house, good girl!"

She lingered a moment, then went away; but, mistrusting the dexterity of Ser Francesco, she stopped and turned back again, and peeped through the half-closed door, and heard sundry sobs and wheezes round about the girth. Ser Francesco's wind ill seconded his intention; and, although he had thrown the saddle valiantly and stoutly in its station, yet the girths brought him into extremity. She entered again, and, dissembling the reason, asked him whether he would not take a small beaker of the sweet white wine before he set out, and offered to girdle the horse while his Reverence bitted and bridled him. Before any answer could be returned, she

1 Literally, *due fave*, the expression on such occasions to signify a small quantity.—W. S. L.

had begun. And having now satisfactorily executed her undertaking, she felt irrepressible delight and glee at being able to do what Ser Francesco had failed in. He was scarcely more successful with his allotment of the labour; found unlooked-for intricacies and complications in the machinery, wondered that human wit could not simplify it, and declared that the animal had never exhibited such restiveness before. In fact, he never had experienced the same grooming. At this conjuncture, a green cap made its appearance, bound with straw-coloured ribbon, and surmounted with two bushy sprigs of hawthorn, of which the globular buds were swelling, and some bursting, but fewer yet open. It was young Simplizio Nardi, who sometimes came on the Sunday morning to sweep the court-yard for Assunta.

"O! this time you are come just when you were wanted," said the girl.

"Bridle, directly, Ser Francesco's horse, and then go away about your business."

The youth blushed, and kissed Ser Francesco's hand, begging his permission. It was soon done. He then held the stirrup; and Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, was seated and erect on the saddle. The horse however had somewhat more inclination for the stable than for the expedition; and, as Assunta was handing to the rider his long ebony staff, bearing an ivory caduceus, the quadruped turned suddenly round. Simplizio called him *bestiaccia!* and then, softening it, *poco garbato!* and proposed to Ser Francesco that he should leave the bastone behind, and take the crab-switch he presented to him, giving at the same time a sample of his efficacy, which covered the long grizzle hair of the worthy quadruped with a profusion of pink blossoms, like embroidery. The offer was declined; but Assunta told Simplizio to carry it himself, and to walk by the side of Ser Canonico

quite up to the church-porch, having seen what a sad dangerous beast his reverence had under him.

With perfect good will, partly in the pride of obedience to Assunta, and partly to enjoy the renown of accompanying a canon of holy church, Simplizio did as she enjoined.

And now the sound of village bells, in many hamlets and convents and churches out of sight, was indistinctly heard, and lost again; and at last the five of Certaldo seemed to crow over the faintness of them all.

The freshness of the morning was enough of itself to excite the spirits of youth; a portion of which never fails to descend on years that are far removed from it, if the mind has partaken in innocent mirth while it was its season and its duty to enjoy it. Parties of young and old passed the canonico and his attendant with mute respect, bowing and bare-headed; for that ebony staff threw its spell over the tongue, which the frank and hearty salutation of the bearer was inadequate to break. Simplizio, once or twice, attempted to call back an intimate of the same age with himself; but the utmost he could obtain was a *riveritissimo!* and a genuflexion to the rider. It is reported that a heart-burning rose up from it in the breast of a cousin, some days after, too distinctly apparent in the long-drawn appellation of *Gnor*[1] Simplizio.

Ser Francesco moved gradually forward, his steed picking his way along the lane, and looking fixedly on the stones with all the sobriety of a mineralogist. He himself was well satisfied with the pace, and told Simplizio to be sparing of the switch, unless in case of a hornet or gadfly. Simplizio smiled, toward the hedge, and wondered at the condescension of so great a theologian and astrologer, in joking with him about the gadflies and hornets in the beginning of April. "Ah! there are men

[1] Contraction of signor, customary in Tuscany.—W.S.L.

in the world who can make wit out of anything!" said he to himself. As they approached the walls of the town, the whole country was pervaded by a stirring and diversified air of gladness. Laughter and songs and flutes and viols, inviting voices and complying responses, mingled with merry bells and with processional hymns, along the woodland paths and along the yellow meadows. It was really the *Lord's Day*, for he made his creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful. Even the cruel had ceased from cruelty; and the rich man alone exacted from the animal his daily labour. Ser Francesco made this remark, and told his youthful guide that he had never been before where he could not walk to church on a Sunday; and that nothing should persuade him to urge the speed of his beast on the seventh day, beyond his natural and willing foot's pace. He reached the gates of Certaldo more than half an hour before the time of service, and he found laurels suspended over them, and being suspended; and many pleasant and beautiful faces were protruded between the ranks of gentry and clergy who awaited him. Little did he expect such an attendance; but Fra Biagio of San Vivaldo, who himself had offered no obsequiousness or respect, had scattered the secret of his visit throughout the whole country. A young poet, the most celebrated in the town, approached the canonico with a long scroll of verses, which fell below the knee, beginning,

'How shall we welcome our illustrious guest?'

To which Ser Francesco immediately replied, "Take your favourite maiden, lead the dance with her, and bid all your friends follow; you have a good half hour for it."

Universal applauses succeeded, the music struck up, couples were instantly formed. The gentry on this occasion led out the cittadinanza, as they usually do in the

villeggiatura, rarely in the carnival, and never at other times. The elder of the priests stood round in their sacred vestments, and looked with cordiality and approbation on the youths, whose hands and arms could indeed do much, and did it, but whose active eyes could rarely move upward the modester of their partners.

While the elder of the clergy were thus gathering the fruits of their liberal cares and paternal exhortations, some of the younger looked on with a tenderer sentiment, not unmingled with regret. Suddenly the bells ceased; the figure of the dance was broken; all hastened into the church; and many hands that joined on the green, met together at the font, and touched the brow reciprocally with its lustral waters, in soul-devotion.

After the service, and after a sermon a good church-hour in length to gratify him, enriched with compliments from all authors, Christian and pagan, informing him at the conclusion that, although he had been crowned in the Capitol, he must die, being born mortal, Ser Francesco rode homeward. The sermon seemed to have sunk deeply into him, and even into the horse under him, for both of them nodded, both snorted, and one stumbled. Simplizio was twice fain to cry,

"Ser Canonico! Riverenza! in this country if we sleep before dinner it does us harm. There are stones in the road, Ser Canonico, loose as eggs in a nest, and pretty nigh as thick together, huge as mountains."

"Good lad!" said Ser Francesco, rubbing his eyes, "toss the biggest of them out of the way, and never mind the rest."

The horse, although he walked, shuffled almost into an amble as he approached the stable, and his master looked up at it with nearly the same contentment. Assunta had been ordered to wait for his return, and cried,

"O Ser Francesco! you are looking at our long apri-

cot, that runs the whole length of the stable and barn covered with blossoms as the old white hen is with feathers. You must come in the summer, and eat this fine fruit with Signor Padrone. You can not think how ruddy and golden and sweet and mellow it is. There are peaches in all the fields, and plums, and pears, and apples, but there is not another apricot for miles and miles. Ser Giovanni brought the stone from Naples before I was born: a lady gave it to him when she had eaten only half the fruit off it: but perhaps you may have seen her, for you have ridden as far as Rome, or beyond. Padrone looks often at the fruit, and eats it willingly; and I have seen him turn over the stones in his plate, and choose one out from the rest, and put it into his pocket, but never plant it."

"Where is the youth?" inquired Ser Francesco.

"Gone away," answered the maiden.

"I wanted to thank him," said the Canonico.

"May I tell him so?" asked she.

"And give him," continued he, holding a piece of silver——

"I will give him something of my own, if he goes on and behaves well," said she: "but Signore Padrone would drive him away for ever, I am sure, if he were tempted in an evil hour to accept a quattrino, for any service he could render the friends of the house."

Ser Francesco was delighted with the graceful animation of this ingenuous girl, and asked her, with a little curiosity, how she could afford to make him a present.

"I do not intend to make him a present," she replied: "but it is better he should be rewarded by me," she blushed and hesitated, "or by Signor Padrone," she added, "than by your reverence. He has not done half his duty yet; not half. I will teach him: he is quite a child; four months younger than me."

Ser Francesco went into the house, saying to himself at the doorway,

"Truth, innocence, and gentle manners have not yet left the earth. There are sermons that never make the ears weary. I have heard but few of them, and come from church for this."

Whether Simplizio had obeyed some private signal from Assunta, or whether his own delicacy had prompted him to disappear, he was now again in the stable, and the manger was replenished with hay. A bucket was soon after heard ascending from the well; and then two words,

"Thanks, Simplizio."

XXXIV.

THE DEATH OF ACCIAIOLI.

Boccaccio, lying sick at Certaldo, recounts to Petrarca these memories of his friend Acciaioli, high seneschal of the kingdom of Naples.

Boccaccio. Probably, so near as I am to Florence, and so dear as Florence hath always been to me, I shall see that city no more. The last time I saw it, I only passed through. Four years ago, you remember, I lost my friend Acciaioli. Early in the summer of the preceding, his kindness had induced him to invite me again to Naples, and I undertook a journey to the place where my life had been too happy. There are many who pay dearly for sunshine early in the season: many, for pleasure in the prime of life. After one day lost in idleness at Naples, if intense and incessant thoughts (however fruitless) may be called so, I proceeded by water to Sorrento, and thence over the mountains to Amalfi. Here, amid whatever is most beautiful and most wonderful in scenery,

I found the Seniscalco. His palace, his gardens, his terraces, his woods, abstracted his mind entirely from the solicitudes of state; and I was gratified at finding in the absolute ruler of a kingdom, the absolute master of his time. Rare felicity! and he enjoyed it the more after the toils of business and the intricacies of policy His reception of me was most cordial. He showed me his long avenues of oranges and citrons: he helped me to mount the banks of slippery short herbage, whence we could look down on their dark masses, and their broad irregular belts, gemmed with golden fruit and sparkling flowers. We stood high above them, but not above their fragrance, and sometimes we wished the breeze to bring us it, and sometimes to carry a part of it away: and the breeze came and went as if obedient to our volition. Another day he conducted me farther from the palace, and showed me, with greater pride than I had ever seen in him before, the pale-green olives, on little smooth plants, the first year of their bearing. "I will teach my people here," said he, "to make as delicate oil as any of our Tuscans." We had feasts among the caverns: we had dances by day under the shade of the mulberries, by night under the lamps of the arcade: we had music on the shore and on the water.

When next I stood before him, it was afar from these. Torches flamed through the pine-forest of Certosa: priests and monks led the procession: the sound of the brook alone filled up the intervals of the dirge: and other plumes than the dancers' waved round what was Acciaioli.

XXXV.

THE DREAM OF BOCCACCIO.

Boccaccio, recovering from his sickness, relates to Petrarco how his old love Fiammetta, daughter to the King of Naples, appeared to him in a dream.

Boccaccio. In vain had I determined not only to mend in future, but to correct the past; in vain had I prayed most fervently for grace to accomplish it, with a final aspiration to Fiammetta that she would unite with your beloved Laura, and that, gentle and beatified spirits as they are, they would breathe together their purer prayers on mine. See what follows.

Petrarca. Sigh not at it. Before we can see all that follows from their intercession, we must join them again. But let me hear anything in which they are concerned.

Boccaccio. I prayed; and my breast, after some few tears, grew calmer. Yet sleep did not ensue until the break of morning, when the dropping of soft rain on the leaves of the fig-tree at the window, and the chirping of a little bird, to tell another there was shelter under them, brought me repose and slumber. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, if indeed time can be reckoned any more in sleep than in heaven, when my Fiammetta seemed to have led me into the meadow. You will see it below you: turn away that branch: gently! gently! do not break it; for the little bird sat there.

Petrarca. I think, Giovanni, I can divine the place. Although this fig-tree, growing out of the wall between the cellar and us, is fantastic enough in its branches, yet that other which I see yonder, bent down and forced to crawl along the grass by the prepotency of the young

shapely walnut-tree, is much more so. It forms a seat, about a cubit above the ground, level and long enough for several.

Boccaccio. Ha! you fancy it must be a favourite spot with me, because of the two strong forked stakes wherewith it is propped and supported!

Petrarca. Poets know the haunts of poets at first sight; and he who loved Laura—O Laura! did I say he who *loved* thee?—hath whisperings where those feet would wander which have been restless after Fiammetta.

Boccaccio. It is true, my imagination has often conducted her thither; but here in this chamber she appeared to me more visibly in a dream.

"Thy prayers have been heard, O Giovanni," said she. I sprang to embrace her.

"Do not spill the water! Ah! you have spilt a part of it."

I then observed in her hand a crystal vase. A few drops were sparkling on the sides and running down the rim: a few were trickling from the vase and from the hand that held it.

"I must go down to the brook," said she, "and fill it again as it was filled before."

What a moment of agony was this to me! Could I be certain how long might be her absence? She went: I was following: she made a sign for me to turn back: I disobeyed her only an instant: yet my sense of disobedience, increasing my feebleness and confusion, made me lose sight of her. In the next moment she was again at my side, with the cup quite full. I stood motionless: I feared my breath might shake the water over. I looked her in the face for her commands—and to see it—to see it so calm, so beneficent, so beautiful. I was forgetting what I had prayed for, when she lowered her head, tasted of the cup, and gave it me. I drank; and suddenly

sprang forth before me, many groves and palaces and gardens, and their statues and their avenues, and their labyrinths of alaternus and bay, and alcoves of citron, and watchful loopholes in the retirements of impenetrable pomegranate. Farther off, just below where the fountain slipt away from its marble hall and guardian gods, arose, from their beds of moss and drosera and darkest grass, the sisterhood of oleanders, fond of tantalising with their bosomed flowers and their moist and pouting blossoms the little shy rivulet, and of covering its face with all the colours of the dawn. My dream expanded and moved forward. I trod again the dust of Posilippo, soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep. I emerged on Baia; I crossed her innumerable arches; I loitered in the breezy sunshine of her mole; I trusted the faithful seclusion of her caverns, the keepers of so many secrets; and I reposed on the buoyancy of her tepid sea. Then Naples, and her theatres and her churches, and grottoes and dells and forts and promontories, rushed forward in confusion, now among soft whispers, now among sweetest sounds, and subsided, and sank, and disappeared. Yet a memory seemed to come fresh from every one: each had time enough for its tale, for its pleasure, for its reflection, for its pang. As I mounted with silent steps the narrow staircase of the old palace, how distinctly did I feel against the palm of my hand the coldness of that smooth stone-work, and the greater of the cramps of iron in it!

"Ah me! is this forgetting?" cried I anxiously to Fiammetta.

"We must recall these scenes before us," she replied: "such is the punishment of them. Let us hope and believe that the apparition, and the compunction which must follow it, will be accepted as the full penalty, and that both will pass away almost together."

I feared to lose anything attendant on her presence: I

feared to approach her forehead with my lips: I feared to touch the lily on its long wavy leaf in her hair, which filled my whole heart with fragrance. Venerating, adoring, I bowed my head at last to kiss her snow-white robe, and trembled at my presumption. And yet the effulgence of her countenance vivified while it chastened me. I loved her—I must not say *more* than ever—*better* than ever; it was Fiammetta who had inhabited the skies. As my hand opened toward her,

"Beware!" said she, faintly smiling; "beware, Giovanni. Take only the crystal; take it, and drink again."

"Must all be then forgotten?" said I sorrowfully.

"Remember your prayer and mine, Giovanni! Shall both have been granted—O how much worse than in vain!"

I drank instantly; I drank largely. How cool my bosom grew; how could it grow so cool before her! But it was not to remain in its quiescency; its trials were not yet over. I will not, Francesco! no, I may not commemorate the incidents she related me, nor which of us said, "I blush for having loved *first;*" nor which of us replied, "Say *least*, say *least*, and blush again."

The charm of the words (for I felt not the encumbrance of the body nor the acuteness of the spirit) seemed to possess me wholly. Although the water gave me strength and comfort, and somewhat of celestial pleasure, many tears fell around the border of the vase as she held it up before me, exhorting me to take courage, and inviting me with more than exhortation to accomplish my deliverance. She came nearer, more tenderly, more earnestly; she held the dewy globe with both hands, leaning forward, and sighed and shook her head, drooping at my pusillanimity. It was only when a ringlet had touched the rim, and perhaps the water (for a sunbeam on the surface could never have given it such a golden hue), that I took courage,

clasped it, and exhausted it. Sweet as was the water, sweet as was the serenity it gave me—alas! that also which it moved away from me was sweet!

"This time you can trust me alone," said she, and parted my hair, and kissed my brow. Again she went toward the brook: again my agitation, my weakness, my doubt, came over me: nor could I see her while she raised the water, nor knew I whence she drew it. When she returned, she was close to me at once: she smiled: her smile pierced me to the bones: it seemed an angel's. She sprinkled the pure water on me; she looked most fondly; she took my hand; she suffered me to press hers to my bosom; but, whether by design I cannot tell, she let fall a few drops of the chilly element between.

"And now, O my beloved!" said she, "we have consigned to the bosom of God our earthly joys and sorrows. The joys cannot return, let not the sorrows. These alone would trouble my repose among the blessed."

"Trouble thy repose! Fiammetta! Give me the chalice!" cried I—"not a drop will I leave in it, not a drop."

"Take it!" said that soft voice. "O now most dear Giovanni! I know thou hast strength enough; and there is but little—at the bottom lies our first kiss."

"Mine! didst thou say, beloved one? and is that left thee still?"

"*Mine*," said she, pensively; and as she abased her head, the broad leaf of the lily hid her brow and her eyes; the light of heaven shone through the flower.

"O Fiammetta! Fiammetta!" cried I in agony, "God is the God of mercy, God is the God of love—can I, can I ever?" I struck the chalice against my head, unmindful that I held it; the water covered my face and my feet. I started up, not yet awake, and I heard the name of Fiammetta in the curtains.

XXXVI.

THE DREAM OF PETRARCA.

Petrarca relates to Boccaccio how there was revealed to him in a dream an allegory of Love, Sleep, and Death.

Petrarca. I have had as many dreams as most men. We are all made up of them, as the webs of the spider are particles of her own vitality. But how infinitely less do we profit by them! I will relate to you, before we separate, one among the multitude of mine, as coming the nearest to the poetry of yours, and as having been not totally useless to me. Often have I reflected on it; sometimes with pensiveness, with sadness never.

Boccaccio. Then, Francesco, if you had with you as copious a choice of dreams as clustered on the elm-trees where the Sibyl led Æneas, this, in preference to the whole swarm of them, is the queen dream for me.

Petrarca. When I was younger I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and the unfortunate as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversations best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices, and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. * * * Allegory had few attractions for me, believing it to be the delight in general of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the

loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the Affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with grey grass, by the way-side, I laid my head upon it and slept. I can not tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow; and then the arrow itself; the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ankles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously call upon me for succour; but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!"

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so

alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it." I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I can not tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives!"

"Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, "say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted, and rumpled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less and scarcely looked toward him.

The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow as the others did; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity: for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees I became ashamed of my ingratitude; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and I felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,

"Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to these he hastens; for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love!" said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who can not follow me, he who can not overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

XXXVII.

THE FATE OF A YOUNG POET.

Dr. Glaston, an Oxford preacher, tells the story of young Wellerby to one of his pupils aspiring to become a poet.

ETHELBERT! I think thou walkest but little; otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell. There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of the day poetising amidst the ruins of Godstow nunnery. It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farmhouses. In my memory there were still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it, *Poore Rosamund.*

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me.

The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell. He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study. He was foiled by his competitor; and now he sought consolation in poetry. Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it; or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses;—he was thought to have died broken-hearted.

About half a mile from St. John's College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close

under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags. After a walk in midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

"Master Bachelor!" said I, "it is ill-sleeping by the water-side." No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognised poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted—I have often failed: but there *is* one who never has; and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

Remembering that his mother did abide one mile further on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned him beforehand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up manfully the quarter staff of logic, and wield it for St. John's, come who would into the ring. "'We want our man,' said he to me, 'and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might have swallowed, with due exercise.'

"I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks."

"Lady!" said I, "none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine."

She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock, saying calmly, "God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them."

Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterwards he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutter's charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words:

JOANNES WELLERBY,
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI.

II.

REFLECTIVE AND DISCURSIVE

RELIGION.

XXXVIII.—THE ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

Dr. Glaston discourses.

In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you, there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for those likewise they had stowage, but low-conditioned men, who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thraldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity, that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do than substances at day-fall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven's acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places did they cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them,

Return! return! help us! help us! be blessed! for ever blessed!

Vain men! but, had they stayed there, not evil. Out of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it.

In these our days, methinks, whatever other sins we may fall into, such idolatry is the least dangerous. For,

neither on the one side is there much disposition for gratitude, nor on the other much zeal to deliver the innocent and oppressed. Even this deliverance, although a merit, and a high one, is not the highest. Forgiveness is beyond it. Forgive, or ye shall not be forgiven. This ye may do every day; for if ye find not offences, ye feign them; and surely ye may remove your own work, if ye may remove another's. To rescue requires more thought and wariness: learn then the easier lesson first. Afterwards, when ye rescue any from another's violence, or from his own (which oftentimes is more dangerous, as the enemies are within not only the penetrals of his house but of his heart), bind up his wounds before ye send him on his way. Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer: it is better to bid him live than to bid him die. The one word our Teacher and Preserver said, the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye: in this posture of yours he shall recognise again his beloved Son upon earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace.

XXXIX.

Melanchthon. The wickedness of idolatry does not consist in any inadequate representation of the Deity, for whether our hands or our hearts represent him, the representation is almost alike inadequate. Every man does what he hopes and believes will be most pleasing

to his God; and God, in his wisdom and mercy, will not punish gratitude in its error.

Calvin. How do you know that?

Melanchthon. Because I know his loving-kindness, and experience it daily.

Calvin. If men blindly and wilfully run into error when God hath shown the right way, he will visit it on their souls.

Melanchthon. He will observe from the serenity of heaven, a serenity emanating from his presence, that there is scarcely any work of his creation on earth which hath not excited, in some people or other, a remembrance, an admiration, a symbol of his power. The evil of idolatry is this. Rival nations have raised up rival deities; war hath been denounced in the name of heaven; men have murdered for the love of God: and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been invoked by all simultaneously as the Lord of Hosts.

XL.—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION IN RELIGION.

Melanchthon. I remember no discussion on religion in which religion was not a sufferer by it, if mutual forbearance, and belief in another's good motives and intentions, are (as I must always think they are) its proper and necessary appurtenances.

Calvin. Would you never make inquiries?

Melanchthon. Yes; and as deep as possible; but into my own heart; for that belongs to me; and God hath entrusted it most especially to my own superintendence.

Calvin. We must also keep others from going astray, by showing them the right road, and, if they are obstinate in resistance, then by coercing and chastising them through the magistrate.

Melanchthon. It is sorrowful to dream that we are scourges in God's hand, and that he appoints for us no better work than lacerating one another. I am no enemy to inquiry, where I see abuses, and where I suspect falsehood. The Romanists, our great oppressors, think it presumptuous to search into things abstruse; and let us do them the justice to acknowledge that, if it is a fault, it is one which they never commit. But surely we are kept sufficiently in the dark by the infirmity of our nature: no need to creep into a corner and put our hands before our eyes. To throw away or turn aside from God's best gifts is verily a curious sign of obedience and submission. He not only hath given us a garden to walk in, but he hath planted it also for us, and he wills us to know the nature and properties of everything that grows up within it. Unless we look into them and handle them and register them, how shall we discover this to be salutary, that to be poisonous; this annual, that perennial?

Calvin. Here we coincide; and I am pleased to find in you less apathy than I expected. It becomes us, moreover, to denounce God's vengeance on a sinful world.

Melanchthon. Is it not better and pleasanter to show the wanderer by what course of life it may be avoided? is it not better and pleasanter to enlarge on God's promises of salvation, than to insist on his denunciations of wrath? is it not better and pleasanter to lead the wretched up to his mercy, than to hurl them by thousands under his fiery chariot?

Calvin. We have no option. By our heavenly Father many are called, but few are chosen.

Melanchthon. There is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text written in characters equally large and legible; and there has usually been a sword laid upon each. Even the weakest

disputant is made so conceited by what he calls religion, as to think himself wiser than the wisest who thinks differently from him; and he becomes so ferocious by what he calls holding it fast, that he appears to me as if he held it fast much in the same manner as a terrier holds a rat, and you have about as much trouble in getting it from between his incisors. When at last it does come out, it is mangled, distorted, and extinct.

Calvin. M. Melanchthon! you have taken a very perverse view of the subject. Such language as yours would extinguish that zeal which is to enlighten the nations, and to consume the tares by which they are overrun.

Melanchthon. The tares and the corn are so intermingled throughout the wide plain which our God hath given us to cultivate, that I would rather turn the patient and humble into it to weed it carefully, than a thresher who would thresh wheat and tare together before the grain is ripened, or who would carry fire into the furrows when it is.

Calvin. Yet even the most gentle, and of the gentler sex, are inflamed with a holy zeal in the propagation of the faith.

Melanchthon. I do not censure them for their earnestness in maintaining truth. We not only owe our birth to them, but also the better part of our education; and if we were not divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralysed by age, and until Death's hand strikes it out of ours. I am sorry you have cited the gentler part of the creation to appear before you, obliged as I am to

bear witness that I myself have known a few specimens of the fair sex become a shade less fair, among the perplexities of religion. Indeed I am credibly informed that certain of them have lost their patience, running up and down in the dust where many roads diverge. This surely is not walking humbly with their God, nor walking with him at all; for those who walk with him are always readier to hear *his* voice than their own, and to admit that it is more persuasive. But at last the zealot is so infatuated by the serious mockeries he imitates and repeats, that he really takes his own voice for God's. Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation; and that, in our progress heavenward, we should think it expedient to plant unthrifty thorns over bitter wells of blood in the wilderness we leave behind us?

XLI.

Melanchthon. Calvin! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immoveable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory.

Calvin. I am curious to hear it.

Melanchthon. You shall. This is the tenet. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

XLII.

Romilly. The worst of unbelief is that which regrets the goodness of our heavenly Father, and from which there springs in us a desire of breaking what we cannot bend, and of twisting wire after wire, and tying knot

after knot, in his scourge. Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master; not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree! On all occasions, it is well to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.

XLIII.

Washington. Religion is too pure for corporations: it is best meditated on in our privacy, and best acted on in our ordinary intercourse with mankind. If we believe in revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with him but little, since the only form of address he has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices, and he does not desire us to tell him, hour after hour, how dearly we love him, or how much we want from him: he knows these things exactly.

XLIV.

Milton. Methinks thou knowest more about the poets than about the divines. Curious name! as if the study and profession of what relates to divinity made the man himself divine, as the study and profession of physic entitles one, and justly, to be called a physician.

XLV.

Marvel. Never do I take the liberty to question or examine any man on his religion, or to look over his shoulder on his account-book with God. But I know that Milton and every other great poet must be reli-

gious: for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it. This power, unlimited in the one, limited (but incalculably and inconceivably great), in the other, belongs to the Deity and the poet.

Bishop Parker. I shudder.

Marvel. Wherefore? at seeing a man, what he was designed to be by his Maker, his Maker's image? But pardon me, my lord! the surprise of such a novelty is enough to shock you.

XLVI.

Parker. Let us piously hope, Mr. Marvel, that God in his good time may turn Mr. Milton from the error of his ways, and incline his heart to repentance, and that so he may finally be prepared for death.

Marvel. The wicked can never be prepared for it, the good always are. What is the preparation which so many ruffled wrists point out? To gabble over prayer and praise and confession and contrition. My lord! heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. Instead of which I have known many old playfellows of the devil spring up suddenly from their beds and strike at him treacherously; while he, without a cuff, laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room.

XLVII.

Lord Brooke. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper, and leaves a barren bed.

XLVIII.—THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Magliabecchi. Among your other works I find a manuscript on the inefficacy of prayer. I defended you to my superiors by showing that Cicero had asserted things incredible to himself, merely for the sake of argument, and had probably written them before he had fixed in his mind the personages to whom they should be attributed in his dialogues; that, in short, they were brought forward for no other purpose than discussion and explosion. This impiety was forgiven. But every man in Italy has a favourite saint, for whose honour he deems it meritorious to draw (I had almost said the sword) the stiletto.

Middleton. It would be safer to attempt dragging God from his throne than to split a spangle on their petticoats, or to puff a grain of powder from their wigs. This I know. Nothing in my writings is intended to wound the jealousy of the Italians. Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities calms men, in larger heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess. For which reason, with plain ground before me, I would not expatiate largely, and often made an argument, that offered itself, give way altogether and leave room for inferences. My treatise on prayer was not to be published in my lifetime.

Magliabecchi. And why at any time? Supposing prayer to be totally inefficacious in the object, is not the mind exalted, the heart purified, are not our affections chastened, our desires moderated, our enjoyments enlarged, by this intercourse with the Deity? and are not men the better, as certainly they are the happier, for a belief that he interferes in their concerns. They are persuaded that there is something conditional between them, and that, if they labour under the commission of

crimes, their voice will be inaudible as the voice of one under the nightmare.

Middleton. I wished to demonstrate, that we often treat God in the same manner as we should treat some doting or some passionate old man: we feign, we flatter, we sing, we cry, we gesticulate.

Magliabecchi. Worship him in your own manner, according to the sense he has given you; and let those who cannot exercise that sense, rely upon those who can. Be convinced, Mr. Middleton, that you never will supplant the received ideas of God: be no less convinced that the sum of your labours in this field, will be, to leave the ground loose beneath you, and that he who comes after you will sink. * * * Suppose a belief in the efficacy of prayer to be a belief altogether irrational—you may: I never can—suppose it to be insanity itself, would you, meeting a young man who had wandered over many countries in search of a father, until his intellects are deranged, and who, in the fulness of his heart, addresses an utter stranger as the lost parent, clings to him, kisses him, sobs upon his breast, and finds comfort only by repeating "Father! father!"—would you, Mr. Middleton, say to this affectionate fond creature, "Go home, sit quiet, be silent!" and persuade him that his father is lost to him?

Middleton. God forbid.

Magliabecchi. You have done it: do it no more: the madman has not heard you; and the father will pardon you when you meet.

FAME, AND TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS.

XLIX.

Dante. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to prophyry; the one is a moveable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed, and solid, and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts: the good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

L.

Diogenes. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

LI.

Plato. There are great men of various kinds.

Diogenes. No, by my beard, are there not.

Plato. What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialectians?

Diogenes. Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

Plato. On seeing the exercise of power, a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, such as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses——

Diogenes. Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering like a serpent's in the midst of luxuriance and rankness. Did never this reflection of thine warn thee that, in human life, the precipices and abysses would be much further from our admiration, if we were less inconsiderate, selfish, and vile? I will not however stop thee long, for thou wert going on quite consistently. As thy great men are fighters and wranglers, so thy mighty things upon the earth and sea are troublesome and intractable incumbrances. Thou perceivedst not what was greater in the former case, neither art thou aware what is greater in this. Didst thou feel the gentle air that passed us?

Plato. I did not just then.

Diogenes. That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up into foam and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrollable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantries is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of

the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? No; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight; at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

What are its mines and mountains? Fragments welded up and dislocated by the expansion of water from below; the most part reduced to mud, the rest to splinters. Afterwards sprang up fire in many places, and again tore and mangled the mutilated carcase, and still growls over it. What are its cities and ramparts, and moles and monuments? Segments of a fragment, which one man puts together and another throws down. Here we stumble upon thy great ones at their work. Show me now, if thou canst, in history, three great warriors, or three great statesmen, who have acted otherwise than spiteful children.

LII.

Anaxagoras. It will appear wonderful and perhaps incredible to future generations, that what are now considered the two highest gifts of man, oratory and poetry, should be employed, the one chiefly in exciting, the other in emblazoning, deeds of slaughter and devastation. If we could see, in the nature of things, a child capable of forming a live tiger, and found him exercising his power of doing it, I think we should say to him,

"You might employ your time better, child!"

LIII.

Lord Brooke. Merciful heaven! and for the fruition of an hour's drunkenness, from which they must awaken

with heaviness, pain, and terror, men consume a whole crop of their kind at one harvest-home. Shame upon those light ones who carol at the feast of blood! and worse upon those graver ones who nail upon their escutcheon the name of great.

LIV.

Vittoria Colonna. There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those also are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies, compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is indeed far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michelangelo. By the wise indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

LV.

Epicurus. External reverence should be paid unsparingly to the higher magistrates of every country who perform their offices exemplarily: yet they are not on this account to be placed in the same degree with men of

primary genius. They never exalt the human race, and rarely benefit it; and their benefits are local and transitory, while those of a great writer are universal and eternal.

LVI.

Sidney. Poets are in general prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian.

LVII.

Many can rule and more can fight,
But few give myriad hearts delight.

LVIII.

Marvel. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches.

LIX.

Sidney. How many, who have abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and

which afterward partake the nature of that vast body whereinto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion.

LX.

Cicero. How much greater would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought, which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations!

LXI.

Lord Peterborough. It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind: it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.

LXII.—THE FAME OF MILTON.

Bishop Parker. Most happy am I to encounter you, Mr. Marvel. It is some time, I think, since we met. May I take the liberty of inquiring what brought you into such a lonely quarter as Bunhill-fields?

Marvel. My lord, I return at this instant from visiting an old friend of ours, hard by, in Artillery Walk, who, you will be happy to hear, bears his blindness and asthma with truly Christian courage.

Parker. And pray, who may that old friend be, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. Honest John Milton.

Parker. The same gentleman whose ingenious poem,

on our first parents, you praised in some elegant verses prefixed to it?

Marvel. The same who likewise, on many occasions, merited and obtained your lordship's approbation.

Parker. I am happy to understand that no harsh measures were taken against him, on the return of our most gracious Sovereign. And it occurs to me that you, Mr. Marvel, were earnest in his behalf. Indeed I myself might have stirred upon it, had Mr. Milton solicited me in the hour of need.

Marvel. He is grateful to the friends who consulted at the same time his dignity and his safety: but gratitude can never be expected to grow on a soil hardened by solicitation. Those who are the most ambitious of power are often the least ambitious of glory. It requires but little sagacity to foresee that a name will become invested with eternal brightness by belonging to a benefactor of Milton. *I might have served him!* is not always the soliloquy of late compassion or of virtuous repentance: it is frequently the cry of blind and impotent and wounded pride, angry at itself for having neglected a good bargain, a rich reversion. Believe me, my lord bishop, there are few whom God has promoted to serve the truly great. They are never to be superseded, nor are their names to be obliterated in earth or heaven

LXIII.

Parker. After all, I doubt whether much of his doctrine is remaining in the public mind.

Marvel. Others are not inclined to remember all that we remember, and will not attend to us if we propose to tell them half. Water will take up but a certain quantity of salt, even of the finest and purest. If the short memories of men are to be quoted against the excellence

of instruction, your lordship would never have censured them from the pulpit for forgetting what was delivered by their Saviour * * * I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks towards those somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?

LXIV.

Southey. Great men will always pay deference to greater: little men will not; because the little are fractious: and the weaker they are, the more obstinate and crooked.

LXV.

Eubulides (*to Demosthenes*). In proportion as men approach you, they applaud you. To those far distant and far below, you seem as little as they seem to you. Fellows who cannot come near enough to reverence you,

think they are only a stone's throw distant; and they throw it.

LXVI.

Eubulides. It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped at by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

LXVII.

Marvel. Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and old misers do: they give everything to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man's solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one.

LXVIII.

Barrow. Very wise men, and very wary and inquisitive, walk over the earth, and are ignorant not only what minerals lie beneath, but what herbs and foliage they are treading. Some time afterward, and probably some distant time, a specimen of ore is extracted and exhibited; then another; lastly the bearing and diameter of the vein are observed and measured. Thus it is with writers who are to have a currency through ages. In the beginning they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next, into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and, being once above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation.

LXIX.

Barrow. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries. This hath always been reserved for the secondary.

LXX.

Leontion. The voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name hath its root in the dead body.

LXXI.

Diogenes. The sun colours the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon ; and they who never said "How beneficently he shines !" say at last, "How brightly he set !"

LXXII.

Boccaccio. Not only the fame of Marcellus, but every other, *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo ;* and that which makes the greatest vernal shoot is apt to make the least autumnal. Authors in general who have met celebrity at starting, have already had their reward ; always their utmost due, and often much beyond it. We cannot hope for both celebrity and fame : supremely fortunate are the few who are allowed the liberty of choice between them.

LXXIII.

Cicero. Everything has its use ; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it.

DEATH AND MORTALITY.

LXXIV.

Æsop. Breathe, Rhodopè, breathe again those painless sighs: they belong to thy vernal season. May thy summer of life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come.

Rhodopè. I must die then earlier.

Æsop. Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

LXXV.

Epicurus converses with his girl pupils Leontion and Ternissa.

Leontion. It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

Epicurus. Some minds require much belief, some

thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts: it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion: in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

Ternissa. We want it chiefly to make the way of death an easy one.

Epicurus. There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it. I would adorn and smoothen the declivity, and make my residence as commodious as its situation and dimensions may allow: but principally I would cast underfoot the empty fear of death.

Ternissa. O! how can you?

Epicurus. By many arguments already laid down: then by thinking that some perhaps, in almost every age, have been timid and delicate as Ternissa; and yet have slept soundly, have felt no parent's or friend's tear upon their faces, no throb against their breasts: in short, have been in the calmest of all possible conditions, while those around were in the most deplorable and desperate.

Ternissa. It would pain me to die, if it were only at the idea that any one I love would grieve too much for me.

Epicurus. Let the loss of our friends be our only grief, and the apprehension of displeasing them our only fear.

Leontion. No apostrophes! no interjections! your argument was unsound; your means futile.

Epicurus. Tell me then, whether the horse of a rider on the road should not be spurred forward if he started at a shadow.

Leontion. Yes.

Epicurus. I thought so: it would however be better to guide him quietly up to it, and to show him that it was one. Death is less than a shadow: it represents nothing, even imperfectly.

Leontion. Then at the best what is it? why care about it, think about it, or remind us that it must befall us? Would you take the same trouble, when you see my hair entwined with ivy, to make me remember that, although the leaves are green and pliable, the stem is fragile and rough, and that before I go to bed I shall have many knots and entanglements to extricate? Let me have them; but let me not hear of them until the time is come.

Epicurus. I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.

Ternissa. How! a blessing?

Epicurus. What, if it makes our enemies cease to hate us? What, if it makes our friends love us the more?

LXXVI.

Marcus Tullius Cicero converses with his brother Quinctus.

Quinctus. Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us! Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus.

Marcus. The little solitary Circean hill, and even the nearer, loftier, and whiter rocks of Anxur, are become indistinguishable. We leave our Cato and our Lucullus, we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius; and who knows whether this birthday, between which and us so few days intervene,

may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last!

Quinctus. Do not despond, my brother!

Marcus. I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects: dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse, fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged: to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific; the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome; let her receive a cordial one.

If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable: but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else: and yet hardly can that be called curs, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it; or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then

should be placed upon it by the prudent man when duty or necessity calls him away? Or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties, and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day.

LXXVII.

Cæsar. To stand upon one's guard against Death exasperates her malice, and protracts our sufferings.

LXXVIII.

Cæsar. Life may concern us, death not; for in death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax.

LXXIX.

Milton. We are all of the earth, earthly. They who are proud of family antiquity ought to be ashamed of beating a dog, who, we are certified, is of older creation. Probably the worms are of older still. Happily they are deaf and dumb; if they had ears and tongues they would never so misapply them as we often do. We shall soon lie in the midst of them as quiet and mute as they are. We cause the bloodshed one of another, and often go far afield to chase the unoffending. The greediest worms are guiltless of the like; they only exact what is their

inheritance; we must pay them the debt we owe them; let it be unreluctantly.

LXXX.

Vittoria Colonna. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

LIFE AND HUMAN NATURE.

LXXXI.

Barrow. We must not indulge in unfavourable views of mankind, since by doing it we make bad men believe that they are no worse than others, and we teach the good that they are good in vain.

LXXXII.

Sidney. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

LXXXIII.

Vittoria Colonna. The beautiful in itself is useful by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action.

LXXXIV.

Barrow. Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors of the world.

LXXXV.

Epicurus. Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

LXXXVI.

Bossuet. There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

LXXXVII.—LOVE OF POWER.

La Fontaine. When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form, the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely? the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and indeed of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher, nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovereignty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.

LXXXVIII.

Aspasia. We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than

for Humanity's, but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her.

LXXXIX.

Aspasia. Three affections of the soul predominate; Love, Religion, and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society.

XC.

Galileo. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature; no, he led him up to an exceeding high mountain, and showed him palaces, and towers, and treasuries, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of his miracles was accomplished.

XCI.

Diogenes. Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.

XCII.

Marvel. Your conscientious men are oftener conscientious in withholding than in bestowing.

XCIII.

Weak minds return men hatred for contempt,
Strong ones contempt for hatred. Which is best?

XCIV.

Pericles. Ridicule often parries resentment, but resentment never yet parried ridicule.

XCV.

Lycian. He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.

XCVI.

Rochefoucauld. You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily: hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws his rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

XCVII.

Granduke Peter Leopold. A man's vanity tells him what is honour, a man's conscience what is justice: the one is busy and importunate in all times and places: the other but touches the sleeve when men are alone, and, if they do not mind it, leaves them.

XCVIII.—VANITY IN WOMEN.

Vittoria. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is: therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

XCIX.

In general, it may be apprehended, we like women little the better for excelling us even moderately in our

own acquirements and capacities. But what energy springs from her weaknesses! what poetry is the fruit of her passions!

C.

Cleonè. Take care, then, Aspasia! do not leave off entirely all dissimulation. It is as feminine a virtue, and as necessary to a woman, as religion. If you are without it, you will have a grace the less, and (what you could worse spare) a sigh the more.

CI.

Epicurus. Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Leontion. Explain to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

Epicurus. We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love. Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him:" Reason, while she says it, smoothens her brow at the clear fountain of the heart.

CII.

Bossuet. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it you are unhappy, if you accept it you are undone.

CIII.

Vittoria Colonna. Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears.

CIV.

Wishes are by-paths to unhappiness,
And in the vale of tears they terminate.

CV.

Cleonè. Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.

CVI.

There are sweet flowers that only blow by night,
And sweet tears are there that avoid the light;
No mortal sees them; after day is born
They, like the dew, drop trembling from their thorn.

CVII.

We often hear that such or such a thing "is not worth an old song." Alas! how very few things are! What precious recollections do some of them awaken! What pleasurable tears do they excite! They purify the stream of life; they can delay it on its shelves and rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft moss amidst which its sources issue.

CVIII.

Dr. Johnson (*to Horne Tooke*). Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we, but people) say, "I am delighted to *hear from you.*" No other language

has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charm for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and intrusted to the care of the elements, for the nurture of my sympathy.

CIX.

Milton. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

CX.—FRIENDSHIP.

Pericles. The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking.

CXI.

Sidney. Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

CXII.

Michelangelo. We may make a large hole in a brick

wall and easily fill it up ; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a chrysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence and (as they call it) make it up again ; the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering, but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

CXIII.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

La Fontaine. The sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight.

CXIV.

Epicurus. To me there is this advantage in a place at some distance from the city. Having by no means the full possession of my faculties where I hear unwelcome and intrusive voices, or unexpected and irregular sounds that excite me involuntarily to listen, I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air, under the open sky : and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion.

Leontion. It always has appeared to me that conversation brings them forth more readily and plenteously ; and that the ideas of one person no sooner come out than another's follow them, whether from the same side or from the opposite.

Epicurus. They do : but these are not the thoughts we keep for seed : they come up weak by coming up close together. In the country the mind is soothed and satisfied : here is no restraint of motion or of posture.

These things, little and indifferent as they may seem, are not so: for the best tempers have need of ease and liberty, to keep them in right order long enough for the purposes of composition: and many a froward axiom, many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently, from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in it. We are not aware of this, until we find an exemption from it in groves, on promontories, or along the sea-shore, or wherever else we meet Nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

CXV.

Epicurus. Hither, to these banks of serpolet; to these strawberries, whose dying leaves breathe a most refreshing fragrance; to this ivy, from which Bacchus may have crowned himself; let us retire at the voice of Discord. Whom should we contend with? the less? it were inglorious: the greater? it were vain. Do we look for Truth? she is not the inhabitant of cities nor delights in clamour: she steals upon the calm and meditative as Diana upon Endymion, indulgent in her chastity, encouraging a modest, and requiting a faithful love.

Leontion. How Ternissa sighs after Truth!

Epicurus. If Truth appeared in daylight among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for unless we are near her we think her yet a child), and that calm open forehead.

Leontion. Malicious girl! she conceals it!

Epicurus. Ingenuous girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves; for Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes

without one, diaphanous or opaque. If those who differ on speculative points, would walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive in some degree of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and odours, bring hearts together that schools and council-chambers and popular assemblies have stood between for years.

CXVI.

Epicurus. O sweet sea-air! how bland art thou and refreshing! Breathe upon Leontion! breathe upon Ternissa! bring them health and spirits and serenity, many springs and many summers, and when the vine-leaves have reddened and rustle under their feet.

These, my beloved girls, are the children of Eternity: they played around Theseus and the beauteous Amazon, they gave to Pallas the bloom of Venus, and to Venus the animation of Pallas. Is it not better to enjoy by the hour their soft salubrious influence, than to catch by fits the rancid breath of demagogues; than to swell and move under it without or against our will; than to acquire the semblance of eloquence by the bitterness of passion, the tone of philosophy by disappointment, or the credit of prudence by distrust? Can fortune, can industry, can desert itself, bestow on us anything we have not here?

Leontion. And when shall those three meet? The gods have never united them, knowing that men would put them asunder at their first appearance.

Epicurus. I am glad to leave the city as often as possible, full as it is of high and glorious reminiscences, and am inclined much rather to indulge in quieter scenes,

whither the graces and friendship lead me. I would not contend even with men able to contend with me. You, Leontion, I see, think differently, and have composed at last your long-meditated work against the philosophy of Theophrastus.

Leontion. Why not? he has been praised above his merits.

Epicurus. My Leontion! you have inadvertently given me the reason and origin of all controversial writings. They flow not from a love of truth or a regard for science, but from envy and ill-will. Setting aside the evil of malignity, always hurtful to ourselves, not always to others, there is weakness in the argument you have adduced. When a writer is praised above his merits in his own times, he is certain of being estimated below them in the times succeeding. Paradox is dear to most people: it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

CXVII.—LOVE OF TRUTH.

Epicurus. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

Leontion. How then happens it that children, when you have related to them any story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately and impatiently, *is it true?*

Epicurus. Children are not men nor women: they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be the one or the other: they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits. Greatly are they better than they are about to be, unless Philosophy raises her hand above them when the noon is coming on, and shelters them at

one season from the heats that would scorch and wither, and at another from the storms that would shatter and subvert them.

CXVIII.

Demosthenes. Who has ever wished to be persuaded against the grain in any matter of importance or utility? A child, if you tell him a horrible or a pathetic story, is anxious to be persuaded it is true; men and women, if you tell them one injurious to the respectability of a neighbour. Desire of persuasion rests and dies here.

CXIX.

Pollio. In one way or other (if not to you, to themselves) most men delight in lying; all in being lied to, provided the lie be soft and gentle, and imperceptible in its approaches.

CXX.

Lord Brooke. Hardly anything which we receive for truth, is really and entirely so, let it appear as plain as it may, and let its appeal be not only to the understanding, but to the senses; for our words do not follow them exactly; and it is by words we receive truth and express it.

CXXI.

Thought fights with thought: out springs a spark of truth
From the collision of the sword and shield.

CXXII.

Rochefoucauld. Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses in general an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy, without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily.

CXXIII.—QUICKNESS.

Barrow. Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state: nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it: the liar has it, the cheat has it: we find it on the race-course and at the card-table: education does not give it, and reflection takes away from it.

CXXIV.

Demosthenes. It is easier to make an impression upon sand than upon marble: but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand.

CXXV.

Barrow. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good.

CXXVI.

Cleonè. The young mind should be nourished with simple

and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.

CXXVII.

Barrow. Do not fear to be less rich in the productions of your mind at one season than at another. Marshes are always marshes, and pools are pools; but the sea, in those places where we admire it most, is sometimes sea and sometimes dry land; sometimes it brings ships into port, and sometimes it leaves them where they can be refitted and equipt. The capacious mind neither rises nor sinks, neither labours nor rests, in vain. Even in those intervals when it loses the consciousness of its powers, when it swims as it were in vacuity, and feels not what is external nor internal, it acquires or recovers strength, as the body does by sleep.

CXXVIII.

Cleone. I do believe, Aspasia, that studious men, who look so quiet, are the most restless men in existence.

CXXIX.—IDLENESS.

Ternissa. Leontion said that even bad writers may amuse our idle hours. Alas! even good ones do not much amuse mine, unless they record an action of love or generosity. As for the graver, why cannot they come among us and teach us, just as you do?

Epicurus. Would you wish it?

Ternissa. No, no; I do not want them: only I was imagining how pleasant it is to converse as we are doing, and how sorry I should be to pore over a book instead of it. Books always make me sigh and think about other things. Why do you laugh, Leontion?

Epicurus. She was mistaken in saying bad authors may amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is.

Leontion. To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer: and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for future: it punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND FAMILY AFFECTION.

CXXX.

Anaxagoras. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better.

CXXXI.

Messala. From the mysteries of religion the veil is seldom to be drawn: from the mysteries of love never. For this offence the gods take away from us our freshness of heart and our susceptibility of pure delight. The well loses the spring that fed it, and what is exposed in the shallow basin soon evaporates.

CXXXII.

Panætius. Where Love finds the soul he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

CXXXIII.

Aspasia. The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

CXXXIV.

Cleonè. The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the Passions. Time alone is permitted to efface them; Time, the father of the gods, and even *their* consumer.

CXXXV.—LOVE'S TIMIDITY.

Cleonè. Could Sappho be ignorant how infantinely inarticulate is early love? Could she be ignorant that shame and fear seize it unrelentingly by the throat, while hard-hearted impudence stands at ease, prompt at opportunity, and profuse in declarations!

There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

CXXXVI.

Lord Brooke. Women have no favour or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us. Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness.

CXXXVII.

Lord Brooke. When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.

Sidney. Hush! I will hear from you no sentiment but your own, and this can never be yours. Variations there are of temperature in the finest season; and the truest heart has not always the same pulsations. If we had nothing to pardon or to be pardoned, we might appear to be more perfect than we are, but we should in fact be less so. Self-love is ungenerous and unforgiving; love grieves and forgives.

CXXXVIII.—LOVE AND GENIUS.

Michelangelo. Ah! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

Vittoria Colonna. Nor were they happy themselves; and yet perhaps they were not altogether undeserving of it, they who could select for the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

CXXXIX.—MARRIAGE.

Mr. Tallboys. Death itself to the reflecting mind is less

serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish: a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. Death is not even a blow; is not even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, Genius, Honour, are the words inscribed on some; on others are Disease, Fatuity, and Infamy.

CXL.

Diogenes. There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat!

CXLI.

Marvel. Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unfrugal of their favours, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.

Parker. Fie, fie! Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!

Marvel. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies; trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.

Parker. We should be careful and circumspect in our pity, and see that it falls on clean ground. Such a laxity of morals can only be taught in Mr. Milton's school. He composed, I remember, a *Treatise on Divorce*, and would have given it great facilities.

Marvel. He proved by many arguments what requires but few: that happiness is better than unhappiness; that, when two persons cannot agree, it is wiser and more Christian-like that they should not disagree; that, when they cease to love each other, it is something if they be hindered by the gentlest of checks, from running to the extremity of hatred; and lastly, how it conduces to circumspection and forbearance to be aware that the bond of matrimony is not indissoluble, and that the bleeding heart may be saved from bursting.

Parker. Monstrous sophistry! abominable doctrines! What more, sir? what more?

Marvel. * * * Milton has, I am afraid, imitated too closely the authoritative voice of the patriarchs, and been somewhat too Oriental (I forbear to say Scriptural) in his relations as a husband. But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? is it not above all merit? yet, if ever the ardour of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder; what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good-temper;

the little pervicacity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness: negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens that, if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander; one, however, like the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.

Milton, in writing his treatise, of which probably the first idea was suggested from his own residence, was aware that the laws should provide, not only against our violence and injustice, but against our levity and inconstancy; and that a man's capriciousness or satiety should not burst asunder the ties by which families are united. Do you believe that the crime of adultery has never been committed to the end of obtaining a divorce? Do you believe that murder, that suicide, never has been committed because a divorce was unattainable? Thus the most cruel tortures are terminated by the most frightful crimes. Milton has made his appeal to the authority of religion: we lower our eyes from him, and point to the miseries and guilt on every side before us, caused by the corrosion or the violent disruption of bonds which human-

ity would have loosened. He would have tried with a patient ear and with a delicate hand the chord that offended by its harshness; and, when he could not reduce it to the proper tone, he would remove it for another.

CXLII.—LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Princess Dashkof. Even the worst husband must have surely the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted: and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovranty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

CXLIII.

Milton. Will there never be a time when every mother will be the priestess of her children and family? Our duties are simple and learnt easily. No sunrise but awakens one or other of them into activity and growth. Boys are educated, girls are not; yet girls should be educated first, and taught the most impressively. These slender and graceful columns are not only the ornament, but also the support, of society. Men are the braver for the reverence they bear toward them, and in them do they find their reward.

CXLIV.

Aspasia. We are told by Herodotus that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women, and prohibited from seeing his father, until the fifth year. The reason is, he informs us, that if he dies before this age, his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom he thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleonè! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. Before that age, how many seeds are sown, which future years, and distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over him, that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years? What is there so affecting to the brave and virtuous man, as that which perpetually wants his help and cannot call for it? What is so different as the speaking and the mute? And hardly less so are inarticulate sounds, and sounds which he receives half-formed, and which he delights to modulate, and which he lays with infinite care and patience, not only on the tender attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, and on the eyes, and on the cheeks; as if they all were listeners. In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves (as it were) lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy.

Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?

CXLV.

Aspasia. Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections: when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (O how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!) will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions? No; thanks to the gods! never, never. He carries his father's heart within his breast: I see him already an orator and a leader, I try to teach him daily some of his father's looks and gestures, and I never smile but at his docility and gravity.

How his father will love him! the little thunderer! the winner of cities! the vanquisher of Cleonès!

CXLVI.

Cicero. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity.

CXLVII.

Marcus Tullius Cicero converses with his brother Quinctus.

Quinctus. Proceed, my brother! for in every depression of mind, in every excitement of feeling, my spirits are equalised by your discourse; and that which you

said with too much brevity of our children, soothes me greatly.

Marcus. I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken; and yet—ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play: and these two things are, seasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure, humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating, which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us at last undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes the place of it, while you perform a pious office to friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalising her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it: the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did everything that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola; Rome and the whole world heard me: her glory was a part of mine, and mine of hers; and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me: it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet (I hope) to the departed.

The gods who have given us our affections, permit us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like everything else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not tolerate and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and kind affections I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathise than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private.

CXLVIII.

Boccaccio. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind.

MANNERS, SOCIETY, AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

CXLIX.—WOMEN'S DRESS.

Cleonè (*writing to Aspasia at Athens*). Epimedea, it appears, has not corrupted very grossly your purity and simplicity in dress. Yet, remembering your observation on armlets, I cannot but commend your kindness and sufferance in wearing her emeralds. Your opinion was formerly that we should be careful not to subdivide our persons. The arm is composed of three parts; no one of them is too long. Now the armlet intersects that portion of it which must be considered as the most beautiful. In my idea of the matter, the sandal alone is susceptible of gems, after the zone has received the richest. The zone is necessary to our vesture, and encompasses the person, in every quarter of the humanised world, in one invariable manner. The hair, too, is divided by nature in the middle of the head. There is a cousinship between the hair and the flowers; and from this relation the poets have called by the same name the leaves and it. They appear on the head as if they had been seeking one another. Our national dress, very different from the dresses of barbarous nations, is not the invention of the ignorant or the slave; but the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have studied how best to adorn the most beautiful object of their fancies and contemplations. The Indians, who believe that human pains

and sufferings are pleasing to the deity, make incisions in their bodies, and insert into them imperishable colours. They also adorn the ears and noses and foreheads of their gods. These were the ancestors of the Egyptian; we chose handsomer and better-tempered ones for our worship, but retained the same decorations in our sculpture, and to a degree which the sobriety of the Egyptian had reduced and chastened. Hence we retain the only mark of barbarism which dishonours our national dress, the use of earrings. If our statues should all be broken by some convulsion of the earth, would it be believed by future ages that, in the country and age of Sophocles, the women tore holes in their ears to let rings into, as the more brutal of peasants do with the snouts of sows!

CL.—SCENTS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

Aspasia (*writing to Cleonè at Miletus*). Thanks for the verses! I hope Leuconoë was as grateful as I am, and as sensible to their power of soothing. Thanks too for the perfumes! Pericles is ashamed of acknowledging he is fond of them; but I am resolved to betray one secret of his: I have caught him several times *trying* them as he called it.

How many things are there that people pretend to dislike, without any reason, as far as we know, for the dislike or the pretence! I love sweet odours. Surely my Cleonè herself must have breathed her very soul into these! Let me smell them again: let me inhale them into the sanctuary of my breast, lighted up by her love for their reception.

But, ah, Cleonè! what an importunate and exacting creature is Aspasia! Have you no willows fresh peeled? None lying upon the bank, for baskets, white, rounded,

and delicate, as your fingers! How fragrant they were formerly! I have seen none lately. Do you remember the cross old Hermesianax? how he ran to beat us for breaking his twigs? and how, after looking in our faces, he seated himself down again, finished his basket, disbursed from a goat-skin a corroded clod of rancid cheese, put it in, pushed it to us, forced it under my arm, told us to carry it home *with the gods!* and lifted up both hands and blest us. I do not wish *that* one exactly; cheese is the cruellest of deaths to me; and Pericles abhors it.

I am running over trifling occurrences which you must have forgotten. You are upon the spot, and have no occasion to call to memory how the munificent old basket-maker looked after us not seeing his dog at our heels; how we coaxed the lean, shaggy, suspicious animal; how many devices we contrived to throw down, or let slip, so that the good man might not observe it, the pestilence you insisted on carrying; how many names we called the dog by ere we found the true one, *Cyrus;* how when we had drawn him behind the lentisk, we rewarded him for his assiduities, holding each an ear nevertheless, that he might not carry back the gift to his master; and how we laughed at our fears, when a single jerk of the head served at once to engulf the treasure and to disengage him.

I shall always love the smell of the peeled willow. Have you none for me? Is there no young poplar then, with a tear in his eye on bursting into bud? I am not speaking by metaphor and Asiatically. I want the poplars, the willows, the water-lilies, and the soft green herbage. How we enjoyed it on the Mæander! what liberties we took with it! robbing it of the flowers it had educated, of those it was rearing, of those that came confidently out to meet us, and of those that hid them-

selves. None escaped us. For these remembrances green is the colour I love best. It brings me to the *Fortunate Island* of my Cleone; it brings me back to childhood, the proud little nurse of Youth, brighter of eye and lighter of heart than Youth herself.

These are not regrets, Cleone; they are respirations necessary to existence. You may call them half-wishes if you will. We are poor indeed when we have no half-wishes left us. The heart and the imagination close the shutters the instant they are gone.

Do not chide me then for coming to you after the blossoms and buds and herbage; do not keep to yourself all the grass on the Mæander. We used to share it; we will now. I love it wherever I can get a glimpse of it. It is the home of the eyes, ever ready to receive them, and spreading its cool couch for their repose.

CLI.—SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Epicurus. To be wise indeed and happy and self-possessed, we must often be alone: we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

Ternissa. You have commanded us at all times to ask you anything we do not understand: why then use the phrase "what is called society"? as if there could be a doubt whether we are in society when we converse with many.

Epicurus. We may meet and converse with thousands: you and Leontion and myself could associate with few. *Society*, in the philosophical sense of the word, is almost the contrary of what it is in the common acceptation.

CLII.

Epicurus. Dinner is a less gratification to me than to many: I dine alone.

Ternissa. Why?

Epicurus. To avoid the noise, the heat, and the intermixture both of odours and of occupations. I cannot bear the indecency of speaking with a mouth in which there is food. I careen my body (since it is always in want of repair) in as unobstructed a space as I can, and I lie down and sleep awhile when the work is over.

CLIII.

Lucullus. To dine in company with more than two is a Gaulish and a German thing. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with twenty; so barbarous and herdlike a practice does it now appear to me: such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud, which is clownish and odious in the extreme.

CLIV.

Pericles. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other that we may exercise.

CLV.

Pericles. Every time we pronounce a word differently from another, we show our disapprobation of his manner, and accuse him of rusticity. In all common things we must do as others do. It is more barbarous to undermine the stability of a language than of an edifice that hath stood as long. This is done by the introduction of changes. Write as others do, but only as the best of

others: and if one eloquent man, forty or fifty years ago, spoke and wrote differently from the generality of the present, follow him, though alone, rather than the many. But in pronunciation we are not indulged in this latitude of choice; we must pronounce as those do who favour us with their audience.

CLVI.

Petrarca. Nobody ever quite forgave, unless in the low and ignorant, a wrong pronunciation of his name; the humblest being of opinion that they have one of their own, and one both worth having and worth knowing.

CLVII.

Aspasia. Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.

CLVIII.

Johnson. And pray, now, what language do you like?

Horne Tooke. The best in all countries is that which is spoken by intelligent women, of too high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study.

CLIX.

Cleonè. There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power and a restlessness of pretension: in conversation, from insensibility to the graces, from an

intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.

CLX.

Metastasio. False delicacy is real indelicacy. Half-educated men employ the most frequently circumlocutions and ambiguities. The plain vulgar are not the most vulgar.

CLXI.—MEN AND DOGS.

M. La Fontaine apologises to M. de La Rochefoucauld.

La Fontaine. You have been standing a long time, my lord duke: I must entreat you to be seated.

Rochefoucauld. Excuse me, my dear M. La Fontaine; I would much rather stand.

La Fontaine. Mercy on us! have you been upon your legs ever since you rose to leave me?

Rochefoucauld. A change of position is agreeable: a friend always permits it.

La Fontaine. Sad doings! sad oversight! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best-tempered dog! an angel of a dog, I do assure you; he would have gone down in a moment, at a word. I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention. With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness?

Rochefoucauld. My true and kind friend! we authors are too sedentary; we are heartily glad of standing to converse, whenever we can do it without any restraint on our acquaintance.

La Fontaine. I must reprove that animal when he un-

curls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child! I wish at my heart there were as troublesome a fly about the other: God forgive me! The rogue covers all my clean linen! shirt and cravat! what cares he!

Rochefoucauld. Dogs are not very modest.

La Fontaine. Never say that, M. de la Rochefoucauld! The most modest people upon earth! Look at a dog's eyes; and he half-closes them, or gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips, which he licks languidly, and of the tail, which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good and generous creatures. They are subject to many such as men are subject to: among the rest, they disturb the neighbourhood in the discussion of their private causes; they quarrel and fight on small motives, such as a little bad food, or a little vain-glory, or the sex. But it must be something present or near that excites them; and they calculate not the extent of evil they may do or suffer.

Rochefoucauld. Certainly not: how should dogs calculate?

La Fontaine. I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks, with exertion just sufficient, and no more. In regard to honour and a sense of dignity, let me tell you, a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them: a dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts his visitor or inmate out a-hunting, and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber, which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner, he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly, in order to defend his

master from theft and violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language, and makes war. I could say many other things to his advantage; but I never was malicious, and would rather let both parties plead for themselves: give me the dog, however.

CLXII.

Marvel. I look to a person of very old family as I do to anything else that is very old, and I thank him for bringing to me a page of romance which probably he himself never knew or heard about. Usually, with all his pride and pretensions, he is much less conscious of the services his ancestor performed, than my spaniel is of his own when he carries my glove or cane to me. I would pat them both on the head for it; and the civiler and more reasonable of the two would think himself well rewarded.

CLXIII.—ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

The Portuguese prince Dom Miguel describes to his mother his treatment as a guest in the house of Lord Dudley.

Mother. Did he treat you handsomely, my child?

Miguel. Handsomely, for a heretic. He gave me plenty of fish and eggs both Fridays and Saturdays. People say he has in his service one of the best cooks in England: yet you will laugh when you hear how he cooked things.

The eggs in England are not unlike ours. They have escaped the effects of what is miscalled the Reformation. Fish, I just now told you, they have in that country: but they are somewhat deficient in the nobler species—no bonita, no dolphin; and porpoises and seals must be ex-

cessively dear, and the fishermen very inexpert in catching them, not a single slice having ever been offered to me at the best covered and most delicate table. They seem really to prefer the coarser kinds. The Mayor of London sent, as a present to Conde Dudeli, a prodigious fish he called *sturgeon*, a sort of dog-fish, but of the mastiff breed, and uncontrollable by cookery. Perhaps much of the deal timber, which bears a heavy duty in the port of London, is smuggled under the name of sturgeon.

Mother. Never hint it to them: let the knaves be cheated in the customs. Poor Miguel! so they reduced thee to eat chips and shavings and splinters and blocks! What! nothing more delicate?

Miguel. I once was served with what I flattered myself were surely snails, but I found they were only oysters. Another time, when I fancied I had a fine cuttle-fish before me, they put me off with a sole.

Mother. Heretics! heretics! poor blind creatures! little better than Moors, Jews, and Freemasons!

Miguel. I have tasted in England eight or nine different kinds of soup; and vainly have I sounded the most promising of them for a single morsel of fat bacon or fresh pork.

Mother. Have they no chestnuts and acorns, then? or are all the pigs kept to clean the streets?

Miguel. I do not know: but neither fat bacon nor lean ever enters their soup; nor does pork, nor sausage, nor heart, nor liver, nor caviar, nor vetch, nor gourd, nor oil, nor cheese.

Mother. Ha! ha! I see how it is. They must trade with some nations where cheese, and oil, and caviar, and gourd, and vetch are always in great demand; and these they export for lucre. And perhaps their animals have no heart or liver within them. But sausage, and pork, and bacon—Son Miguel! don't you smell something there? The English are Jews in disguise: I often thought

as much. They won't have Virgin, they won't have Child, they won't have bacon.

Miguel. I did not say quite that. They eat swine-flesh: bacon has been brought to me at table: I have seen them eat it, though strangely.

Mother. With what forms and ceremonies?

Miguel. Little of those; for in the mere act of eating, they really are adepts, and very explicit.

Mother. How then? how then? I crack to hear.

Miguel. Boiled, actually boiled! hot, smoking hot! and served up whole!

Mother. Smoking a little, but put into ice, no doubt, to render it eatable, with the radishes, figs, shalots, chives, bean-pods, green almond-shells, liquorice, and stewed prunes.

Miguel. I never saw those with it all the while I was in England; but I once observed it eaten with half-grown peas; and another time a Minister of State was so pre-occupied by stress of business, that he forgot there was chicken on his plate, and (as I live) ate both together.

Mother. And they gave you neither stewed prunes nor figs with it! My son, they slighted you out of hatred to me, who always had an eye upon them, which they never could bear. Ham before a queen's son in this naked fashion! And forsooth they talk about alliance!

CLXIV.

Miguel. It was Friday, and there were several kinds of fish at table; and knowing that I could eat little else, and observing that I had been helped to a slice of turbot, and had requested a trifle of assafœtida, and a few lumps of sugar and a pinch of saffron, and a radish and a dande lion, a servant brought me a lobster, well enough cut into pieces, but swimming, or bemired rather, in a semi-liquid

paste of flour and butter: and though he saw I had turbot before me, and had heard me call for oil and vinegar and grated goat-cheese, which a civiler valet had already brought, he bowed with the gravest face in the world, and offered me the two fish together, to say nothing of the butter. I took it ill, but sate silent. To appease my just resentment, the rest of the company did actually eat both at once, and some of them so heartily, it was evident they wished me to believe it is the custom of the country.

Mother. Fit punishment! though imposed by themselves. Strange uncivilised people! It may be, however, that this is their way of fasting: for they have some notions of religion, though erroneous and foolish.

Miguel. Mother, nothing can escape your sagacity and penetration: you are perfectly right. And now I remember another fast of theirs, kept in perverseness on Monday. Count Dudeli had partridges at table; and I observed that he took a piece of bread poultice, brought hot to him from a hospital, and ate it with the breast of the bird. The others thought to get offices under him by doing the same; and, although several did it, there was not one that was forced to leave the company: such strong stomachs have the English.

CLXV.

Alfieri. The Spaniards have no palate, the Italians no scent, the French no ear. Garlic and grease and the most nauseous of pulse are the favourite cheer of the Spaniard; the olfactory nerves of the Italian endure anything but odoriferous flowers and essences; and no sounds but soft ones offend the Frenchman.

CLXVI.

Boccaccio. The Frenchman is ready to truss you on his

rapier, unless you acknowledge the perfection of his humanity, and to spit in your face, if you doubt for a moment the delicacy of his politeness.

CLXVII.

Alfieri. It is easier to get twenty oaths and curses from an Englishman than one tear; but there are hot springs at the centre of his heart which bring forth perpetual fertility. He puts unhappiness down despotically, and will labour at doing good if you abstain from looking at him while he does it.

CLXVIII.—ITALIAN TASTE AND THE LOVE OF TREES.

Landor, being at Genoa, converses with his landlord, the Marchese Pallavicini.

Landor. I am pleased by the palace opposite, not having seen in Italy, until now, a house of any kind with a span of turf before it. Like yours and your neighbour's, they generally encroach on some lane, following its windings and angles, lest a single inch of ground should be lost; and the roofs fight for the centre of the road. I am inclined to believe that the number of houses of which the fronts are uneven, is greater than of the even, and that there are more cramped with iron than uncramped. These deformities are always left visible, though the house be plastered, that the sum expended on the iron and labour may be evident. If an Italian spends a livre, he must be seen to spend it: his stables, his laundry, his domestics, his peasants, must strike the eye together: his pigstye must have witnesses like his will. Every tree is accursed, as that of which the holy cross was fabricated, and must be swept away.

When I resided on the Lake of Como, I visited the

palace of Marchese Odescalchi. Before it swelled in majesty that sovran of inland waters; behind it was a pond surrounded with brickwork, in which about twenty young goldfish jostled and gaped for room. The Larius had sapped the foundations of his palace, and the Marchese had exerted all his genius to avenge himself: he composed this bitter parody. I inquired of his cousin Don Pepino, who conducted me, when the roof would be put on. He looked at me, doubting if he understood me, and answered in a gentle tone, "It was finished last summer." My error originated from observing red pantiles, kept in their places by heavy stones, loose, and laid upon them irregularly.

"What a beautiful swell, Don Pepino, is this upon the right," exclaimed I. "The little hill seems sensible of pleasure as he dips his foot into the Larius."

"There will be the offices."

"What! and hide the Grumello? Let me enjoy the sight while I can. He appears instinct with life, nodding the network of vines upon his head, and beckoning and inviting us, while the fig-trees and mulberries and chestnuts and walnuts, and those lofty and eternal cypresses, stand motionless around. His joyous mates, all different in form and features, push forward; and if there is not something in the air, or something in my eyesight, illusory, they are running a race along the borders.—Stop a moment: how shall we climb over these two enormous pines? Ah! Don Pepino, old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence—it passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet

odour is there? Whence comes it? Sweeter it appears to me and stronger than of the pine itself."

"I imagine," said he, "from the linden; yes, certainly."

"Is that a linden? It is the largest, and, I should imagine, the oldest upon earth, if I could perceive that it had lost any of its branches."

"Pity that it hides half the row of yon houses from the palace! It will be carried off with the two pines in the autumn."

"O Don Pepino," cried I; "the French, who abhor whatever is old and whatever is great, have spared it; the Austrians, who sell their fortresses and their armies, nay, sometimes their daughters, have not sold it—must it fall?" * * * How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! how many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves together as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens! what similitudes to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy!—from those who are now earth; they, and their shrouds, and their coffins. The caper and fig-tree have split their monuments, and boys have broken the hazel-nut with the fragments. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain."

CLXIX.—ASPECT OF TOWNS IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

Marchese Pallavicini. Our towns are in much better style than our villas.

Landor. They indeed are magnificent, and appear the

more so after the wretched streets of France. In that country almost everything animated is noisy, and almost everything inanimate is misshapen. All seems reversed: the inhabitants of the north are darker than those of the south: indeed the women of Calais are much browner than any I have seen in Italy: the children, the dogs, the frogs, are more clamorous than ours; the cocks are shriller. But at worst we are shocked by no contrast, the very language seeming to be constructed upon stinks; while in Italy we cannot walk ten paces without observing the union of stateliness and filth, of gorgeous finery and squalid meanness; and the expressions of vice and slavery are uttered in the accents of angels. The churches are fairly divided between piety and prostitution, leaving the entrance and a few broken chairs to beggary and vermin.

CLXX.—RESPECT FOR THE DEAD IN ITALY.

Landor. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead.

English Visitor. Here the common people, and not only the poorer, but householders and fathers of families, are thrown together into a covered cart; and when enough of them are collected, they are carried off by night, and cast naked into the ditch in the burial-ground. No sheet about them, no shroud externally, no coffin, no bier, no emblem of mortality; none of sorrow, none of affection, none of hope. Corpses are gathered like rotten gourds and cracked cucumbers, and cast aside where none could find if any looked for them. Among people in easy circumstances, wife, children, relatives, friends, all leave the house when one of the family is dying: the priest alone remains with him: the last sacrament solves every human tie. The eyes, after wandering over the altered scenes of domestic

love, over the silent wastes of friendship, are reconciled to whatever is most lugubrious in death, and are closed at last by mercenaries and strangers.

Landor. My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, came up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more such pretty children. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark naked: in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other, in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, "Teresa! who shut up these mimmi? I will tell papa—Why do they not come out and play till bedtime?"

The "mimmi" *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played—till bedtime.

CLXXI.

Demosthenes. There is one truth above all the rest; above all promulgated by the wisdom of legislators, the zeal of orators, the enthusiasm of poets, or the revelation of gods: a truth whose brightness and magnitude are almost lost to view by its stupendous height. If I never have pointed it out, knowing it as I do, let the forbearance be assigned not to timidity but to prudence.

Eubulides. May I hope at last to hear it?

Demosthenes. I must conduct you circuitously, and interrogate you beforehand, as those do who lead us to the mysteries.

You have many sheep and goats upon the mountain, which were lately bequeathed to you by your nephew Timocles. Do you think it the most advantageous to let some mastiff, with nobody's chain or collar about his neck, run among them and devour them one after another, or to prepare a halter and lay poison and a trap for him?

Eubulides. Certainly here, O Demosthenes, you are not leading me into any mysteries. The answer is plain: the poison, trap, and halter are ready.

Demosthenes. Well spoken. You have several children and grandchildren: you study economy on their behalf: would you rather spend twenty drachmas for fuel, than three for the same quantity of the same material?

Eubulides. Nay, nay, Demosthenes, if this is not mystery, it is worse. You are like a teacher to whom a

studious man goes to learn the meaning of a sentence, and who, instead of opening the volume that contains it, asks him gravely whether he has learnt his alphabet. Prythee do not banter me.

Demosthenes. Tell me, then, which you would rather; make one drunken man sober for ever, or ten thousand men drunk for many years?

Eubulides. By all the gods! abstain from such idle questions.

Demosthenes. The solution of this, idle as you call it, may save you much more than twenty drachmas. O Eubulides! we have seen, to our sorrow and ignominy, the plain of Cheronæa bestrewn with the bodies of our bravest citizens; had one barbarian fallen, they had not. Rapine and licentiousness are the precursors and the followers of even the most righteous war. A single blow against the worst of mortals may prevent them. Many years and much treasure are usually required for an uncertain issue, beside the stagnation of traffic, the prostration of industry, and innumerable maladies arising from towns besieged and regions depopulated. A moment is sufficient to avert all these calamities. No usurper, no invader, should be permitted to exist on earth.

CLXXII.

Demosthenes. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favour more than from industry and desert; in short, if he did not expect to carry off sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot (he thinks) accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary, would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house, than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more con-

fidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it, than in his own, or in any persons selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

CLXXIII.

Demosthenes. Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires, blown by fulsome breath and fanned by cringing follies. It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding all beneath it, like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light.

CLXXIV.—THE FATE OF DESPOTISMS.

Demosthenes. Pythagoras adapted his institutions to the people he would enlighten and direct. What portion of the world was ever so happy, so peaceable, so well-governed, as the cities of Southern Italy? While they retained his manners they were free and powerful: some have since declined, others are declining, and perhaps at a future and not a distant time they may yield themselves up to despotism. In a few ages more, those flourishing towns, those inexpugnable citadels, those temples which you might deem eternal, will be hunted for in their wildernesses like the boars and stags.

CLXXV.—DEMOCRACY.

Machiavelli. Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude democracy; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising

up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption. Let Democracy live among the mountains, and regulate her village, and enjoy her châlet; let her live peacefully and contentedly amid her flocks and herds; never lay her rough hand on the balustrade of the council-chamber; never raise her boisterous voice among the images of liberators and legislators, of philosophers and poets.

CLXXVI.—NAPOLEON AND PERICLES.

Two powerful nations have been vitally affected by natural calamities. The former of these calamities was inevitable by human prudence, and uncontrollable by human skill: the latter was to be foreseen at any distance by the most ignorant, and to be avoided by the most unwary. I mean in the first the Plague of the Athenians; in the second the starvation of the French. The first happened under the administration of a man transcendently brave; a man cautious, temperate, eloquent, prompt, sagacious, above all that ever guided the councils and animated the energies of a state: the second under a soldier of fortune, expert and enthusiastic; but often deficient in moral courage, not seldom in personal; rude, insolent, rash, rapacious; valuing but one human life among the myriads at his disposal, and that one far from the worthiest, in the estimation of an honester and a saner mind. It is with reluctant shame I enter on a comparison of such a person and Pericles. On one hand we behold the richest cultivation of the most varied and extensive genius; the confidence of courage, the sedateness of wisdom, the stateliness of integrity; on the other,

coarse manners, rude language, violent passions continually exploding, a bottomless void on the side of truth, and a rueful waste on that of common honesty * * * So many pernicious faults were not committed by Xerxes or Darius, whom ancient historians call feeble princes, as were committed by Napoleon, whom the modern do not call feeble, because he felt nothing for others, coerced pertinaciously, promised rashly, gave indiscriminately, looked tranquilly, and spoke mysteriously. Even in his flight, signalised by nothing but despondency, Ségur, his panegyrist, hath clearly shown that, had he retained any presence of mind, any sympathy, or any shame, he might have checked and crippled his adversary. One glory he shares with Trojan and with Pericles, and neither time nor malice can diminish it. He raised up and rewarded all kinds of merit, even in those arts to which he was a stranger. In this indeed he is more remarkable, perhaps more admirable, than Pericles himself, for Pericles was a stranger to none of them.

CLXXVII.—THE DEATH OF HOFER.

I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. On my way I saw Waterloo, an ugly table for an ugly game. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight, tens against thousands; they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder: therefore they are heroes! My admiration for these works of art was soon satisfied, which perhaps it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had

taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro (I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine), the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the greatest man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. Andreas Hofer gave him the chain and crucifix he wore three days before his death. You may imagine this man's enthusiasm, who, because I had said that Hofer was greater than king or emperor, and had made him a present of small value, as the companion and friend of that harmless and irreproachable hero, took this precious relic from his neck and offered it to me. By the order of Buonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumbscrewed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them, most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country, led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them; when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him with unfaltering voice commend his soul and his country to the Creator; and, as if still under his own roof (a custom with him after the evening

prayer), implore a blessing for his boys and his little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood; finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer, many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time, and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Buonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as indeed of all his atrocities the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity, he was prompted by no policy; his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

The name of Andreas Hofer will be honoured by posterity far above any of the present age, and together with the most glorious of the last, Washington and Kosciusko. For it rests on the same foundation, and indeed on a higher basis. In virtue and wisdom their co-equal, he vanquished on several occasions a force greatly superior to his own in numbers and in discipline, by the courage and confidence he inspired, and by his brotherly care and anxiety for those who were fighting at his side. Differently, far differently, ought we to estimate the squanderers of human blood, and the scorners of human tears. *We*

also may boast of our great men in a cause as great: for without it they could not be so. We may look back upon our Blake; whom the prodigies of a Nelson do not eclipse, nor would he have wished (such was his generosity) to obscure it. Blake was among the founders of freedom; Nelson was the vanquisher of its destroyers. Washington was both; Kosciusko was neither; neither was Hofer. But the aim of all three was alike; and in the armoury of God are suspended the arms the two last of them bore; suspended for success more signal and for vengeance more complete.

I am writing this from Venice, which is among cities what Shakespeare is among men. He will give her immortality by his works, which neither her patron saint could do nor her surrounding sea.

CLXXVIII.—THE TROUBLES OF IRELAND.

Archbishop Boulter, Primate of Ireland and one of the Lords Justices, converses with Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Boulter. I trust it will ever be found convenient to appoint men of clemency to the first station, and that I shall never be forced to exercise on them the powers entrusted to me of coercion and control.

It is well when people can believe that their misfortunes are temporary. How can we apply such a term to pestilence and famine?

Philip Savage. Surely the violence of the evil eats away the substance of it speedily. Pestilence and famine are, and always have been, temporary and brief.

Boulter. Temporary they are, indeed: brief are they, very brief. But why? because life is so under them. To the world they are extremely short: but can we say they are short to him who bears them? And of such there are thousands, tens of thousands, in this most

afflicted, most neglected country. The whole of a life, be it what it may be, is not inconsiderable to him who leaves it; any more than the whole of a property, be it but an acre, is inconsiderable to him who possesses it. Whether want and wretchedness last for a month or for half a century, if they last as long as the sufferer they are to him of very long duration. Let us try then rather to remove the evils of Ireland, than to persuade those who undergo them that there are none. For, if they could be thus persuaded, we should have brutalised them first to such a degree as would render them more dangerous than they were in the reigns of Elizabeth or Charles.

CLXXIX.

Boulter. There will never be a want of money, or a want of confidence, in any well-governed state that has been long at peace, and without the danger of its interruption. But a want of the necessaries of life, in peasants or artisans, when the seasons have been favourable, is a certain sign of defect in the constitution, or of criminality in the administration. It may not be advisable or safe to tell every one this truth: yet it is needful to inculcate it on the minds of governors, and to repeat it until they find the remedy: else the people, one day or other, will send those out to look for it who may trample down more in the search than suits good husbandry.

CLXXX.

Washington. Look at the nations of Europe, and point out one, despotic or free, of which so large a portion is so barbarous and wretched as the Irish. The country is more fertile than Britain; the inhabitants are healthy, strong, courageous, faithful, patriotic, and quick of appre-

hension. No quality is wanting which constitutes the respectability of a state; yet from centuries of misrule, they are in a condition more hopeless than any other nation or tribe upon the globe, civilised or savage.

Franklin. There is only one direct way to bring them into order, and that appears so rough it never will be trodden. The chief misery arises from the rapacity of the gentry, as they are styled, and the nobility who, to avoid the trouble of collecting their rents from many poor tenants, and the greater of hearing their complaints, have leased their properties to what are called *middle-men.* These harass their inferiors in the exact ratio of their industry, and drive them into desperation. Hence slovenliness and drunkenness; for the appearance of ease and comfort is an allurement to avarice. To pacify and reclaim the people, leases to middle-men must be annulled; every cultivator must have a lease for life, and (at the option of his successor) valid for as many years afterwards as will amount in the whole to twenty-one. The extent of ground should be proportionate to his family and his means. To underlet land should be punished by law as *regrating.*

Washington. Authority would here be strongly exercised, not tyrannically, which never can be asserted of plans sanctioned by the representatives of a people, for the great and perpetual benefit of the many, to the small and transient inconvenience of the few.

CLXXXI.—THE GREEK WAR OF LIBERATION.

What those amongst us who are affected by a sense of national honour most lament, is, that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof. An alliance, offensive and defensive, with Greece would

render us invulnerable in the only part of the world where we have lately shown our feebleness. We should unite to us a maritime power, which within half a century would of itself be equipollent on the sea with France; and we should attract to our merchants those advantages of commerce in the Levant which at present lean toward her. The great Chatham, if he had lived in our days, would have cast on every side around him the seeds of small maritime and small constitutional states. We may extend our dominions in many ways; we can extend our power in this only. None of our late ministers have had clear views or steady aims. We have been hovering on the shores of Greece, until the season is going by for aiding her; and another Power will soon have acquired the glory and the benefit of becoming her first protectress. If a new world were to burst forth suddenly in the midst of the heavens, and we were instructed by angelic voices, or whatever kind of revelation the Creator might appoint, that its inhabitants were brave, generous, happy, and warm with all our sympathies, would not pious men fall prostrate before Him, for such a manifestation of His power and goodness? What then! shall these very people, these religious, be the first to stifle the expression of our praise and wonder, at a marvel far more astonishing, at a manifestation of power and goodness far more glorious and magnificent? The weak vanquish the strong; the oppressed stand over the oppressor: we see happy, not them who never were otherwise, not them who have made no effort, no movement of their own to earn their happiness, like the creatures of our imaginary new world, but those who were the most wretched, and the most undeservedly, and who now, arising as from the tomb, move the incumbrances of ages and of nations from before them, and, although at present but half-erect, lower the stature of the greatest heroes.

We appear to be afraid of the Russians: we tremble lest they should take possession of Constantinople, and march to India. The glory of Russia may be increased by conquest, which cannot be said of other state in Europe; but her power of doing injury to the nations of the West would rather be deferred and diminished by it than promoted and increased. She would not be able in half a century to send an army into India, even if she possessed the dominions of the Turk: they would be far from affording her any great facility. In less than half a century it is probable we shall lose that empire; but we shall lose it, like every other we have lost and are about to lose, by alienating the affections of the people. God grant that Russia may invade and conquer Turkey! not that the Russians, or any other people on the Continent, are a better, a braver, an honester race than the Turks, but because the policy of the government is adverse to the progress of civilisation, and bears with brutal heaviness on its cradle. God grant that Russia may possess her! not because it will increase her strength, but because it will enable, and perhaps induce her, to liberate from bondage more than one brave nation. She cannot hold Turkey at the extremity of such a lever; and those who now run to help her, will slip from under her.

CLXXXII.

We are zealous in protecting from slavery the remotest nations of Africa, who have always for thousands of years been subject to that dreadful visitation, and who never have expected, or even heard tidings of, our generous interference. We take them away by righteous force from under the proudest flag; we convey them to our own settlements; we give them food, clothing, ground, instruction, morals, religion. Humanity cries out, *O tell them they are men!*

and we hear her. Is she silent for the Greeks? have their voices no echo in her breast? do we treat them cruelly because they have not the advantage of being barbarous? do we spurn them because they cling to us? is it because they trust only in us, that we reject and repulse them only of all mankind? The ships of Ismael Bey repass the Mediterranean and Archipelago, laden with the sons and daughters of a half-extinguished race: half-extinguished under our eyes. Their terrors are not at death; their tears are not for captivity; their loss, though their country is Greece, is not of country. God alone can avenge it: God alone must hear it. Something may surely be done, to alleviate the sufferings of the few survivors, wandering among naked rocks, or lifting up their heads from the rushes in the pestilential marsh. They require of us no land to cultivate, no sustenance, no raiment: they implore of us permission to live under the safeguard of our laws, and to partake with the most ignorant and ferocious tribes, with murderers and cannibals, a spare moment of our attention and concern.

Surely, surely this is not too much; if you consider that the finest eloquence ever heard within your walls, was admirable only in proportion as it resembled the eloquence of their ancestors; and that gods were bowed down to and worshipped, by the wisest and most powerful nations, for being in form and dignity like them.

CLXXXIII.

General Lacy. The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions: it lies in the omnipresence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilisation. There are provinces she cannot grasp; there are islands she cannot hold fast: but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which

she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words *Be Free*. Every land wherein she favours the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them to be stifled, is her own; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend.

CLXXXIV.—ON THE ACCESSION OF A LIBERAL POPE.

Dedication of the first edition of the Hellenics (1847) *to the newly-elected Pope Pius IX.*

Never until now, most Holy Father! did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and now I offer it only to the highest of them all.

There was a time when the cultivators of literature were permitted and expected to bring the fruit of their labour to the Vatican. Not only was incense welcome there, but even the humblest produce of the poorest soil.

Verbenam, pueri, ponite Thuraque.

If those better days are returning without what was bad or exceptionable in them, the glory is due entirely to your Holiness. You have restored to Italy hope and happiness; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm, will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken; the arm must wave. What do we see before us? If we take the best of rulers under our survey, we find selfishness and frivolity: if we extend the view, ingratitude, disregard of honour, contempt of honesty, breach of promises: one step yet beyond, and there is cold-blooded idiocy, stabbing the nobles at home, spurning the people everywhere, and voiding its corrosive slaver in the fair face of Italy. It is better to look no farther, else our eyes must be riveted on frozen seas of blood superfused with blood fresh flowing. The same ferocious animal

leaves the impression of its broad and heavy foot on the snow of the Arctic Circle and of the Caucasus. And is this indeed all that Europe has brought forth, after such long and painful throes? Has she endured her Marats, her Robespierres, her Buonapartes, for this? God inflicted on the latter of these wretches his two greatest curses—uncontrolled power and perverted intellect; and they were twisted together to make a scourge for a nation which revelled in every crime, but above all in cruelty. It was insufficient. She is now undergoing from a weaker hand a more ignominious punishment, pursued by the derision of Europe. To save her honour, she pretended to admire the courage that decimated her children: to save her honour, she now pretends to admire the wisdom that imprisons them. Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions, without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

CLXXXV.

Porson. Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid look most profound.

CLXXXVI.

Aspasia. The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognisance of the understanding. Speculations on any that lie beyond are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialectics; they are easier than the efforts of a well-regulated imagination in the structure of a poem.

CLXXXVII.

Diogenes. I meddle not at present with infinity or eternity: when I can comprehend them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface —of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.

Plato. It happens that we do not see the stars at even-

tide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener because there are glimmerings of light; thus many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind, which induces us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspicious of our knowledge.

Diogenes. Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it, and instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy; to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

CLXXXVIII.

Plato. My sentences, it is acknowledged by all good judges, are well constructed and harmonious.

Diogenes. I admit it: I have also heard it said that thou art eloquent.

Plato. If style, without elocution, can be.

Diogenes. Neither without nor with elocution is there eloquence, where there is no ardour, no impulse, no energy, no concentration. Eloquence raises the whole man: thou raisest our eyebrows only. We wonder, we applaud, we walk away, and we forget. Thy eggs are very prettily speckled; but those which men use for their sustenance are plain white ones. People do not every day put on their smartest dresses; they are not always in trim for dancing, nor are they practising their steps in all places. I profess to be no weaver of fine words, no dealer

in the plumes of phraseology, yet every man and every woman I speak to understands me.

Plato. Which would not always be the case if the occulter operations of the human mind were the subject.

Diogenes. If what is occult must be occult for ever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order. Thus they will serve thee faithfully, bringing thee many hearers and readers from the intellectual and uncorrupted. All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it.

CLXXXIX.

Barrow (*to Newton*). I do not urge you to write in dialogue, although the best writers of every age have done it: the best parts of Homer and Milton are speeches and replies, the best parts of every great historian are the same: the wisest men of Athens and of Rome converse together in this manner, as they are shown to us by Xenophon, by Plato, and by Cicero. Whether you adopt such a form of composition, which, if your opinions are new, will protect you in part from the hostility all novelty (unless it is vicious) excites; or whether you choose to go along the unbroken surface of the didactic; never look abroad for any kind of ornament. Apollo, either as the god of day or the slayer of Python, had nothing about him to obscure his clearness or to impede his strength.

CXC.

Barrow. Never try to say things admirably; try only to say them plainly; for your business is with the considerate philosopher, and not with the polemical assembly. If a thing can be demonstrated two ways, demon-

strate it in both: one will please this man, the other that; and pleasure, if obvious and unsought, is never to be neglected by those appointed from above to lead us into knowledge. Many will readily mount stiles and gates to walk along a footpath in a field, whom the very sight of a bare public road would disincline and weary; and yet the place whereto they travel lies at the end of each. Your studies are of a nature unsusceptible of much decoration: otherwise it would be my duty and my care to warn you against it, not merely as idle and unnecessary, but as obstructing your intent. The fond of wine are little fond of the sweet or the new: the fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs. Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace: and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently and loved the longest.

CXCI.

Archdeacon Hare. Wherever there is a word beyond what is requisite to express the meaning, that word must be peculiarly beautiful in itself, or strikingly harmonious; either of which qualities may be of some service in fixing the attention and enforcing the sentiment. But the proper word in the proper place seldom leaves anything to be desiderated on the score of harmony. The beauty of health and strength is more attractive and impressive than any beauty conferred by ornament.

CXCII.

Demosthenes. Whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly.

CXCIII.

Epicurus. Natural sequences and right subordination

of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony.

CXCIV.

Chesterfield. Cicero was himself a trifler in cadences, and whoever thinks much about them will become so, if indeed the very thought when it enters is not trifling.

Chatham. I am not sure that it is; for an orderly and sweet sentence, by gaining our ear, conciliates our affections; and the voice of a beggar has often more effect upon us than his distress.

CXCV.

Pollio. Cicero sometimes is exuberant. Conciseness may be better: but where there is much wealth we may excuse a little waste, especially when it falls not unworthily. I confess to you I love a nobility and amplitude of style, provided it never sweeps beyond the subject. There are people who cut short the tails of their dogs; and such dogs are proper for such masters: but the generous breeds, coursers of the lordly stag, and such as accompanied the steps of Hippolytus and Adonis, were unmutilated.

CXCVI.

Horne Tooke. Those only can be called great writers who bring to bear on their subject more than a few high faculties of the mind. I require in him whom I am to acknowledge for such, accuracy of perception, variety of mood, of manner, and of cadence; imagination, reflection, force, sweetness, copiousness, depth, perspicuity. I re-

quire in him a princely negligence of little things, and a proof that although he seizes much, he leaves much (alike within his reach) unappropriated and untouched.

CXCVII.

Alfieri. To constitute a great writer the qualities are, adequate expression of just sentiments, plainness without vulgarity, elevation without pomp, sedateness without austerity, alertness without impetuosity; thoughts offered not abruptly, nor ungraciously, nor forced into us, nor stamped upon us: they must leave room for others to bring forward theirs, and help in suggesting them. Vigorous that appears to ordinary minds which attracts the vulgar by its curtness and violence: but coarse textures are not always the strongest, nor is the loudest voice always the most commanding.

CXCVIII.—SEDATENESS IN POETRY.

Aspasia. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her high estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm.

CXCIX.

Boccaccio. What is there lovely in poetry unless there be moderation and composure? Are they not better than the hot uncontrollable harlotry of a flaunting, dishevelled enthusiasm? Whoever has the power of creating, has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creations in

order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity there is neither strength nor state. Look at Sophocles, look at Æschylus, look at Homer.

CC.—PINDAR.

Landor. We have lost the greater and (some believe) the better part of Pindar's poetry: what remains is more distinguished for an exquisite selection of topics than for enthusiasm. There is a grandeur of soul which never leaves him, even in domestic scenes; and his genius does not rise on points or peaks of sublimity, but pervades the subject with a vigorous and easy motion, such as the poets attribute to the herald of the gods.

CCI.—LATIN STYLES.

Supposing the first of Virgil's Eclogues to have appeared seven years after the death of Catullus, and this poet to have composed his earliest works in the lifetime of Lucretius, we cannot but ponder on the change of the Latin language in so short a space of time. Lucretius was by birth a Roman, and wrote in Rome; yet who would not say unhesitatingly, that there is more of what Cicero calls *urbane* in the two provincials, Virgil and Catullus, than in the authoritative and stately man who leads Memmius from the camp into the gardens of Epicurus. He complains of poverty in the Latin tongue; but his complaint is only on its insufficiency in philosophical terms, which Cicero also felt twenty years later, and called in Greek auxiliaries. But in reality the language never exhibited such a profusion of richness as in the comedies of Plautus, whose style is the just admiration of the Roman orator.

CCII.—VIRGIL'S DIDO.

Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on the others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the *Ariadne* of Catullus: we have another in the *Priam* of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the *Æneid*. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses: omitting as we must, those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas; and also the similes which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion.

CCIII.

If there are fine things in the Argonautics of Apollonius, there are finer still in those of Catullus. In relation to Virgil, he stands as Correggio in relation to Raphael: a richer colourist, a less accurate draftsman; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working out of smaller. Virgil is depreciated by the arrogance of self-sufficient poets, nurtured on coarse fare, and dizzy with home-brewed flattery. Others, who

have studied more attentively the ancient models, are abler to show his relative station, and readier to venerate his powers. Although we find him incapable of contriving, and more incapable of executing, so magnificent a work as the *Iliad*, yet there are places in his compared with which the grandest in that grand poem lose much of their elevation. Never was there such a whirlwind of passions as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid those rising citadels and departing sails. When the vigorous verses of Lucretius are extolled, no true poet, no sane critic, will assent that the seven or eight examples of the best are equivalent to this one: even in force of expression, here he falls short of Virgil.

CCIV.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet: these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials; a new world may spring from an old one. Shakespeare found Hamlet and Ophelia; he found Othello and Desdemona; nevertheless he, the only universal poet, carried this, and all the other qualifications, far beyond the reach of competitors. He was creative and constructive, he was sublime and pathetic, and he has also in his humanity condescended to the familiar and the comic. There is nothing less pleasant than the smile of Milton; but at one time Momus, at another the Graces, hang upon the neck of Shakespeare.

CCV.

Petrarca. A poet often does more and better than he

is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.

CCVI.

Aspasia. For any high or any wide operation, a poet must be endued, not with passion indeed, but with power and mastery over it; with imagination, with reflection, with observation, and with discernment.

CCVII.

It is only the wretchedest of poets that wish all they ever wrote to be remembered: some of the best would be willing to lose the most.

CCVIII.

Boccaccio. Good poetry, like good music, pleases most people, but the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures, the invidious lose them all. What a paradise lost is here!

CCIX.—THE ORIGINS OF POETRY.

Petrarca. I see no reason why we should not revert, at times, to the first intentions of poetry. Hymns to the Creator were its earliest efforts.

Boccaccio. I do not believe a word of it, unless He himself was graciously pleased to inspire the singer; of which we have received no account. I rather think it originated in pleasurable song, perhaps of drunkenness, and resembled the dithyrambic. Strong excitement alone could force and hurry men among words displaced and exaggerated ideas.

Believing that man fell, first into disobedience, next into ferocity and fratricide, we may reasonably believe

that war-songs were among the earliest of his intellectual exertions. When he rested from battle he had leisure to think of love; and the skies and the fountains and the flowers reminded him of her, the coy and beautiful, who fled to a mother from the ardour of his pursuit. In after years he lost a son, his companion in the craft and in the forest: images too grew up there, and rested on the grave. A daughter, who had wondered at his strength and wisdom, looked to him in vain for succour at the approach of death. Inarticulate grief gave way to passionate and wailing words, and Elegy was awakened. We have tears in this world before we have smiles, Francesco! we have struggles before we have composure; we have strife and complaints before we have submission and gratitude. I am suspicious that if we could collect the "winged words" of the earliest hymns, we should find that they called upon the Deity for vengeance. Priests and rulers were far from insensible to private wrongs. Chryses in the *Iliad* is willing that his king and country should be enslaved so that his daughter be sent back to him. David in the *Psalms* is no unimportunate or lukewarm applicant for the discomfiture and extermination of his adversaries: and among the visions of felicity, none brighter is promised a fortunate warrior, than to dash the infants of his enemy against the stones.

CCX.—POETRY AND HISTORY.

Aspasia. We make a bad bargain when we change poetry for truth in the affairs of ancient times, and by no means a good one in any.

Remarkable men of remote ages are collected together out of different countries within the same period, and perform simultaneously the same action. On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and

images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment, far beyond the infancy of nations. What was vague imagination settles at last and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallisation from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.

CCXI.—THE PROVINCE OF HISTORY.

Pericles. May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest, as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. Æschylus was the creator of Tragedy, nor did she ever shine with such splendour, ever move with such stateliness and magnificence, as at her first apparition on the horizon. The verses of Sophocles are more elaborate, the language purer, the sentences fuller and more harmonious; but in loftiness of soul, and in the awfulness with which he invests his characters, Æschylus remains unrivalled and unapproached.

We are growing too loquacious, both on the stage and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of

which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and, at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.

CCXII.

Bishop Parker. The Italians, who far excel us in the writing of history, are farther behind the ancients.

Marvel. True enough. From Guicciardini and Machiavelli, the most celebrated of them, we acquire a vast quantity of trivial information. There is about them a sawdust which absorbs much blood and impurity, and of which the level surface is dry: but no traces by what agency rose such magnificent cities above the hovels of France and Germany: none

—ut fortis Etruria crevit,

or, on the contrary, how the mistress of the world sank in the ordure of her priesthood—

Scilicet et rerum facta est nequissima Roma.

We are captivated by no charms of description; we are detained by no peculiarities of character: we hear a clamorous scuffle in the street, and we close the door. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians: we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters that spellbound all mankind.[1] We step forth again among the modern Italians: here we find plenty of rogues, plenty of receipts for making more; and little else. In the best passages we come upon a crowd of dark reflections, which scarcely a glimmer of glory pierces through; and we stare at the tenuity of the spectres, but never at their altitude.

Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.

Parker. At your time of life, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. At mine, my lord bishop! I have lived with Milton. Such creative and redeeming spirits are like kindly and renovating Nature. Volcano comes after volcano, yet covereth she with herbage and foliage, with vine and olive, and with whatever else refreshes and gladdens her, the Earth that has been gasping under the exhaustion of her throes.

Parker. He has given us such a description of Eve's beauty as appears to me somewhat too pictorial, too luxuriant, too suggestive, too—I know not what.

[1] S. P. Q. R.

Marvel. The sight of beauty, in her purity and beatitude, turns us from all unrighteousness, and is death to sin.

CCXIII.

The Abbé Delille. Milton is extremely difficult to translate; for however noble and majestic, he is sometimes heavy, and often rough and unequal.

Landor. Dear Abbé! porphyry is heavy, gold is heavier: Ossa and Olympus are rough and unequal: the steppes of Tartary, though high, are of uniform elevation: there is not a rock, nor a birch, nor a cytisus, nor an arbutus, upon them, great enough to shelter a new-dropt lamb. Level the Alps one with another, and where is their sublimity? Raise up the vale of Tempe to the downs above, and where are those sylvan creeks and harbours in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes; those recesses in which the gods partook the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the gods!

CCXIV.

Marvel. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, to whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such tableland are diminutive and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.

CCXV.

Metastasio. It must be confessed that whatever is far removed from fashionable life and changeable manners is best adapted to the higher poetry. We are glad and righteously proud to possess two worlds, the one at present under our feet, producing beef and mutton; the other, on which have passed before us, gods, demigods, heroes, the Fates, the Furies, and all the numerous progeny of never-dying, never-aging, eternally parturient Imagination. Great is the privilege of crossing at will the rivers of bitterness, of tears, of fire, and to wander and converse among the Shades.

CCXVI.

Porson. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now, air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your pure-imagination men? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing? Did their predecessors? And pray whose daughter was the muse they invoked? Why Memory's. They stood among substantial men and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigeum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on than artificial rockwork or than faery-rings. But your great favourite,

I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who, like an aerolith, is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

Southey. He continues a great favourite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spacious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaky and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

CCXVII.

Landor. The heart is the creator of the poetical world; only the atmosphere is from the brain. Do I then undervalue imagination? No indeed: but I find imagination where others never look for it: in character multiform yet consistent.

CCXVIII.

Vittoria Colonna. The human heart is the world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere. Faeries, and genii, and angels themselves, are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

CCXIX.—MILTON.

Milton, in this *Paradise Regained*, seems to be subject to strange hallucinations of the ear; he who before had greatly excelled all poets of all ages in the science and display of harmony. And if in his last poem we exhibit

his deficiencies, surely we never shall be accused of disrespect or irreverence to this immortal man. It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exaltation in his country's.

CCXX.

Marvel. Good prose, to say nothing of the original thoughts it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few. Comprehending at once the prose and poetry of Milton, we could prove, before "fit audience," that he is incomparably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived.

CCXXI.—MILTON AND JOHNSON.

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane: but he was cold where he was overshadowed. The poet's peculiar excellence, above all others, was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and in the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it and in his complete success.

CCXXII.—FRENCH PROSE.

Salomon. Several of the French prose writers are more harmonious than the best of ours.

Alfieri. In the construction of their sentences they have obtained from study, what sensibility has denied them. Rousseau is an exception: he beside is the only musical composer that ever had a tolerable ear for prose. Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies and covers it too long, it debilitates and corrupts it. Sometimes I have absorbed music so totally, that nothing was left of it in its own form: my ear detained none of the notes, none of the melody: they went into the heart immediately, mingled with the spirit, and lost themselves among the operations of the fancy, whose finest and most recondite springs they put simultaneously and vigorously in motion. Rousseau kept it subordinate; which must always be done with music as well as with musicians. He excels all the moderns in the harmony of his periods.

Salomon. I have heard it reported that you prefer Pascal.

Alfieri. Certainly on the whole I consider him the most perfect of writers.

CCXXIII.—ADDISON.

Horne Tooke. I have always been an admirer of Addison, and the oftener I read him, I mean his prose, the more he pleases me. Perhaps it is not so much his style, which, however, is easy and graceful and harmonious, as the sweet temperature of thought in which we always find him, and the attractive countenance, if you will allow me the expression, with which he meets me upon every occasion. It is very remarkable, and therefore I stopped to

notice it, that not only what little strength he had, but even all his grace and ease, forsake him when he ventures into poetry.

CCXXIV.—GIBBON.

Landor. Gibbon's manner, which many have censured, I think, in general, well suited to the work. In the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, there is too much to sadden and disgust: a smile in such a narrative on some occasions is far from unacceptable: if it should be succeeded by a sneer, it is not the sneer of bitterness, which falls not on debility; nor of triumph, which accords not with contempt. The colours, it is true, are gorgeous, like those of the setting sun; and such were wanted. The style is much swayed by the sentiment. Would that which is proper for the historian of Fabius and Scipio, of Hannibal and Pyrrhus, be proper, too, for Augustulus and the Popes?

CCXXV.—WORDSWORTH.

Landor. In Wordsworth's poetry there is as much of prose as there is of poetry in the prose of Milton. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry: on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose.

CCXXVI.—PRAISE AND CENSURE.

Landor. It is becoming and decorous that due honours be paid to Wordsworth; undue have injured him. Discriminating praise mingled with calm censure is more beneficial than lavish praise without it. Respect him; reverence him; abstain from worshipping him. Remember no ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.

CCXXVII.

Cleonè. Let us enjoy, whenever we have an opportunity, the delight of admiration, and perform the duties of reverence.

CCXXVIII.

Archdeacon Hare. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence, of genius; sympathy, encouragement, commendation. Praise is not fame; but the praise of the intelligent is its precursor.

CCXXIX.

Archdeacon Hare. Opinion on most matters, but chiefly on literary, and above all on poetical, seems to me like an empty egg-shell in a duck-pond, turned on its stagnant water by the slightest breath of air; at one moment the cracked side nearer to sight, at another the sounder, but the emptiness at all times visible.

CCXXX.

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former: critics on editors more usually the latter.

CCXXXI.

Salomon. He who first praises a book becomingly, is next in merit to the author.

CCXXXII.

Porson. —Periodical critics were never so plentiful as

they now are. There is hardly a young author who does not make his first attempt in some review; showing his teeth, hanging by his tail, pleased and pleasing by the volubility of his chatter, and doing his best to get a penny for his exhibitor and a nut for his own pouch, by the facetiousness of the tricks he performs upon our heads and shoulders.

CCXXXIII.

Porson. Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners, those who have failed as writers turn reviewers. Orator Henley taught in the last century that the readiest-made shoes are boots cut down: there are those who abundantly teach us now, that the readiest-made critics are cut-down poets. Their assurance is, however, by no means diminished from their ill-success.

CCXXXIV.

Petrarca. Why cannot we be delighted with an author, and even feel a predilection for him, without a dislike to others?

Boccaccio. The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.

CCXXXV.

Petrarca. No criticism is less beneficial to an author or his reader than one tagged with favour and tricked with courtesy. The gratification of our humours is not the intent and scope of criticism, and those who indulge in it on such occasions are neither wise nor honest.

CCXXXVI.

Cicero. In literature great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies.

CCXXXVII.

Vittoria Colonna. Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humour, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily, by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer? Who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness?" To this interrogation my answer is,

"Very few indeed; only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

CCXXXVIII.

Southey. It is fortunate we have been sitting quite alone while we detected the blemishes of a poet we both venerate.[1] The malicious are always the most ready to bring forward an accusation of malice: and we should certainly have been served, before long, with a writ pushed under the door.

Landor. Are we not somewhat like two little beggar-boys, who, forgetting that they are in tatters, sit noticing a few stains and rents in their father's raiment?

Southey. But they love him.

CCXXXIX.

Boccaccio. The generous man, such as you, praises and censures with equal freedom, not with equal pleasure

[1] Milton.

the freedom and the pleasure of the ungenerous are both contracted, and lie only on the left hand.

Petrarca. When we point to our friends an object in the country, do we wish to diminish it? do we wish to show it overcast? Why then should we in those nobler works of creation, God's only representatives, who have cleared our intellectual sight for us, and have displayed before us things more magnificent than Nature would without them have revealed?

CCXL.

Boccaccio. Beware of violating those canons of criticism you have just laid down. We have no right to gratify one by misleading another, nor, when we undertake to show the road, to bandage the eyes of him who trusts us for his conductor. In regard to censure, those only speak ill who speak untruly, unless a truth be barbed by malice and aimed by passion. To be useful to as many as possible is the especial duty of a critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision. He walks in a garden which is not his own; and he neither must gather the blossoms to embellish his discourse, nor break the branches to display his strength. Rather let him point to what is out of order, and help to raise what is lying on the ground.

Petrarca. Auditors, and readers in general, come to hear or read, not your opinion delivered, but their own repeated. Fresh notions are as disagreeable to some as fresh air to others; and this inability to bear them is equally a symptom of disease. Impatience and intolerance are sure to be excited at any check to admiration in the narratives of Ugolino and of Francesca: nothing is to be abated: they are not only to be admirable, but entirely faultless.

Boccaccio. You have proved to me, that in blaming our betters, we ourselves may sometimes be unblamed. When authors are removed by death beyond the reach of irritation at the touch of an infirmity, we best consult their glory by handling their works comprehensively and unsparingly. Vague and indefinite criticism suits only slight merit, and presupposes it. Lineaments irregular and profound as Dante's are worthy of being traced with patience and fidelity. In the charts of our globe we find distinctly marked the promontories and indentations, and oftentimes the direction of unprofitable marshes and impassable sands and wildernesses: level surfaces are unnoted. I would not detract one atom from the worth of Dante; which cannot be done by summing it up exactly, but may be by negligence in the computation.

CCXLI.—DANTE'S PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Boccaccio. Ah! had Dante remained through life the pure solitary lover of Bice, his soul had been gentler, tranquiller, and more generous. He scarcely hath described half the curses he went through, nor the roads he took on the journey: theology, politics, and that barbican of the *Inferno*, marriage, surrounded with its

Selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte.

Admirable is indeed the description of Ugolino, to whoever can endure the sight of an old soldier gnawing at the scalp of an old archbishop.

Petrarca. The thirty lines from

Ed io sentì

are unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominions of poetry.

Boccaccio. Give me rather the six on Francesca: for if in the former I find the simple, vigorous, clear narration, I find also what I would not wish, the features of

Ugolino reflected full in Dante. The two characters are similar in themselves; hard, cruel, inflexible, malignant, but, whenever moved, moved powerfully. In Francesca, with the faculty of divine spirits, he leaves his own nature (not indeed the exact representative of theirs) and converts all his strength into tenderness. The great poet, like the original man of the Platonists, is double, possessing the further advantage of being able to drop one half at his option, and to resume it. Some of the tenderest on paper have no sympathies beyond: and some of the austerest in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures have deluged the world with tears. It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and the most bitter leaves and petals.

Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato di cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso!
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse.
Qual giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.

In the midst of her punishment, Francesca, when she comes to the tenderest part of her story, tells it with complacency and delight; and instead of naming Paolo, which indeed she never has done from the beginning, she now designates him as

Questi che mai da me non fia diviso!

Are we not impelled to join in her prayer, wishing them happier in their union?

Petrarca. If there be no sin in it.

Boccaccio. Ay, and even if there be—God help us!

What a sweet aspiration in each cesura of the verse! three love-sighs fixed and incorporate! Then, when she hath said

La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante,

she stops: she would avert the eyes of Dante from her:

he looks for the sequel: she thinks he looks severely: she says,

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book,"

fancying by this timorous little flight she has drawn him far enough from the nest of her young loves. No, the eagle beak of Dante and his piercing eyes are yet over her.

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book."

"What matters that?"

"And of the writer."

"Or that either?"

At last she disarms him: but how?

"*That* day we read no more."

Such a depth of intuitive judgment, such a delicacy of perception, exists not in any other work of human genius; and from an author who, on almost all occasions, in this part of the work, betrays a deplorable want of it.

Petrarca. Perfection of poetry! The greater is my wonder at discovering nothing else of the same order or cast in this whole section of the poem. He who fainted at the recital of Francesca,

"And he who fell as a dead body falls,"

would exterminate all the inhabitants of every town in Italy! What execrations against Florence, Pistoia, Siena, Pisa, Genoa! What hatred against the whole human race! what exultation and merriment at eternal and immitigable sufferings! Seeing this, I cannot but consider the *Inferno* as the most immoral and impious book that ever was written. Yet, hopeless that our country shall ever see again such poetry, and certain that without it our future poets would be more feebly urged forward to excellence, I would have dissuaded Dante from cancelling it, if this had been his intention. Much, however, as I admire his vigour and severity of style in the description of Ugolino, I acknowledge with you that I do not dis-

cover so much imagination, so much creative power, as in the Francesca.

CCXLII.—VERBAL CRITICISM, WITH AN EXAMPLE.

Alfieri. There are those who would persuade us that verbal criticism is unfair, and that few poems can resist it. The truth of the latter assertion by no means establishes the former: all good criticism hath its foundation on verbal. Long dissertations are often denominated criticisms, without one analysis; instead of which it is thought enough to say; "There is nothing finer in our language—we can safely recommend—imbued with the true spirit—destined to immortality, etc."

A perfect piece of criticism must exhibit *where* a work is good or bad; *why* it is good or bad; in what degree it is good or bad; must also demonstrate in what manner and to what extent the same ideas or reflections have come to others, and, if they be clothed in poetry, why, by an apparently slight variation, what in one author is mediocrity, in another is excellence.

I have never seen a critic of Florence or Pisa or Milan or Bologna, who did not commend and admire the sonnet of Cassiani on the rape of Proserpine, without a suspicion of its manifold defects. Few sonnets are indeed so good; but if we examine it attentively, we shall discover its flaws and patches.

> "*Diè un alto strido, gittò i fiori, e volta*
> *All' improvisa* mano *che la cinse,*
> *Tutta in se per* la tema onde fu colta
> *La Siciliana vergine si strinse.*"

The *hand* is inadequate to embrace a *body; strinse*, which comes after, would have done better: and the two last verses tell only what the two first had told, and feebly: nothing can be more so than the *tema onde fu colta.*

" *Il nero dio la calda bocca involta*
D' ispido pelo a ingordo bacio spinse,
E di stigia fuligin con la folta
Barba l'eburnea gola e il sen le tinse."

Does not this describe the devils of our carnival, rather than the majestic brother of Jupiter, at whose side upon asphodel and amaranth the sweet Persephonè sits pensively contented, in that deep motionless quiet which mortals pity and which the gods enjoy ; rather than him who, under the umbrage of Elysium, gazes at once upon all the beauties that on earth were separated ; Helena and Eriphylè, Polyxena and Hermionè, Deidameia and Deianeira, Leda and Omphalè, Atalanta and Cydippè, Laodameia with her arm round the neck of a fond youth whom she still seems afraid of losing, and, apart, the daughters of Niobe, though now in smiles, still clinging to their parent.

CCXLIII.—OF IDIOM.

Demosthenes. I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation, is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers : this prepares us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom ; it is the life and spirit of language ; and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it.

CCXLIV.—OF QUOTATION.

Lucian. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken

by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldomer in composition; for it mars the beauty and unity of style; especially when it invades it from a foreign tongue. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements, or doubtful of his cause. And, moreover, he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk.

CCXLV.—VULGARISMS.

Horne Tooke. No expression can become a vulgarism which has not a broad foundation. The language of the vulgar hath its source in physics: in known, comprehended, and operative things: the language of those who are just above the vulgar is less pure, as flowing from what they do not in general comprehend. Hence the profusion of broken and ill-assorted metaphors, which we find in the conversation of almost all who stand in the intermediate space between the lettered and the lowest.

CCXLVI.—GALLICISMS AND LATINISMS.

Barrow. Our language bears gallicisms better than latinisms, but whoever is resolved to write soberly must be contented with the number of each that was found among us in the time of the Reformation.

CCXLVII.—ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY AND DICTION.

Archdeacon Hare. In some of your later writings, I perceive, you have not strictly followed the line you formerly laid down for spelling.

Landor. I found it inexpedient; since whatever the pains I took, there was, in every sheet almost, some deviation on the side of the compositor. Inconsistency was forced

on me against all my struggles and reclamations. At last nothing is left for me but to enter my protest, and to take the smooth path instead of the broken-up highway.

Archdeacon Hare. It is chiefly in the preterites and participles that I have followed you perseveringly. We are rich in having two for many of our verbs, and unwise in corrupting the spelling, and thereby rendering the pronunciation difficult. We pronounce "astonisht," we write astonished or astonish'd; an unnecessary harshness. Never was spoken drop*ped*, or lop*ped*, or hop*ped*, or prop*ped*; but dropt, etc.; yet, with the choice before us, we invariably take the wrong. I do not resign a right to "astonis*hed*" or "diminis*hed*." They may, with many like them, be useful in poetry; and several such terminations add dignity and solemnity to what we read in our church, the sanctuary at once of our faith and of our language.

Landor. In more essential things than preterites and participles I ought rather to have been your follower than you mine. No language is purer or clearer than yours. Vigorous streams from the mountain do not mingle at once with the turbid lake, but retain their force and their colour in the midst of it. We are sapt by an influx of putridity.

Archdeacon Hare. Come, come; again to our spelling-book.

Landor. Well then, we differ on the spelling of *honour*, *favour*, etc. You would retain the u: I would reject it, for the sake of consistency. We have dropt it in *author*, *emperor*, *ambassador*. Here again, for consistency and compliancy, I write "embassador," because I write, as all do, "embassy." I write theat*er*, sepulch*er*, met*er*, in their English form rather than the French. The best authors have done it; all write "hexamet*er*, and "pentamet*er*."

Archdeacon Hare. It is well to simplify and systematize wherever we can do it conveniently.

Landor. And without violence to *vested rights;* which words have here some meaning. Why "*a*mend" if "emendation"? Why not "pont*if*," if "cait*if*"?

Archdeacon Hare. Why then should grand*eur* be left in solitary state? The Englishman less easily protrudes his nether jaw than the Frenchman, as "grand*eur*" seems to require. Grand*o*ur (or grand*or*, if you will have it so) sounds better.

Landor. I *will* have it so; and so will you and others at last.

Archdeacon Hare. Meanwhile, let us untie this last knot of Norman bondage on the common law of language in our land.

Landor. Set about it: no authority is higher than yours: I will run by the side of you, or be your herald, or (what better becomes me) your pursuivant.

There is an affectation of scholarship in compilers of spelling-books, and in the authors they follow for examples, when they bring forward *phenomena* and the like. They might as well bring forward *mysteria.* We have no right to tear Greek and Latin declensions out of their grammars: we need no *vortices* when we have *vortexes* before us; and while we have *memorandums*, *factotums*, *ultimatums*, let our shepherd dogs bring back to us by the ear such as have wandered from the flock.

Archdeacon Hare. We have "stimul*ant*"; why "stimul*us*?" why "stimul*i*"? why "recipe"? why "re*ceipt*"? we might as reasonably write "deceipt" and "conceipt." I believe we are the only people who keep the *Dramatis Personæ* on the stage, or announce their going off by "*Exeunt:*" "*exit*" for departure is endurable, and kept in countenance by *transit*· let us deprecate the danger of hearing of a friend's *obit*, which seems imminent: a

"*post-obit*" is bad enough: an *item* I would confine to the ledger. I have no mind for *animus*.

Landor. Beside these there are two expressions either of which is quite enough to bring down curses and mortality on the poet. "Stand confest" (even if not written "confess'd") is one; "*unbidden tears*" the other. I can imagine no such nonsense as *unbidden tears*. Why do we not write the verb control with an *e* at the end, and the substantive with *u* as *soul?* we might as reasonably write *whol* for whole: very unreasonably do we write wholly with a double l; *wholy* and *soly* might follow the type of *holy*. We see printed *befal* with one l, but never *fal*, and yet in the monosyllable we should not be doubtful of the accentuation. It is but of late that we contro*l*, reca*l*, appa*l*; we do not yet rol. Will any one tell me who put such a lazy beast to our munition-train, and spelt on the front of the carriage *am*munition? We write *enter* and *inter* equally with a single final r: surely the latter wants another.

Archdeacon Hare. What is quite as censurable, while we reject the good of our own countrymen, we adopt the bad of the forener. We are much in the habit of using the word *flibustier*. Surely we might let the French take and torture our *freebooter*. In our fondness for making verbs out of substantives, we even go to the excess of *flibustering*. And now from coarse vulgarity let us turn our eyes toward inconsiderate refinement. When I was a boy every girl among the poets was a *nymph*, whether in country or town. Johnson countenanced them, and, arm-in-arm with Pope, followed them even into Jerusalem. "Ye nymphs of Solyma," etc.

Landor. Pity they ever found their way back!

CCXLVIII.

Archdeacon Hare. Unhappily for us, we are insensible of the corruptions that creep yearly into our language. At Cambridge or Oxford (I am ignorant which of them claims the glory of the invention), some undergraduate was so facetious as to say, "Well, while you are *discussing* the question, I will *discuss* my wine." The gracefulness of this witticism was so captivating, that it took possession not only of both universities, but seized also on "men about town." Even the ladies, who preserve the purity of language, caught up the expression from those who were libertines in it.

Landor. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who are among the most refined of our senators, have at present no more authority in language than in dress. By what we see, we might imagine that the one article is to be cast aside after as short a wear as the other. It occurs to me at this moment, that, when we have assumed the habiliments of the vulgar, we are in danger of contracting their coarseness of language and demeanour.

Archdeacon Hare.—Certainly the Romans were *togati* in their tongue, as well as in their wardrobe. Purity and gravity of style were left uncontaminated and unshaken by the breath of Tiberius and his successor. The Antonines spoke better Latin than the Triumvir Antonius; and Marcus Aurelius, although on some occasions he preferred the Greek, was studious to maintain his own idiom strong and healthy. When the tongue is paralysed, the limbs soon follow. No nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language.

There is perpetually an accession of slang to our vernacular, which is usually biennial or triennial.

Landor. I have been either a fortunate or a prudent man to have escaped for so many years together to be

"pitched into" among "*giant* trees," "*monster* meetings," "*glorious* fruit," "*splendid* cigars, dogs, horses, and *bricks*," "palmy days," "*rich* oddities;" to owe nobody a farthing for any other fashionable habits of rude device and demi-saison texture; and above all, to have never come in at the "eleventh hour," which has been sounding all day long the whole year. They do me a little injustice who say that such a good fortune is attributable to my residence in Italy. The fact is, I am too cautious and too aged to catch disorders, and I walk fearlessly through these epidemics.

Archdeacon Hare. Simply to *open* is insufficient: we "open *up*" and "open *out*." A gentleman *indues* a coat; it will be difficult to *exue* it if he tries; he must lie down and sleep in it.

"Foolery" was thought of old sufficiently expressive: nothing short of *tom*foolery will do now. To repudiate was formerly to put away what disgraced us: it now signifies (in America at least) to reject the claims of justice and honour. We hear people *re-read*, and see them *re-write;* and are invited to a *spread*, where we formerly went to a dinner or collation. We cut down *barracks* to a single *barrack;* but we leave the "stocks" in good repair. We are among *ambitions*, and among *peoples*, until Sternhold and Hopkins call us into a quieter place, and we hear once again

"All people that on earth do dwell."

Shall we never have done with "*rule and exception*," "*over and anon*," "*many a time and oft*"?

CCXLIX.

Landor. So far from innovating, the words I propose are brought to their former and legitimate station; you have sanctioned the greater part, and have thought the

remainder worth your notice. Every intelligent and unprejudiced man will agree with you. I prefer high authorities to lower, analogy to fashion, a *Restoration* to a *Usurpation*. Innovators, and worse than innovators were those Reformers called, who disturbed the market-place of manorial Theology, and went back to Religion where she stood alone in her original purity. We English were the last people to adopt the reformed style in the calendar, and we seem determined to be likewise the last in that of language. We are ordered to please the public; we are forbidden to instruct it. Not only publishers and booksellers are against us, but authors too; and even some of them who are not regularly in the service of those masters. The outcry is, "*We* have not ventured to alter what we find in use, and why should he?"

CCL.

Mr. Hartley Coleridge, who inherits the genius of his father, is incorrect in mentioning me with a set of people (Elphinstone and Mitford at the head of them) who attempt to spell every word as we pronounce it. What, in the name of God, is there in common between these folks and me? Certainly not this folly: no such idea ever entered my head.

CCLI.

I am radically a Conservative in everything useful; and, during my stay at this inn called Human Life, I would trust anything to the chambermaids rather than my English tongue.

III.

PERSONAL AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

TO IANTHE

CCLII.—HOMAGE.

Away, my verse; and never fear,
  As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
  She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
  That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
  For it would please her to forgive.

CCLIII.

On the smooth brow and clustering hair
  Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
The duller olive I would wear,
  Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

CCLIV.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
  But not until first worn by you—
Heartsease—of all earth's flowers most rare;
  Bring it; and bring enough for two.

CCLV.

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,

But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
I should for ever dream of you.

CCLVI.

All tender thoughts that e'er possess'd
The human brain or human breast,
Centre in mine for thee—
Excepting one—and that must thou
Contribute: come, confer it now:
Grateful I fain would be.

CCLVII.

Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd!
O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch—
Pleasure! why take so much away,
Or give so much?

CCLVIII.—RENUNCIATION.

Lie, my fond heart, at rest,
She never can be ours.
Why strike upon my breast
The slowly passing hours?
Ah! breathe not out the name!
That fatal folly stay!
Conceal the eternal flame,
And tortured ne'er betray.

CCLIX.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

CCLX.

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.
Can she forswear? can she forget?
Strike, mighty love! strike, Vengeance! Soft!
Conscience must come and bring regret—
These let her feel!—nor these too oft!

CCLXI.

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew,
She bent her head before my kiss—
My heart was sure that hers was true.
Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu.
Nor shuns the kiss—Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

CCLXII.—ABSENCE.

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me!*

Remember, while the sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watch'd him laying down
His brow, and dropp'd our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
O bid me hope again!
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

CCLXIII.

Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious tears! ah stay! this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart,
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And hope you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, though I'm absent, weep.

CCLXIV.

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

CCLXV.—YEARS AFTER.

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and look'd into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes* to both: for memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

CCLXVI.

No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befals;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

CCLXVII.

I wonder not that youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

CCLXVIII.

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
  Cut down and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
  Like little ripples in a sunny river.

CCLXIX.

Years, many parti-colour'd years,
  Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
  I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
  Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
  I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*.

CCLXX.

Well I remember how you smiled
  To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand,—"O! what a child!
  You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
  Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
  And find Ianthe's name again.

INVOCATIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

CCLXXI.—ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY.

SILENT and modest brook ! who dippest here
Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear
Withheld thee for a moment, wend along ;
Go, follow'd by my song,
Such in such easy numbers as they use
Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse,
And such as often have flow'd down on me
From my own Fiesole.
I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say
That Tasso wove one looser lay,
And Milton took it up to dry the tear
Dropping on Lycidas's bier.
In youth how often at thy side I wander'd !
What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd
Among thy sedges, while sometimes
I meditated native rhymes,
And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet ;
Then, where soft mole-built seat
Invited me, I noted down
What must full surely win the crown,
But first impatiently vain efforts made
On broken pencil with a broken blade.
Anon, of lighter heart, I threw
My hat where circling plover flew,
And once I shouted till, instead of plover,
There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.

I would not twice be barbarous; on I went—
And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.
Pardon me, gentle stream, if rhyme
Holds up these records in the face of Time;
Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,
And Autumn has his butterflies like Spring.
Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see
Reflected what hath ceased to be:
Haply thou little knowest why
I check this levity, and sigh.
Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,
She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame:
She now is past my praises: from her urn
To thine, with reverence due, I turn.
O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever
Was sacrificed to thee,
Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River
Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see
A band of Mænads toss their timbrels high
Mid *io-evohes* to their Deity.
But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream
Under the mingled gleam
Of swords and torches, and the chant of Rome
When Wiclif's lowly tomb
Thro' its thick briars was burst
By frantic priests accurst;
For he had enter'd and laid bare the lies
That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.
We part—but one more look!
Silent and modest brook!

CCLXXII.—ABERTAWY.

It was no dull though lonely strand
Where thyme ran o'er the solid sand,
Where snap-dragons with yellow eyes
Looked down on crowds that could not rise,
Where Spring had fill'd with dew the moss
In winding dells two strides across.
There tiniest thorniest roses grew
To their full size, nor shared the dew:
Acute and jealous, they took care
That none their softer seat should share;
A weary maid was not to stay
Without one for such churls as they.
I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my might
To tear them from their roots outright;
At last I did it—eight or ten—
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, *Good gracious! how you bleed!*
Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I fear'd and quite as much fear'd she,
For might it not increase the pain,
And make the wound burst out again?
She coax'd it to lie quiet there
With a low tune I bent to hear;
How close I bent I quite forget,
I only know I hear it yet.
Where is she now? Call'd far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.

Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

CCLXXIII.—ROSE AYLMER.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

CCLXXIV.—TO J. S.

Many may yet recall the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet,
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows that never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie
And love but glimmer from that eye.

CCLXXV.—A FIESOLAN IDYL.

Here, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,

And softer sighs that know not what they want,
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stepp'd forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them? when hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walk'd off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproach'd me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot that, although half-erect
From its gray slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch

And gather'd her some blossoms ; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun :
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, "You find the largest."
"This indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I ; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it ; for it seemed a part
Of her own self ; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom ; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tender'd, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropp'd it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

CCLXXVI.—FIESOLAN MUSINGS.

Let me sit here and muse by thee
Awhile, aërial Fiesole !
What has the zephyr brought so sweet ?
'Tis the vine-blossom round my seat.
Ah ! how much better here at ease
And quite alone to catch the breeze,
Than roughly wear life's waning day
On rotten forms with Castlereagh,

'Mid public men for private ends,
A friend to foes, a foe to friends!
Long since with youthful chases warm,
And when ambition well might charm,
And when the choice before me lay,
I heard the din and turned away.
Hence oftentimes imperial Seine
Hath listen'd to my early strain,
And past the Rhine and past the Rhone
My Latian muse is heard and known.
Nor is the life of one recluse
An alien quite from public use.
Where alders mourned their fruitless beds
A thousand cedars raise their heads,
And from Segovia's hills remote,
My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote.
The wide and easy road I lead
Where never paced the harness'd steed,
Where hardly dared the goat look down
Beneath her parent mountain's frown,
Suspended while the torrent-spray
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
Cares if I had, I turn'd those cares
Toward my partridges and hares,
At every dog and gun I heard,
Ill-auguring for some truant bird,
Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipp'd ear,
Until the frightened eld limp'd near.
These knew me, and 'twas quite enough,
I paid no *Morning Post* to puff,
Saw others fame and wealth increase,
Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,
Open'd my window, snatch'd my glass,
And from the rills that chirp and pass,

A pure libation pour'd to thee,
Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty!
Llanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless Time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rock'd thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true
As bidding what we love adieu.
Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death,
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart's the wise man's home.
Stored with each keener, kinder sense,
Too firm, too lofty, for offence,
Unlittered by the tools of state,
And greater than the great world's great.
If mine no glorious work may be,
Grant, Heaven, and 'tis enough for me
(While many squally sails flit past,
And many break the ambitious mast),
From all that they pursue, exempt,
The stormless bay of deep contempt!

CCLXXVII.—TO JOSEPH ABLETT.

Lord of the Celtic dells,
Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear;
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide afield
From all past cares and all to come!

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp, what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-haired poplars gleam for gleam?

Ablett! of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would have drowned;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by Grasmere's springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.[1]

And live too thou for happier days
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possess'd:[2]
Growl in Grim London he who will,
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sun-burnt breast.

[1] Southey and Wordsworth. [2] Leigh Hunt.

Old Redi in his easy chair
With varied chant awaits thee there,
  And here are voices in the grove
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
  To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay!
  Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stepp'd aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
  I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
  Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
  Is there fireside for more?

  I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and said,
  "Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
  I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted great,
  The rulers of our land;
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to me
  My citron groves of Fiesole,
My chirping Affrico, my beechwood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces,
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

  'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
  'Twere not profane to call
  The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

  Here can I sit or roam at will;
  Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
  Here all my wishes make their stand;
  Here ask I no one's voice or hand;
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

  Yon vine upon the maple bough
  Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal wines the wise man sends,
  While those of lower stem he brings
  From inmost treasure vault, and sings
Their worth and age among his chosen friends.

Behold our Earth, most nigh the sun
Her zone least opens to the genial heat,
  But farther off her veins more freely run:
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great;
The nearest shrink and shiver, we remote
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.

CCLXXVIII.—TO WORDSWORTH.

Those who have laid the harp aside
  And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
  The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favourite strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,
  O Wordsworth! though 'tis said
They all descend from her, and use
  To haunt her fountain-head:
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil
  Of smoothing under hardened hand
With attic emery and oil,
  The shining point for Wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.

Without his governance, in vain
  Manhood is strong, and youth is bold.
If oftentimes the o'erpiled strain
  Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,
And swells and melts and flows no more

That is because the heat beneath
  Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of Death,
  Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh where only flat leaves lie,
And showing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,
Where youthful Fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I'll do what I have plann'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand,
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid the cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space,
Listed for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever cross'd our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;

Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

CCLXXIX.—TO SOUTHEY.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane;
Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see methinks the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling in their joy among
The bright and blessed throng,
Whom on her arm recline
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas! that snows are shed
Upon thy laurel'd head,
Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
Malignity lets none
Approach the Delphic throne;
A hundred lane-fed curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues.
But this is in the night, when men are slow
To raise their eyes, when high and low,

The scarlet and the colourless, are one :
Soon sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
And active minds again are risen ;
Where are the curs? dream-bound, and whimpering in the sun.

At fife's or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends ;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends !
When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear ;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet sage or hero given :
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust :
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the eternal throne,
And hear in God's own voice "Well done."

Not, were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand ;
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my muse,

With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre
Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays

CCLXXX.—TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more:
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

CCLXXXI.—FAREWELL TO ITALY.

I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,

To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?),
Weary with age, but unoppress'd by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherish'd thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceas'd, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration—reasoning.
As if the sight were unimpair'd by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption! Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

CCLXXXII.—LANDOR IN ENGLAND TO HIS YOUNGEST SON IN ITALY.

Carlino! what art thou about, my boy?
Often I ask that question, though in vain,
For we are far apart: ah! therefore 'tis
I often ask it; not in such a tone
As wiser fathers do, who know too well.
Were we not children, you and I together?
Stole we not glances from each other's eyes?
Swore we not secrecy in such misdeeds?

Well could we trust each other. Tell me then
What thou art doing. Carving out thy name,
Or haply mine, upon my favourite seat,
With the new knife I sent thee over sea?
Or hast thou broken it, and hid the hilt
Among the myrtles, starred with flowers, behind?
Or under that high throne whence fifty lilies
(With sworded tuberoses dense around)
Lift up their heads at once, not without fear
That they were looking at thee all the while.
Does Cincirillo follow thee about,
Inverting one swart foot suspensively,
And wagging his dread jaw at every chirp
Of bird above him on the olive-branch?
Frighten him then away! 'twas he who slew
Our pigeons, our white pigeons peacock-tailed,
That feared not you and me—alas, nor him!
I flattened his striped sides along my knee,
And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,
Till he looked blandly, and half-closed his eyes
To ponder on my lecture in the shade.
I doubt his memory much, his heart a little,
And in some minor matters (may I say it?)
Could wish him rather sager. But from thee
God hold back wisdom yet for many years!
Whether in early season or in late
It always comes high-priced. For thy pure breast
I have no lesson; it for me has many.
Come throw it open then! What sports, what cares
(Since there are none too young for these) engage
Thy busy thoughts? Are you again at work,
Walter and you, with those sly labourers,
Geppo, Giovanni, Cecco, and Poeta,
To build more solidly your broken dam
Among the poplars, whence the nightingale

Inquisitively watch'd you all day long?
I was not of your council in the scheme,
Or might have saved you silver without end,
And sighs too without number. Art thou gone
Below the mulberry, where that cold pool
Urged to devise a warmer, and more fit
For mighty swimmers, swimming three abreast?
Or art thou panting in this summer noon
Upon the lowest step before the hall,
Drawing a slice of watermelon, long
As Cupid's bow, athwart thy wetted lips
(Like one who plays Pan's pipe), and letting drop
The sable seeds from all their separate cells,
And leaving bays profound and rocks abrupt,
Redder than coral round Calypso's cave?

CCLXXXIII.—THOUGHTS OF FIESOLE, FROM TORQUAY

Whatever England's fields display,
The fairest scenes are thine, Torbay!
Not even Liguria's sunny shore
With palm and aloe pleas'd me more.
Sorrento softer tale may tell,
Parthenopè sound louder shell,
Amalfi, Ocean's proudest boast,
Show loftier hills and livelier coast,
Where Nereids hear the nightly flute,
And gather fresh such morning fruit
As hangs within their highth, and shows
Its golden gleam through glossy boughs.
But, with thy dark oak-woods behind,
Here stretch'd against the western wind
The sails that from the Zuyderzee
Brought him who left our fathers free.

Yet (shame upon me !) I sometimes
Have sighed awhile for other climes,
Where, though no mariner, I too
Whistled aloft my little crew :
'Twas now to spar, 'twas now to fence,
'Twas now to fathom Shakespeare's sense,
And now to trace the hand divine
That guided Raffael's faultless line.
And then we wonder who could raise
The massy walls at which we gaze,
Where amid songs and village glee
Soars immemorial Fiesole.
At last we all in turn declare
We know not who the Cyclops were.
" But the Pelasgians ! those are true ?"
" I know as much of them as you."
" Pooh ! nonsense ! you may tell us so ;
Impossible you should not know !"
Then plans, to find me out, they lay,
Which will not fail another day.
England, in all thy scenes so fair,
Thou canst not show what charm'd me there !

CCLXXXIV.—ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

Not the last struggles of the sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense ;
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, though far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.
Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint !
Thus, O my Southey ! poet, sage, and saint !

Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise,
Or would we? need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that, the God thy whole heart loved.

CCLXXXV.—ON THE SAME.

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)
In which I wander'd thro' a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I leapt across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the shades (if shades they were)
And look'd around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compass'd me around. I wish'd to find
One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.
He stood before me—Southey.
"Thou art he,"
Said I, "whom I was wishing."
"That I know,
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
We may be question'd, question we may not;

For that might cause to bubble forth again
Some bitter spring which cross'd the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths."
"I do not ask,"
Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walk'd
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Through the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."
'Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."
The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An angel threw his arms: it was that son.
'Father! I felt you wish'd me," said the boy,
"Behold me here!"
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"
He gazed into my face, then meekly said,
"He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

CCLXXXVI.—TO THE REV. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

Cuthbert! whose father first in all our land
Sate in calm judgment on poetic peer,
Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warp'd.
Again I read his page and hear his voice;
I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw

Who utter'd it, each then to each unknown.
Twelve years had past when upon Avon's cliff,
Hard by his birth-place, first our hands were join'd ;
After three more he visited my home.
Along Llanthony's ruin'd aisles we walk'd
And woods then pathless, over verdant hill
And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.
Then both were happy.
War had paused : the Loire
Invited me ; again burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury : there I staid,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Though sore and bleeding) from my house alone.
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.
There he came
Again to see me ; there again our walks
We recommenced—less pleasant than before.
Grief had swept over him ; days darken'd round :
Bellagio, Valintelvi, smiled in vain,
And Monte Rosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty
Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Station'd around—in vain too ! all in vain !
Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught
By him to read, may read my page aright
And find what lies within it ; time enough
Is there before us in the world of thought.

The favour I may need I scorn to ask.
What sovran is there able to reprieve,
How then to grant, the life of the condemn'd
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?
Never was I impatient to receive
What any man could give me: when a friend
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more—
Serenely glad because that friend was pleased.
I seek not many, many seek not me.
If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch
Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's broad haunch give *me*,
And wine that time has mellow'd, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

CCLXXXVII.—TO THE MEMORY OF JULIUS HARE.

Julius! how many hours have we
Together spent with sages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armour none more bold.

By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard.
O Fame! how feebler all thy breath
Than virtue's one expiring word!

CCLXXXVIII.—TO THE MEMORY OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

Again, perhaps and only once again,
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes
And few the friends that there delighted me
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,
Though changed in features—friend and scene—
both changed!

I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,
And stepping forth in very scant attire,
Timidly, as became her in such garb,
She hasten'd prompt to call up slumbering Spring.
White and dim-purple breathed my favourite pair
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;
Part on the Arno, part where every clime
Sent its most graceful sons to kiss thy hand,
To make the humble proud, the proud submiss,
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.
Never, ah never now, shall we alight
Where the man-queen[1] was born, or higher up—
The nobler region of a nobler soul—
Where breathed his last the more than kingly man.[2]
  Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chestnut shade by Saint Germain;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,
Where Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
(Though stood against me stubborn stony knoll
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)
And brought together slender cypresses
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
And bade the modest violet bear her part.
  Dance, youths and maidens! though around my grave
Ye dance not, as I wish: bloom myrtles! bend
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

[1] Elizabeth.—[2] The Protector.—W. S. L.

CCLXXXIX.—AN APOLOGUE ON BYRON, 1822.

From the Conversation of Bishop Burnet and Humphry Hardcastle. Byron is shadowed forth under the character of Mr. George Nelly, and Southey under that of Milton.

Burnet. Who would have imagined that the youth who was carried to his long home the other day, I mean my Lord Rochester's reputed child, Mr. George Nelly, was for several seasons a great poet? Yet I remember the time when he was so famous an one, that he ran after Mr. Milton up Snow-hill, as the old gentleman was leaning on his daughter's arm from the Poultry, and, treading down the heel of his shoe, called him a rogue and a liar; while another poet sprang out from a grocer's shop, clapping his hands, and crying, "Bravely done! by Beelzebub! the young cock spurs the blind buzzard gallantly!" On some neighbour representing to Mr. George the respectable character of Mr. Milton, and the probability that at some future time he might be considered as among our geniuses, and such as would reflect a certain portion of credit on his ward, and asking him withal why he appeared to him a rogue and liar, he replied: "I have proofs known to few; I possess a sort of drama by him, entitled *Comus*, which was composed for the entertainment of Lord Pembroke, who held an appointment under the king, and this very John has since changed sides, and written in defence of the Commonwealth."

Mr. George began with satirising his father's friends,

and confounding the better part of them with all the hirelings and nuisances of the age, with all the scavengers of lust and all the link-boys of literature; with Newgate solicitors, the patrons of adulterers and forgers, who, in the long vacation, turn a penny by puffing a ballad, and are promised a shilling in silver, for their own benefit, on crying down a religious tract. He soon became reconciled to the latter, and they raised him upon their shoulders above the heads of the wittiest and the wisest. This served a whole winter. Afterwards, whenever he wrote a bad poem, he supported his sinking fame by some signal act of profligacy, an elegy by a seduction, an heroic by an adultery, a tragedy by a divorce. On the remark of a learned man, that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, "There is no God!" It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood upon his legs almost to the last. "Say what you will," once whispered a friend of mine, "there are things in him as strong as poison, and as original as sin." * * *

At last he is removed from among the living: let us hope the best; to wit, that the mercies which have begun with man's forgetfulness will be crowned with God's forgiveness.

CCXC.—NOTE TO THE ABOVE, 1824.

Little did I imagine that the extraordinary man, the worst parts of whose character are represented here, should indeed have been carried to the tomb so immaturely. If, before the dialogue was printed, he had performed those services to Greece which will render his name illustrious to eternity, those by which he merited such funereal honours as, in the parsimony of praise,

knowing its value in republics, she hardly would have decreed to the most deserving of her heroes, if, I repeat it, he had performed those services, the performance of which I envy him from my soul, and as much as any other does the gifts of heaven he threw away so carelessly, never would I, from whatever provocation, have written a syllable against him. I had avoided him; I had slighted him; he knew it: he did not love me; he could not. While he spoke or wrote against me, I said nothing in print or conversation: the taciturnity of pride gave way to other feelings, when my friends, men so much better, and (let the sincerity of the expression be questioned by those who are unacquainted with us) so much dearer, so much oftener in my thoughts, were assailed by him too intemperately.

Let any man who has been unfair or injurious to me, show that he has been so to me only, and I offer him my hand at once, with more than mere forgiveness.

Alas! my writings are not upon slate: no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years and in the storm and tempest, can efface the written. Let me be called what I may—I confess it, I am more inconsistent than he was. I do not talk of weeping or bewailing or lamenting, for I hate false words, and seek with care, difficulty, and moroseness, those that fit the thing—why then should I dissemble that, if I have shed no tears, they are at this moment in my eyes! O that I could have clasped his hand before he died! only to make him more enamoured of his own virtues, and to keep him with them always!

A word to those who talk of inconsistency. There is as much of it in him who stands while another moves, as in him who moves while another stands. To condemn what is evil, and to commend what is good, is consistent: to retract an error, to soften an asperity, to speak all the

good we can, after worse ill than we would, is that and more. If I must understand the word inconsistency as many do, I wish I may be inconsistent with all my enemies. I will take especial care that my inconsistency never makes me a worse man or a richer.

CCXCI.

Landor. I do not assert that my grief remains for days, or even hours together, violent or unremitted, although it has done so once or twice: but seldom have I thought of a friend or companion, be it at the distance of thirty or forty years, that the thought is not as intense and painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy, as though I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations. If anything could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their grave stories upon the ground in the midst of eunuchs and fiddlers; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, orators and preachers, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius points to the bones of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! and does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amidst the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world!

CCXCII.—SHELLEY.

Landor. Let me return to Shelley. Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another: and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds, with the fallen and afflicted.

This is the man against whom such clamours have been raised by the religious *à la mode*, and by those who live and lap under their tables: this is the man whom, from one false story about his former wife, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice and injustice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation, that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies the third place among our poets of the present age—no humble station—for no other age since that of Sophocles has produced on the whole earth so many of such merits—and is incomparably the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers.

CCXCIII.—SOUTHEY.

Interest is always excited by him, enthusiasm not always. If his elegant prose and harmonious verse are insufficient to excite it, turn to his virtues, to his manliness in defence of truth, to the ardour and constancy of his friendships, to his disinterestedness, to his generosity, to

his rejection of title and office, and consequently of wealth and influence. He has laboured to raise up merit in whatever path of literature he found it; and poetry in particular has never had so intelligent, so impartial, and so merciful a judge.

CCXCIV.—A CONFESSION OF JEALOUSY.

Jealous, I own it, I was once,
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit, it would not do;
At tenderness, that fail'd me too;
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood.

CCXCV.—ROBERT BROWNING.

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine highths thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

CCXCVI.—MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;

And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of woman-kind,
Who win their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead.
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns,
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

CCXCVII.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Dedication of Imaginary Conversation of Greeks and Romans, 1858.

Friends as we are, have long been, and ever shall be, I doubt whether I should have prefaced these pages with your name were it not to register my judgment that, in breaking up and cultivating the unreclaimed wastes of Humanity, no labours have been so strenuous, so continuous, or half so successful, as yours. While the world admires in you an unlimited knowledge of mankind, deep thought, vivid imagination, and bursts of eloquence from unclouded heights, no less am I delighted when I see you at the schoolroom you have liberated from cruelty, and at the cottage you have purified from disease.

CCXCVIII.—LITERARY ENMITIES.

I regret all enmities in the literary world, and particularly when they are exercised against the ornaments and glories of our country, against a Wordsworth and a

Southey. It has been my fortune to love in general those men most who have thought most differently from me, on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. I think I have no more right to be angry with a man, whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Siena, and who writes to me that he likes the place, and that, although he said once he should settle elsewhere, he shall reside in that city. My political opinions are my only ones, beyond square demonstration, that I am certain will never change. If my muscles have hardened in them and are fit for no other, I have not on this account the right or inclination to consider a friend untrue or insincere, who declares that he sees more of practical good in an opposite quarter, to that where we agreed to fix the speculative; and that he abandons the dim, astounding majesty of mountain scenery, for the refreshing greenness and easy paths of the plain. I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury: I now sit somewhat stiller and have fewer aspirations, but I inhale the same atmosphere yet.

CCXCIX.

Landor. From my earliest days I have avoided society as much as I could decorously, for I received more pleasure in the cultivation and improvement of my own thoughts than in walking up and down among the thoughts of others. Yet, as you know, I never have avoided the intercourse of men distinguished by virtue and genius; of genius, because it warmed and invigorated me by my trying to keep pace with it; of virtue, that if I had any of my own it might be called forth by such vicinity. Among all men elevated in station who have

made a noise in the world (admirable old expression !) I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority, excepting Kosciusko. But how many in the lower paths of life have exerted both virtues and abilities which I never exerted, and never possessed ! what strength and courage and perseverance in some, in others what endurance and forbearance ! At the very moment when most, beside yourself, catching up half my words, would call and employ against me in its ordinary signification what ought to convey the most honorific, the term *self-sufficiency*, I bow my head before the humble, with greatly more than their humiliation. You are better-tempered than I am and readier to converse. There are half-hours when, although in good humour and in good spirits, I would not be disturbed by the necessity of talking, to be the possessor of all the rich marshes we see yonder. In this interval there is neither storm nor sunshine of the mind, but calm and (as the farmer would call it) *growing* weather, in which the blades of thought spring up and dilate insensibly. Whatever I do, I must do in the open air, or in the silence of night : either is sufficient : but I prefer the hours of exercise, or, what is next to exercise, of field-repose.

CCC.

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd :
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to please
Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

CCCI.

The chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,
They who have coveted may covet now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrush'd,
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is hush'd,
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

CCCII.—THE GENIUS OF GREECE.

Why do I praise a peach
Not on my wall, no, nor within my reach?
Because I see the bloom
And scent the fragrance many steps from home.
Permit me still to praise
The higher genius of departed days.
Some are there yet who, nursed
In the same clime, are vigorous as the first,
And never waste their hours
(Ardent for action) among meadow flowers.
Greece with calm eyes I see,
Her pure white marbles have not blinded me,
But breathe on me the love
Of earthly things as bright as things above:
There is (where is there not?)
In her fair regions many a desert spot;
Neither is Dircè clear,
Nor is Ilissus full throughout the year.

CCCIII.—ON HIS OWN AGAMEMNON AND IPHIGENEIA.

From eve to morn, from morn to parting night,
Father and daughter stood before my sight.
I felt the looks they gave, the words they said,
And reconducted each serener shade.
Ever shall these to me be well-spent days,
Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the praise.
Far from the footstool of the tragic throne,
I am tragedian in this scene alone.

CCCIV.—THE AUTHOR OF "DRY STICKS" TO HIS READERS.

Among the *Dry Sticks* many are so slender that they seem to have been cut after a few years' growth; others are knottier and more gnarled than are usually carried to market, but give out greater heat and burn longer. Among the varieties may be found a few fragments seemingly exotic; pointed leaves hanging grimly to them, very like those of the pine which grew formerly about Rome and above Tivoli; laurels of a species uncultivated in England; and prunings which may be taken for olive, if we judge of them by the smoothness of the bark, the purity of the flame, and the paucity of the ashes.

We often find in the clouds, in the mountains, in the fire, and in other objects, resemblances of things quite different: so it may happen that in some of these *Dry Sticks* the observer, if his mood is contemplative, or, more probably, if he is half-dreaming, shall see somewhat to remind him of poetry.

CCCV.

Landor. I have expunged many thoughts for their close resemblance to what others had written whose works I never saw until after. But all thinking men must think,

all imaginative men must imagine, many things in common, although they differ. Some abhor what others embrace; but the thought strikes them equally. With some an idea is productive, with others it lies inert. I have resigned and abandoned many things because I unreasonably doubted my legitimate claim to them, and many more because I believed I had enough substance in the house without them, and that the retention might raise a clamour in my courtyard.

CCCVI.

Landor. It has been my fortune and felicity, from my earliest days, to have avoided all competitions. My tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of latin poetry for the Prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should be a winner at the forthcoming *Encænia.* Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations:* cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

CCCVII.

I claim no place in the world of letters; I am alone, and will be alone, as long as I live, and after.

CCCVIII.

He who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no excuses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise; he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering.

ON THE APPROACH OF OLD AGE AND DEATH.

CCCIX.—TO AGE.

WELCOME, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage.
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

CCCX.

Is it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go starved to bed?

CCCXI.—TO A PAINTER.

Conceal not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow
Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolish'd quite
The cheerful past.
Yet care's deep lines should one from waken'd mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the earth
May glance once more.

CCCXII.

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
And, when they see them dimly shine,
Are moister than they were.
Give me the eyes that fain would find
Some relics of a youthful mind
Amid the wrecks of care.
Give me the eyes that catch at last
A few faint glimpses of the past,
And, like the arkite dove,
Bring back a long-lost olive-bough,
And can discover even now
A heart that once could love.

CCCXIII.

To his young Rose an old man said,
"You will be sweet when I am dead:
Where skies are brightest we shall meet.
And there will you be yet more sweet,
Leaving your winged company
To waste an idle thought on me."

CCCXIV.—THE THREE ROSES

When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the first
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering "*Happy as thou art,*
Happiness and thou must part."
Many summers have gone by
Since a second Rose and I
(Rose from that same stem) have told
This and other tales of old.
She upon her wedding day
Carried home my tenderest lay;
From her lap I now have heard
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

CCCXV.

Various the roads of life; in one
All terminate, one lonely way.
We go; and "Is he gone?"
Is all our best friends say.

CCCXVI.

The day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same;
They are whence friend can never come;

Nor are they you my love watch'd o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

CCCXVII.—ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

CCCXVIII.—ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

To my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

CCCXIX.—MEMORY.

The Mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
Alas! alas! is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written and besought
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

CCCXX.

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

NOTES.

THE following Table is intended to show the chronological relations of Landor to some of his contemporaries, with the dates of the chief events in his life, and of the publication of his principal works. The titles of these are printed in italics.

A.D.	ÆT.	
1770	—	[Chatterton died. Wordsworth born.]
1771	—	[Gray died. Scott born.]
1772	—	[Coleridge born.]
1774	—	[Goldsmith died. Southey born.]
1775	—	Born at Warwick, Jan. 30. [Charles Lamb born.]
1777	2	[Thomas Campbell and Henry Hallam born.]
1778	3	[Hazlitt born.]
1780	5	Goes to school at Knowle.
1784	9	[Johnson died. Leigh Hunt born.]
1785	10	Goes to school at Rugby. [De Quincey born.]
1788	13	[Byron born.]
1790	15	Removed from Rugby.
1791	16	Resident at Ashbourne, under Dr. Langley.
1792	17	Ashbourne. [Shelley born.]
1793	18	Enters at Trinity College, Oxford.
1794	19	Rusticated; leaves Oxford; goes to London.
1795	20	London; afterwards Tenby. — *The Poems of Walter Savage Landor:* London, Cadell and Davies. — *A Moral Epistle; respectfully dedicated to Earl Stanhope:* London, Cadell and Davies. [Keats born Carlyle born.]
1796	21	South Wales, Warwick. [Burns died.]
1797	22	South Wales, Warwick. [B. W. Procter born.]
1798	23	South Wales.—*Gebir: a Poem, in seven books:* London, Rivingtons.
1799	24	Bath; London; Brighton. [Hood born.]
1800	25	Bath, etc. [Cowper died. Macaulay born.]—*Poems from the Arabic and Persian:* Warwick, Sharpe: and London, Rivingtons.
1801	26	Bath, etc.
1802	27	Bath, etc.; visit to Paris during peace of Amiens.—*Poetry by the Author of Gebir:* London, Rivingtons.
1803	28	Bath, etc.—*Gebir: a Poem, in seven books. By Walter Savage Landor. Second Edition:* Oxford, Slatter and Munday.—*Gebirius: Poema. Scripsit Savagius Landor:* Oxford, Slatter and Munday.
1804	29	Bath, etc.
1805	30	Bath, etc. Landor's father dies.
1806	31	Bath, etc.—*Simonidea:* Bath, Meyler: and London, Robinson.
1807	32	Bath, etc. (projects and abandons purchase of an estate at Loweswater).

A.D.	ÆT.	
1808	33	Bath, etc. Purchases Llanthony Abbey, Monmouthshire; makes the acquaintance of Southey; goes as a volunteer to join the insurgent army in Spain (August–October). [Lord Houghton born.]
1809	34	Llanthony, Bath.—*Three Letters, written in Spain, to D. Francisco Riguelme, commanding the Third Division of the Gallician army.* [A. Tennyson, Eliz. Barrett, W. E. Gladstone, Ch. Darwin, born.]
1810	35	Llanthony, Bath.
1811	36	Llanthony, Bath. Marries Julia Thuillier. [Thackeray born.]
1812	37	Llanthony, Bath.—*Count Julian: a Tragedy:* London, Murray.—*Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox:* London: Murray. [Dickens, R. Browning, J. Forster, born.]
1813	38	Llanthony, Bath.
1814	39	Leaves Llanthony (May); goes to Jersey; thence, having left Mrs. Landor in anger, to Tours; makes the acquaintance of Francis Hare.
1815	40	Tours; rejoined by Mrs. Landor; Como.—*Idyllia nova quinque Heroum atque Heroidum, etc.:* Oxford.
1816	41	Como.
1817	42	Como. Eldest son, Arnold Savage, born.
1818	43	Como; Genoa, Villa Pallavicini.
1819	44	Pisa; part of summer at Pistoia.
1820	45	Pisa.—*Idyllia Heroica decem, etc., partim jam primo partim iterum atq. tertio edit Savagius Landor:* Pisa.
1821	46	Pisa; thence to Florence.—*Poche osservazioni, etc., di Walter Savage Landor, gentiluomo inglese;* Naples. [Keats died.]
1822	47	Florence; Palazzo Medici. [Shelley died.]
1823	48	Florence; Palazzo Medici.
1824	49	Florence; Palazzo Medici.—*Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq.*, vols. i. and ii.: London, Taylor and Hessey. [Byron died.]
1825	50	Florence; Palazzo Medici.
1826	51	Florence; Palazzo Medici and Villa Castiglione.—*Imaginary Conversations, etc.*, vols. i. and ii., second edition: London, Colburn.
1827	52	Florence; Villa Castiglione; makes the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Blessington, and accompanies them on a trip to Naples. Makes the acquaintance of Mr. Joseph Ablett of Llanbedr.
1828	53	Florence; Villa Castiglione.—*Imaginary Conversations, etc.*, vol. iii.: London, Colburn.
1829	54	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca (purchased by help of Mr. Ablett). Landor's mother dies. Madame de Molandé, formerly Mrs. Swift, the Ianthe of Landor's early poetry, comes to Florence with her children.—*Imaginary Conversations, etc.*, vols. iv. and v. London, Duncan.
1830	55	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca. [Hazlitt died.]
1831	56	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca.—*Gebir, Count Julian, and*

A.D.	ÆT.	
		other Poems. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq.: London, Moxon.
1832	57	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca; with a summer and autumn trip to England, returning in company with Julius Hare and Dr. Worsley by Innsbrück and Venice. [Scott died.]
1833	58	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca.
1834	59	Fiesole; Villa Gherardesca.—*Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, etc.:* London, Saunders and Otley. [Coleridge died. Charles Lamb died.]
1835	60	Fiesole: Baths of Lucca and England (leaving at Fiesole his wife, with whom he had quarrelled, and his children).
1836	61	Clifton; Wales; London; Germany.—*Pericles and Aspasia, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.:* 2 vols.: London, Saunders and Otley.—*The Letters of a Conservative, by Walter Savage Landor:* London, Saunders and Otley.
1837	62	Wales; London; Devonshire; Bath.—*The Pentameron and Pentalogia:* London, Saunders and Otley.—*A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors:* London, Saunders and Otley.
1838	63	Bath.
1839	64	Bath.—*Andrea of Hungary, and Giovanni of Naples. By Walter Savage Landor:* London, Bentley.
1840	65	Bath. [Francis Hare died.]
1841	66	Bath; visit to Paris.—*Fra Rupert:* London, Saunders and Otley.
1842	67	Bath.
1843	68	Bath. [Southey died.]
1844	69	Bath. [Campbell died.]
1845	70	Bath. [Hood died.]
1846	71	Bath.—*The Works of Walter Savage Landor;* 2 vols.: London, Moxon. (Vol. i. contains all the previously published *Imaginary Conversations*, with additions and corrections: vol. ii., a new series of *Imaginary Conversations*, together with *The Examination of Shakespeare, Pericles and Aspasia, The Pentameron*, the poems previously published in the volume of 1831, besides a number of new poems, including the *Hellenics*. This edition, prepared with the help of Mr. John Forster and Archdeacon Hare, was until 1876 the sole and standard collected edition of Landor's writings in prose and verse together.)
1847	72	Bath.—*The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor. Enlarged and completed:* London, Moxon.—*Poemata et Inscriptiones novis auxit Savagius Landor:* London, Moxon.
1848	73	Bath.—*The Italics of Walter Savage Landor:* London, Reynell and Weight.—*Imaginary Conversation of King Carlo-Alberto and the Duchess Belgioioso:* London, Longmans, 1848. [J. Ablett died.]
1849	74	Bath.

A.D.	ÆT.	
1850	75	Bath. [Lady Blessington died. Wordsworth died.]
1851	76	Bath.—*Popery, British and Foreign. By Walter Savage Landor:* London, Chapman and Hall. [Madame de Molandé died.]
1852	77	Bath.
1853	78	Bath. — *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans, by Walter Savage Landor:* London, Moxon. —*The Last Fruit off an old Tree, by Walter Savage Landor:* London, Moxon.
1854	79	Bath.—*Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution. Edited by Walter Savage Landor:* London, Chapman and Hall.
1855	80	Bath. [Julius Hare died.]
1856	81	Bath.—*Antony and Octavius; Scenes for the Study. By Walter Savage Landor:* London, Bradbury and Evans. — *Letter from W. S. Landor to R. W Emerson:* Bath, Williams.
1857	82	Bath (quarrels and scandals).
1858	83	Bath; Genoa; Fiesole.—*Dry Sticks, fagoted by Walter Savage Landor:* Edinburgh, Nichol. Lawsuit consequent on this publication; trial at Bristol. Landor, having in the meanwhile left England, is condemned, costs £1000.
1859	84	Fiesole; Siena; Florence. Having found life with his family at the Villa Gherardesca insupportable, he settles in lodgings in the Via Nunziatina.—*The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor, etc. New edition, enlarged:* Edinburgh, Nichol. [Leigh Hunt died. De Quincey died. Macaulay died.]
1860	85	Florence; Via Nunziatina.
1861	86	Florence; Via Nunziatina.
1862	87	Florence; Via Nunziatina.
1863	88	Florence; Via Nunziatina.—*Heroic Idyls, with additional Poems. By Walter Savage Landor.* [Thackeray died.]
1864	89	Florence; Via Nunziatina. Dies September 17.

A final collected and corrected (though not, strictly speaking, complete) edition of Landor's writings was prepared by Forster after his death, and published in 1876 with a second edition of the *Life* by Forster prefixed (*The Works and Life of Walter Savage Landor*, 8 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1876). This edition has, by permission of the publishers, been followed in our text, except where the reverse is expressly stated. I have adopted, however, certain formal deviations from it in orthography and punctuation: these consist chiefly in spelling "walked," or in verse "walk'd," for Landor's "walkt," and so on in all similar cases (see Preface and Selections, no. ccxlix.), and in the substitution of the more familiar sign — for the less familiar sign . . used by Landor as its equivalent. Other departures from the text of 1876 are specified when they occur.

I.—DRAMATIC AND NARRATIVE.

In the notes below, the references which follow the number of each selection are, first, to the place in the series of Landor's works where it first appeared; and second, to the place where it is to be found in the final collected edition of 1876.

PAGE NO.

3. i. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 95. Afterwards incorporated in Conversation of Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa: Epicurus reciting the part of Peleus, and Ternissa that of Thetis: see *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 228 ff. Again, as an independent dialogue, but versified: *Hellenics*, 2d ed., 1859, p. 187: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 504.

Such an interchange of condolences between the hero and goddess on the coming fate of their son, as Landor has here imagined, is not recorded as having found a place in any ancient treatment of the theme.

5. ,, l. 17. After "words" is inserted in the later eds., "I deposit them in my bosom;" I have preferred the original reading of 1829.

6. ,, l. 9. In the later eds. are omitted the words, "twice nine have not yet rolled away," which I have retained from ed. 1829, as being essential to the sense. In this speech of Thetis, Landor seems to have forgotten, or not chosen to remember, that the wedding was held according to tradition at the cave of Cheiron on Mount Pelion, whence Peleus led his bride, not to the "halls of Tethys," but to his own palace.

7. ii. *Imag. Conv. Gr. and Rom.*, 1853, p. 3: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 3. Again, versified, *Hellenics*, 2d ed., 1859, p. 162: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 490.

This interview of Achilles and Helen on Mount Ida belonged to the early epic traditions of the Trojan war, and had been related in the lost *Kypria* of Stasinus (Proclus, *Chrestomath.* καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα Ἑλένην ἐπιθυμεῖ θεάσασθαι καὶ συνήγαγεν αὐτούς ἐς τὸ αὐτὸ Ἀφροδίτη καὶ Θέτις).

12. ,, l. 8. Landor spells Kalydon, but as he was not consistent with himself in these matters (see above, p. 6, l. 32), wavering, like other scholars, between the use of the Greek consonant and its Latin equivalent, I have for the sake of uniformity introduced the latter, both here and in ll. 32, 33, below.

12. ,, l. 12. I have omitted from the beginning of this line the words, "Horrible creatures! boars, I mean."

13. iii. *Hellenics*, 1847, p. 61: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 518.

The re-capture of Helen by Menelaus, and his averted vengeance, belonged also to the early epic traditions of Greece. They were related in the

PAGE NO.

Lesser Iliad and the *Iliupersis:* the scene was figured on one of the earliest recorded works of Greek art, the chest of Cypselus (*Pausan.*, v. 181), and is depicted on a number of extant vases. According to Stesichorus, the Greeks were about to stone Helen for her crimes, but at the sight of her beauty dropped the stones from their hands. See also Aristoph. *Lysistr.*, 155.

17. iv. Introduced in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836, p. 266: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 529. Landor represents this dialogue as the work of Aspasia herself, who sends it to Cleonè at Miletus, explaining its motive thus, "I imagine Agamemnon to descend from his horrible death, and to meet instantly his daughter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing of her mother's double crime, adultery and murder."

For Landor's opinion of the merits of this scene, see *Selections*, no. ccciii. He wrote afterwards several other poetical fragments on the same heroic theme. Two of these, the *Death of Clytemnestra* and the *Madness of Orestes*, were first published in the *Pentalogia*, appended to the *Pentameron of Petrarca and Boccaccio* (1837). Both were incorporated, together with a third fragment, the *Prayer of Orestes at Delphi*, in subsequent editions of *Pericles and Aspasia* (letters ccxxv.-ccxxix., *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 447 ff.; 1876, v. p. 535 ff.) These three are dramatic in form. An independent narrative poem on the sacrifice of Iphigeneia appeared first, *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 482, and in subsequent editions of the *Hellenics;* it is included among Lord Houghton's Selections from Landor in Ward's *English Poets*, iv. p. 479. All of these pieces are fine, but the first, here reprinted, is much the finest; the second and third being in my judgment marred by an excess of the Landorian abruptness. The obvious and just criticism on the present fragment is that the disclosure, which is prepared for by such admirably conceived and beautiful approaches, is after all never made. The lyrical conclusion, sung by the chorus of Argive warriors, I have ventured to omit as not related to the emotions of the father and daughter at their re-union.

22. v. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 193: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 19.

A First Conversation between the same persons appears *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 93: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 8. This, although full of beauties, I have passed by as not needful to the understanding of the Second Conversation, of which the excellence is higher and more sustained. All details in this Conversation are of Landor's invention, beyond the mere tradition that Rhodopè and Æsop were fellow-slaves before

PAGE NO.

Rhodopè was taken by Xanthus to Egypt: see Herodotus, ii. 134, 135, where also (and in Strabo, xvii. 808, and Athenæus, xiii. 596) will be found discussed the questions concerning her supposed real name Doricha, her relations with the brother of Sappho, and her identification with Nitocris, Queen of Egypt.

33. vi. *Imag. Conv.*, iii., 1828, p. 133: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 309. For the facts relating to the death of Marcellus, see Polybius (x. 32, and the doubtful fragment in Suidas *sub voce* "Ιμερος), but more particularly Appian, *Hannib.*, 50, and Plutarch, *Marcell.*, 30. Landor has taken several details from the last two writers. They both tell of the reverence paid by Hannibal to the fallen consul; of the ring Hannibal took from his body; of the escape of the young Marcellus, his son; and how his ashes were sent home with honour to his family. But both Appian and Plutarch represent Marcellus as already dead when Hannibal came up; and the essential idea of the dialogue, that of making him survive his death-wound long enough to speak with and learn the generosity of his conqueror, is Landor's own.

38. vii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 243: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 314. (Had been originally printed in the Cambridge *Philological Museum*, vol. ii., 1833, p. 1.)

The main authority for the heroism of Hasdrubal's wife and the forebodings of Scipio is Appian (*Libyc.* 130-133): he expressly describes himself as following in his account that of Polybius, who was present. The Conversation is a very long one; this extract and the following are its opening and concluding passages. Hardly any other two in Landor's works better illustrate his feeling for the genius of Rome and the genius of Greece respectively. The central part of the Conversation is taken up with a discussion on the causes of Hannibal's failure to achieve ultimate victory over Rome, and with a long monologue by Panætius, relating a social experience of his youth: from this are taken Selections xxxi. and xxxii. below.

47. ix. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 475: *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 346. The authorities which Landor has in his mind are again Appian (*Iber.* 95-97), and Plutarch, *Marius*. 3. But this time he has treated them very freely. The tremendous invention of the "civic fire" and the famished sentinel are his own. The real history of the siege, according to Appian, was that after enduring every extremity of horror and privation, the surviving inhabitants agreed to surrender the town to Scipio, stipulating only for a day's delay, during which those who preferred death to such an issue, might put an end to themselves, which they accordingly did, some one way and

PAGE NO.

some another, the remainder afterwards surrendering (οἱ δὲ πρῶτα μὲν αὑτοὺς, οἱ βουλόμενοι, διεχρῶντο : οἱ λοιποὶ δ' ἐξήεσαν κ.τ.λ.)

52. x. *Imag. Conv.*, iii.. 1828, p. 107 : *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 420. The historical authority whom Landor has had in his mind is Suetonius, *Tib.* 7 :—"Agrippinam [sc. Vipsaniam], M. Agrippa genitam . . . duxit uxorem : sublatoque ex eo filio Druso, quamquam bene convenientem, rursusque gravidam, dimittere, ac Juliam, Augusti filiam, confestim coactus est ducere : non sine magno angore animi, cum et Agrippinae consuetudine teneretur, et Juliae mores improbaret : ut quam sensisset sui quoque sub priore marito appetentem, quod sane etiam vulgo existamabatur. Sed Agrippinam et abegisse post divortium doluit ; *et semel omnino ex occursu visam adeo contentis et tumentibus oculis prosecutus est, ut custoditum sit ne unquam in conspectum ejus posthac veniret.*"

53. ,, ll. 6-14. That in B.C. 6, six years after his divorce from Vipsania, Tiberius retired for a time into voluntary exile at Rhodes, is well known. In mentioning this fact Suetonius writes :—"Rhodum enavigavit, amoenitate et salubritate insulae *jam inde captus, cum ad eam ab Armenia rediens appulisset.*" The date of the Armenian expedition of Tiberius was B.C. 20, eight years before his divorce. In putting into his mouth this reminiscence of happy days spent by him in youth at Rhodes, Landor is working on the hint supplied by those incidental words of Suetonius.

55. ,, l. 14. "Virtuous as I know she is." These words seem inconsistent, not only with the notorious dissoluteness into which Julia fell soon after her marriage with Tiberius, but with the opinion of her attributed to him at the time of that marriage in the passage we have just quoted from Suetonius. Landor, however, might justify himself by another passage of the same writer :—"*Cum Julia primo concorditer et amore mutuo vixit :* mox dissedit," etc.

56. xi. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 509 : *Works*, 1876, v. p. 215,

63. xii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 79 : *Works*, 1876, v. p. 232. The main fact assumed in this dialogue, the capture and honourable release of the Empress Constance by Tancred of Sicily, is historical, but not the details.

Among Landor's shorter dialogues are two typical ones of mediæval chivalry, this of *Tancredi and Constantia*, and another of *John of Gaunt and Joanna of Kent* (*Works*, 1876, v. p. 199). I have with some hesitation preferred to give the Sicilian dialogue rather than the English, not indeed as finer, but as briefer and simpler.

67. xiii. *Imag. Conv.*, iv., 1829, p. 416 : *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 216.

PAGE NO.

Both this and no. xiv. following are extracts from longer Conversations; both are introduced in order to illustrate particular strains in Landor's work: his strain of Oriental romance, and his strain of satire against the fanatical and priestly character. The friendship between Mahomet and a Nestorian monk is historical: the Byzantine and Eastern writers generally call the monk *Bahira* or *Bouhira;* the Western writers of the Middle Age called him, apparently without any authority, *Sergius;* see Prideaux, *Life of Mahomet*, p. 46.

71. xiv. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 81: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 235.

The story of the capture of Fra Filippo Lippi at Ancona, and his detention as a slave in Barbary, is given in full by Vasari, but being unsupported by other evidence, is now generally discredited. The fact of the painter's friendly relations with Pope Eugenius IV. is historical. Here is the passage of Vasari on which Landor has founded the episode which I have extracted from this Conversation:—"E trovandosi nella marca d'Ancona, diportandosi un giorno con certi amici suoi in una barchetta per mare, furono tutti insieme dalle fuste de' Mori che per quei luoghi scorrevano presi e menati in Barberia, e messo ciascuno di loro alla catena e tenuto schiavo; dove stette con molto disagio per 18 mesi. Ma perchè un giorno, avendo egli molto in pratica il padrone, gli venne comodità e capriccio di ritrarlo, preso un carbone spento dal fuoco, con quello tutto intero lo ritrasse co' suoi abiti indosso alla moresca in muro bianco. Onde essendo dagli altri schiavi detto questo al padrone, perchè a tutti un miracolo pareva, non s'usando il disegno nè la pittura in quelle parti, ciò fù causa della sua liberazione della catena, dove per tanto tempo era stato tenuto."

78. xv. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 7: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 309.

Here again it may be interesting to compare with Landor's treatment of his theme the text which doubtless suggested it to him:—"Si trovava in que' giorni a Ferrara il celebre P. Francesco Panigarola . . . Egli era in molta grazia del Duca e delle Principesse; il che saputosi dal Tasso, che già avea quelche dimestichezza con esso lui, gli scrisse pregandolo che volesse esergli cortese d'una sua visita; giacchè a lui sarebbe stato concesso agevolmente di poter venire a vederlo quando voleva. Se gli raccomandò poi, perchè baciasse umilissimamente le mani in suo nome a Madama Leonora, se fosse migliorata, facendola sapere, che ere molto incresciuto del suo male che non avea pianto in versi per una tacita repugnanza del suo genio; ma che se in altro potea servirla gli commandasse, ch' era prontissimo, particolarmente in cose di poesia più liete. Non so se il Panigarola

PAGE NO.

fosse in tempo di far questo officio; giacchè la Principicessa in vece di migliorare andò peggiorando di sorte, che alle 10 di Febbrajo del 1581 con santa resignazione, e co' più ferventi segni di Cristiana pietà rese lo spirito a Dio nel quarantacinquesimo anno e quelche mese dell' età sua" (Serassi, *Vita di Torquato Tasso*, Rome, 1785). Want of space has prevented me from coupling with this admirable and touching short dialogue the earlier and closely related one of Tasso and his sister Cornelia (*Works*, 1876, v. p. 269).

81. xvi. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 37: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 220.
The meeting here supposed between the virgin heroine and the king's mistress is imaginary. Charles VII. seems not to have come under the influence of Agnes Sorel until the victorious part of Jeanne's career was over in 1431. That influence was, however, really employed to brave him to resolute action against his enemies; witness the well-known quatrain of Francis I.:—

" Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérite
La cause étant de France recouvrer
Que ce que peut dedans un cloistre ouvrer
Close nonnain ou bien dévot hermite."

90. xvii. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 275: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 180.
Equally of Landor's own invention is this scene between Henry and Anne Boleyn after her condemnation. His chivalrous view of the queen's character is founded on that of Burnet and the Protestant historians generally.

94. ,, ll. 13, 29. At these points I have reverted to the text as it stood in 1826 (*Imag. Conv.*, ii., 2d ed., p. 53), omitting the additional matter inserted *Works*, 1846, and afterwards.

96. xviii. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 49: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 177.

100. xix. Appended to *Exam. of Shakspeare*, 1834, p. 234: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 90.
In this noble scene, Landor has worked upon the bald hints of kindness shown by Essex to Spenser after his return, which are afforded by Ben Jonson, in his conversations as reported by Drummond of Hawthornden, and by Phineas Fletcher. The words of Jonson as given by Drummond are:—"That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, he was sorrie he had no time to spend them." Phineas Fletcher writes in the *Purple Island*, book i., stanza 20:—

" And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head,
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woful plight,

PAGE NO.

There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite."

101. xix. l. 5. I have ventured to omit a somewhat lengthy and coarse anecdote with which Essex at this point is made to keep the grave business of the dialogue waiting.

106. xx. *Imag. Conv.*, iv., 1829, p. 137: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 204.

In no other of Landor's dialogues does he rise to such heights of feeling as in this. His clue to the characters and bearing of the martyred ladies he found in Burnet (*Hist. of the reign of James II.*), who writes of Alice, Lady Lisle: "She died with a great constancy of mind; and expressed a joy that she thus suffered for an act of charity and piety;" and of Elizabeth Gaunt: "She died with a constancy, even to a cheerfulness, that struck all that saw it. She said, charity was a part of her religion, as well as faith; this at most was the feeding an enemy; so she hoped she had her reward with him, for whose sake she did this service; how unworthy soever the person was, that made so ill a return for it; she rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign; and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love." The two executions are spoken of on the same page by Burnet; hence, no doubt, Landor's idea of bringing the two victims together in prison. The historical fact is that Lady Lisle was condemned and executed at Winchester during the Bloody Assize in the summer; Elizabeth Gaunt, whose trial took place in the Old Bailey, not till several months afterwards (Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, i., 639 ff., 663 ff.).

110. xxi. *Imag. Conv.*, iii., 1826, p. 503: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 168. The main circumstances of the flight, return, trial, and death of Alexis are historical; the particular circumstances are very variously told. This fierce historical satire has its counterpart in another Russian conversation of Landor's, that of the Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof (*Works*, 1876, v. p. 208).

119. xxii. From Landor's early poem of *Gebir*. *Gebir*, 1798, p. 3: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 4. This passage was reprinted as a separate extract by the author himself in *Hellenics*, 2d ed., 1859, p. 97.

During Landor's retirement in South Wales (1795-1798) his friend Rose Aylmer (see Selections cclxxii. cclxxiii. cccxiv.) lent him *The Progress of Romance, through Times, Countries, and Manners, with Remarks on the Good and Bad Effects of it, on them respectively, in a Course of Evening Conversations. By C. R.* [Clara Reeve], *Author of The English Baron, The Two Mentors, etc.* 2 vols.

PAGE NO.

Colchester: Keynor; and London: Robinson. 1785. There are few more inane books; but at the end of vol. ii. Landor found a tale which justly struck him as marked by *magnificum quid sub crepusculo antiquitatis*—viz. "The History of Charoba, Queen of Ægypt: Taken from a History of Ancient Ægypt, according to the Traditions of the Arabians." In her preface the author states that she has borrowed this tale from *The History of Ancient Ægypt, according to the Traditions of the Arabians.—Written in Arabic, by the Reverend Doctor Murtadi, the son of Gapiphus, the son of Chatem, the son of Molsem the Macdesian. Translated into French by M. Vattier, Arabic Professor to Louis the 14th King of France.* Poetical use had already been incidentally made of the tale in the *History of Joseph* by Mrs. Rowe, the friend of Matthew Prior. Landor has treated his materials with great freedom. The contrast between the characters and fates of the warlike and the peaceful brethren is entirely of his own contriving. There is a shepherd in the original who wrestles with a nymph, but he is no brother of Gebir's. Here is the rather pretty passage of Clara Reeve's text upon which Landor has founded his own treatment of this episode:—"Now the chief shepherd was a beautiful person, and of a goodly stature and aspect. One day when he had committed his flocks to the other shepherds, and wandered far away from them, he saw a fair young lady rising out of the sea, who walked towards him and saluted him graciously.—He returned her salutation, and she began to converse with him.—'Young man,' said she, 'will you wrestle with me for a wager that I shall lay against you?' 'What will you lay, fair lady,' said the shepherd, 'and what can I stake against you?' 'If you give me a fall,' said the lady, 'I will be yours, and at your disposal,—and if I give you a fall you shall give me a beast out of your flock.' —'I am content,' said the shepherd,—so he went towards her, and she met him, and wrestled with him, and presently gave him a fall. She then took a beast out of the flock, and carried it away with her into the sea.

"She came every evening afterwards, and did the same, until the shepherd was desperately in love with her:—So the flock was diminished, and the shepherd was pining away with love and grief.

"One day King *Gebirus*, passing by the shepherd, found him sitting very pensive by his flocks: so he came near and spoke to him.—'What misfortune hath befallen thee, shepherd? why art thou so altered and dejected? thy flock also diminishes, and gives less milk every day?'—Upon this the shepherd took

PAGE NO.

courage, and told the king all that had befallen him by the lady of the sea."

119. XXII. l. 1. Thus in the extract as given in *Hellenics*, 1859. In other eds. the line runs—

"But Gebir, when he heard of her approach."

122. ,, ll. 2-5. The white internal shell of the *sepia* or cuttle-fish, often found on the sea-beach.

122. ,, ll. 24-31. This is the famous passage of "the shell," echoed by Wordsworth in the *Excursion*, and by Byron in the *Island*. See *English Men of Letters; Landor*, p. 169-70; and for Landor's own Latin version of the lines, which was probably earlier than the English, see *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, 1847, p. 58.

124. XXIII. From the same, book v., *ad init.*

This scene is of Landor's invention; the nurse figures in the prose original, but without a name; Landor has transferred her to the name *Dalica*, which in the original is that of a kinswoman of Charoba's, who becomes queen after her death.

128. XXIV. From the same, book vii.

130. XXV. From Landor's early poem of *Chrysaor*, in *Poetry by the Author of Gebir*, 1802, p. 1: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 456 (where the poem ought to end at p. 461, l. 20: what follows, by an editorial oversight, belonging to a totally independent piece, *Regeneration*).

This poem, in its main drift obscure, contains some of the finest passages of blank verse in Landor's early high-pitched manner. This of Neptune and the nymphs, and of the overthrow of Chrysaor, is the best. The only clue to any conceivable source for such a myth as Landor seems to have had in his mind, I find in Diodorus:—

διαβεβόητο γὰρ καθ' ὅλην τὴν οἰκουμένην ὅτι Χρυσάωρ ὁ λαβὼν ἀπὸ τοῦ πλούτου τὴν προσηγορίαν βασιλεύει μὲν ἁπάσης Ἰβηρίας, τρεῖς δ' ἔχει τῶν σωμάτων πολεμικοὺς, συναγωνίστας υἱους, διαφέροντας ταῖς τε ῥώμαις καὶ ταῖς ἐν τοῖς ἀγῶσιν ἀνδραγαθίαις.—*Diod*, iv. 156.

131. ,, l. 13 ff. Under the name and figure of the nymph Ionè, Landor here alludes, as he had previously alluded in *Gebir*, to one Nancy Jones, the object of one of the *amourettes* of his Welsh days. She died a few years afterwards, and Landor printed some lines to her memory in *Simonidea*, 1806, p. 14.

132. ,, l. 2. Thirteen lines are here omitted as unintelligible without a fuller knowledge than we possess of the circumstances implied.

132. XXVI. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 473: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 408.

This and the four next examples are from the group

PAGE NO.

of classical poems called by Landor *Hellenics*. They owed their origin to the expression by Lady Blessington of a wish that Landor would translate into English some of his Latin *Idyllia Heroica*. This he did, and added to them other classical pieces (and they are the best) written originally in English. This tale of Thrasymedes (or Thrasybulus) and the daughter of Peisistratos has been expanded by Landor from the brief account in Polyænus, *Stratagem.* v. 14; see also Plutarch, *Apophthegm., Peis.* 3.

135. xxvii. *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 481: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 444.

In writing this delightful idyl, Landor has evidently had somewhat vaguely in his mind a story to which allusion is made once by Athenæus, and twice by Plutarch. It was in reality a story of the colonizing, not of Lemnos, but of Lesbos, and is quoted by Plutarch from the Lesbian writer Myrsilos. The tale ran, that an oracle had enjoined the founders of the colony to cast a virgin alive into the sea during their voyage, as an offering either to Poseidon or to Amphitritè; that the virgin chosen (called variously the daughter of Phineus and the sister of Smintheus) was beloved by Enalos, or Enallos; who plunged after her into the sea, where she was cared for by the Nereids, while he was employed to watch the horses of Poseidon; and that by-and-by both were restored to earth, being safely brought to land at Methymnè in Lesbos, some said by a great wave, others by help of a dolphin (Plutarch, *De solert. anim.* 36, *Sept. sap. conviv.* 20: Athenæus, xi. 466).

140. xxviii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 478; *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 422.

It is hardly conceivable that a poem of this perfect ease and grace, this pure classical charm of imagery and narrative and sentiment, should not long ago have established itself, as it must surely one day do, as a standard favourite with all readers of English poetry. The Greek story on which it is founded was originally told by a lost writer of the fifth century B.C., Charon of Lampsacus. Reference is made to it Schol. Theocr. iii. 14: Schol. Apoll. Rhod. ii. 477; and Etym. Mag. *sub voce* Ἁμαδρύας. In the two places last cited, the outlines of the story are given in almost identical terms. Rhœcus (Ροῖκος, Landor's *Rhaicos* is an error) finds a tree in danger of falling, and has it stayed with props: the nymph of the tree appears, thanks him, and asks him what she can do to repay him: he entreats her love: there are obstacles, but in the meantime Rhœcus agrees to avoid the society of mortal women, and a bee acts as messenger between him and the nymph. One day the bee interrupts him when he is playing draughts; he utters an angry exclamation, whereat the nymph taking offence leaves him desolate. In modern English poetry, Mr. Lowell

PAGE NO.

has among his early works given another version of the tale.

149. xxix. *Hellenics*, 1847, p. 45. This sequel, to my mind well worthy of its predecessor, does not appear in the *Works* of 1846. Neither did Landor (for what reason I cannot guess) reprint it in the *Hellenics* of 1859. Hence it has unfortunately dropped out altogether from Mr. Forster's collected edition.

153. xxx. *Works*, 1846, ii. *bis:* viz. p. 389, as an episodic poem in *Pericles and Aspasia* (letter lxxxv., Cleone to Aspasia), and again p. 483, independently among the *Hellenics;* thence reprinted in the *Hellenics* of 1847 and 1859: *Works*, 1876, once only in *Pericles and Aspasia*, v. p. 384. There are several differences of reading between the poems as printed in *Pericles and Aspasia* and in the *Hellenics;* in the text I have ventured to combine what seem to me the best points of both.

153. ,, l. 3. *Hell., for* veinèd, *read* slender.

153. ,, ll. 7, 8. *Hell., read instead,*

Away, and voices like thine own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.

153. ,, l. 11. *Pericl. and Aspas., for* Iris stood, *read* Fate's shears were.

153. ,, l. 14. *Hell., for* those now dim, *read* but now dim.

153. ,, l. 15. *Hell., for* watchfulness, *read* wakefulness.

153. ,, l. 19. *Pericl. and Asp., after* hers, *read the further lines:*

With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

154 xxxi. An episode from the narrative of Panætius in the dialogue of Scipio, Panætius, and Polybius; see above, nos. vii. and viii.

156. xxxii. From the same; the allegory being, however, complete in itself. In the description of the figure of Hope, Landor has inadvertently repeated some phrases from the description of truth contained in an earlier allegory in the conversation of the two Ciceros (see *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 401). Landor excelled in this kind of composition; for an example in which the utmost depth and tenderness of human feeling is combined with the most lucid grace of imagery, compare no. xxxvi. below.

158. xxxiii. An episode from the *Pentameron of Boccaccio and Petrarca.—Pentameron and Pentalogia*, 1837, Third Day's Interview, p. 136: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 478.

165. xxxiv. From the same, Fifth Day's Interview.

167. xxxv. From the same, Fifth Day's Interview. To my mind a masterpiece hardly matched in the whole range of imaginative prose literature. Some of the scenery and incidents of the poet's life at Naples are suggested

PAGE NO.

by the confessions put by Boccaccio himself into the mouth of Fiammetta in his *Visione dell' amorosa Fiammetta.*

172. xxxvi. From the same, Fifth Day's Interview. Separately reprinted by Landor, in *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 468.

172. ,, l. 24. A page or more of the original conversation is here omitted; nearly as much was dropped by Landor himself in the version last referred to.

176. xxxvii. *Exam. of Shakspeare*, 1834, p. 209: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 544. This is one of the various heads of discourse which Landor makes Shakspeare quote to Sir Thomas Lucy, from the mouth of Dr. Glaston, the Oxford preacher; see also no. xxxviii. at the beginning of next section.

II.—REFLECTIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

The contents of this section consist for the most part of extracts selected from Landor's longer prose writings, and especially from the *Imaginary Conversations*, viz.—

From the *Imaginary Conversations*.

Aesop and Rhodopè. (1st Conv.), *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 93: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 8. lxxiv.

Alfieri and Metastasio. *Works*, 1876, v. p. 127 (first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1856). clx. clxvii. cxcvii. ccxv.

Alfieri and Salomon the Florentine Jew. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 257: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 265. clxv. ccxxii. ccxxxi. ccxxxi. ccxlii.

Barrow and Newton. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 1: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 348. lxviii. lxix. lxxxi. lxxxiv. cxxiii. cxxv. cxxvii. clxxxix. cxc. ccxlvi.

Bossuet and the Duchesse de Fontanges. *Imag. Conv.*, iii., 1828, p. 337: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 192. lxxxvi. cii.

Boulter, Archbishop and Philip Savage. *Imag. Conv.*, iv., 1829, p. 89: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 202. clxxviii. clxxix.

Brooke, Lord and Sir Philip Sidney. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 13: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 3. xlvii. liii. lvi. lix. lxxxii. cxi. cxx. cxxxvi. cxxxvii.

Catherine, Empress and Princess Dashkof. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 231: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 208. cxlii.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius and Quinctus. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 349: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 368. lx. lxxiii. lxxvi. cxlvi. cxlvii. ccxxxvi.

Chesterfield, Lord and Lord Chatham. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 291: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 141. cxciv.

Colonna, Vittoria and Michel Angelo. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 213: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 278. liv. lxxx. lxxxiii. xcviii. ciii. cxii. cxxxviii. ccxviii. ccxxxvii.

Dante and Beatrice. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 154: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 249. xlix.

Delille, Abbé and Walter Landor. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 249: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 91. cc. ccxiii. ccxxiv.

Demosthenes and Eubulides. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 229: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 130. lxv. lxvi. cviii. cxxiv. clxxi. clxxii. clxxiii. clxxiv. cxcii. ccxliii.

Diogenes and Plato. *Imag. Conv.*, iv., 1829, p. 459: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 64. l. li. lxxii. xci. cxl. clxxxvii. clxxxviii.

Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa. *Imag. Conv.*, v. 1829, p. 153: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 190. lv. lxxi. lxxv. lxxxv. ci. cxiv. cxv. cxvi. cvii. cxxix. cli. cliii. cxciii.

Galileo, Milton, and a Dominican. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 234: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 80. xc. cix.

Johnson, Dr. and Horne Tooke. (1st Conv.), *Imag. Conv.* ii., 1824, cliii.; (2d Conv.), *Works*, 1846, i. p. 193: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 209. cviii. clviii. ccxxiii. ccxlv.

Lacy, General and Cura Merino. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 67: *Works*, 1876, vi. p. 41. clxxxiii.

Hare, Archdeacon and Walter Landor. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 97: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 97. cxci. ccxxv. ccxxvi. ccxxviii. ccxxix. ccxlvii. ccxlviii. ccxlix.

La Fontaine and La Rochefoucauld. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 206: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 53. lxxxvii. xcvi. cxiii. cxxii. clxi.

Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine Visitor. *Imag. Conv.*, iii., 1828, p. 375: *Works*, 1876, vi. p. 205. clxx. ccxc.

Lucian and Timotheus. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 17: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 258. xcv. ccxliv.

Lucullus and Cæsar. *Imag. Conv.*, iv. 1829, p. 23: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 350. lxxvii. lxxviii. cliii.

Machiavelli and Guicciardini. *Works*, 1876, v. p. 145. clxxv.

Marvel, Andrew and Bishop Parker. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 98: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 3. xlv. xlvi. lviii. lxii. lxiii. lxvii. xcii. cxi. clxii. ccxii. ccxiv. ccxx.

Melanchthon and Calvin. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 221: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 70. xxxix. xl. xli.

Middleton and Magliabecchi. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1826, p. 483: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 132. xlviii.

Miguel and his Mother. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 445: *Works*, 1876, vi. p. 384. clxiii. clviv.

Milton and Marvel. *Works*, 1876, v., 1st Conv., p. 150, 2d Conv., p. 156. xliv. lxxix. cxliii.

Pallavicini, Marchese and Walter Landor. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 113: *Works*, 1876, vi. p. 3. clxviii. clxix.

Penn, William, and Lord Peterborough. *Imag. Conv.*, v., 1829, p. 247: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 250. lxi.

Peter Leopold, Granduke and President du Paty. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 167: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 45. xcvii.

Pollio, Asinius and Licinius Calvus. *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 433. cxix. cxcv.

Romilly and Wilberforce. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 197: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 397. xlii.

Scipio, Polybius, and Panætius. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 243: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 314. cxxxii.

Southey and Landor. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 57: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 427. ccxvii. ccxxxviii.

Southey and Porson. *Imag. Conv.*, i., 1824, p. 49: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 18. lxiv. clxxxv. ccxvi. ccxxxii. ccxxxiii.

Tibullus and Messala. *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 407. cxxxi.
Washington and Franklin. *Imag. Conv.*, ii., 1824, p. 19: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 107. xliii. clxxx.

From *Citation and Examination of Shakspeare*, 1834: *Works*, 1876, ii. p. 455. xxxviii. See also no. xxxvii.

From *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 5. lii. lxxxviii. lxxxix. xciv. xcix. cv. cx. cxxvi. cxxviii. cxxx. cxxxiii. cxxxiv. cxxxv. cxliv. cxlv. cxliv. cl. cliv. clv. clvii. clix. clxxxvi. cxcviii. ccvi. ccx. ccxi. ccxxvii. See also nos. clxxvi. ccl. ccli.

From *The Pentameron and Pentalogia*, 1837, p. 316: *Works*, 1876, iii. p. 546. lxx. cxlviii. clvi. clxvi. cxcix. ccv. ccviii. ccix. ccxxxiv. ccxxxv. ccxxxix. ccxl. ccxli.

From an article on the *Poems of Catullus: Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 237, originally printed in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (then edited by Forster, July 1842: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 379. c. cci. ccii. cciii. cciv. ccix. ccxxi. ccxxx. ccxcii.

The remaining nos. in this section are as follows:—

PAGE NO.

209 xciii. *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 174.

212. civ. *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 278. cvi. *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 2.

218. cxxi. *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 164. The above are all examples of the brief gnomic or proverbial form of verse into which Landor was accustomed to throw his thoughts, and often almost exactly the same thoughts as he puts into the mouth of the interlocutors in his prose dialogues.

224. cxxxix. From *High and Low Life in Italy*, a series of papers in the form partly of correspondence and partly of dialogue, contributed in 1837 to Leigh Hunt's *Monthly Repository* (not reprinted).

253. clxxvi. From *Reflections on Athens at the decease of Pericles*, appended to 1st ed. of *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836, ii. p. 297 (not reprinted).

254. clxxvii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 465: *Works*, 1876, v. p. 584. Written by Landor at Venice in the autumn of 1832, on his way back from England to Fiesole.

259. clxxxi. } Extracted from the dedication to General Mina (the
261. clxxxii. } leader of the rebellion in Spain against Ferdinand) of *Imag. Conv.*, iv. 1829. In later eds. this dedication was afterwards suppressed, and portions of it, including the present extracts, were distributed with modifications among the speakers in the Conversation of Odysseus, Trelawny, and Tersitza.

263. clxxxiv. *Hellenics*, 1847, *ad init.* The recreancy of Pio Nono from the Liberal cause naturally led to the complete suppression of this dedication in later eds. I have inserted it here as the most highly wrought specimen of Landor's manner in the majestic-declamatory vein of political writing. "The ferocious animal" is of

PAGE NO.

course, Russia; the "nation which revelled in every crime," France; and the "weaker hand," that of Louis Philippe.

300. ccl. ccli. From *Letter to an Author*, appended to 1st ed. of *Pericles and Aspasia*, ii. p. 322 (not reprinted).

III.—PERSONAL AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

To Ianthe (see *English Men of Letters; Landor*, p. 22).—Ianthe is Landor's classic substitute for Jane, the second name of Sophia Jane Swift. To this lady Landor's somewhat roving affections during his life at Bath (about 1800-1806) were principally devoted, and he held her in great honour and affection ever after. Her first husband, a collateral descendant of the Dean of St. Patrick's, died in 1812, and she soon afterwards married M. de Molandé, a French *émigré* of high family. After the Restoration, Madame de Molandé, who had children by both marriages, went to live with her second husband in Paris. Being left once more a widow, she spent two years (1829-31) with her children in Florence, and passed the remainder of her life between England and France, dying in Paris in 1851. A few further particulars concerning this lady will be found in a book of curious gossiping reminiscences, published anonymously by a still surviving son of her first marriage, and kindly sent me by the author, viz. *Wilhelm's Wanderings: an Autobiography*: London, Rivingtons, 1878. I have tried to make the poems referring to her tell their own story, by arranging them in a natural sequence. The chronological order of their publication (which I have indicated in the notes that follow) is of little help towards such an attempt, inasmuch as some of the earliest written were not published till long afterwards; moreover, it is possible that of the pieces included, one or two may not really refer to Ianthe at all.

PAGE NO.

303. cclii. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 289: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 6.—ccliii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 624: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 18.—ccliv. *Dry Sticks*, 1858, p. 157: *Works*, 1876, p. 278.—cclv. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 621: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 9.

304. cclvi. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 312: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 8.—cclvii. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 292: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 6.—cclviii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 620: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 6.

305. cclix. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 626: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 22.—cclx. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 310: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 24.—cclxi. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1821, p. 309: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 22.—cclxii. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 313: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 10.

306. cclxiii. *Simonidea*, 1806, p. 45: *Works*, 1876, p. 9.—cclxiv. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 314: *Works*, 1876, p. 24.

PAGE NO.

307. cclxv. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 650: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 90 — clxvi. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 650: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 88.—cclxvii. *Last Fruit*, 1852, p. 192: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 378.

308. cclxviii. *Dry Sticks*, 1858, p. 160: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 278 — cclxix. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 377: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 172.—cclxx. *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 230: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 338.

Invocations and Reminiscences.—The selection of poems, mostly addresses to persons and places, which I have grouped under this title, all relate to Landor's personal experiences and relations, and illustrate his life as well as his art. The order in which they are arranged is that, in the main, of the circumstances to which they refer, and not the chronological order of their production.

309. cclxxi. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 444: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 229. Landor was a great lover of brooks and streams; and this lyric, in the irregular metre of Lycidas, was written after a visit paid in old age to one which he had frequented in his school-days.

310. ,, l. 12: see note on "Ianthe" above, ll. 25 ff. Wicliffe died and was buried in Lutterworth churchyard in 1384. In 1415 the Council of Constance decreed that his bones should be dug up and burnt: on the express injunction of the Pope, this order was carried out in 1428, and his ashes were cast into the Swift.

311. cclxxii. *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 157: *Works*, 1876, vii. p. 320. Abertawy is the old name for Swansea; and in the coast about Swansea and Tenby, Landor in his early Welsh days (1795-1798) used to roam in company with his friend Rose Aylmer, the youngest daughter of Henry, fourth Baron Aylmer. She afterwards went to India, and died there in 1800. (See no. cclxxiii. following, and notes to nos. xxxii. cccxiii. and cccxiv.)

312 cclxxiii. *Simonidea*, 1806, p. 14: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 279. This is the famous little elegy written after hearing of the death of Rose Aylmer in India. As first printed in *Simonidea*, l. 4 began, "For Aylmer;" l. 5, "Sweet Aylmer," and in l. 7, for "memories," stood "sorrows;" it was in the reprint of 1831 that the piece first attained its present form, and its full poetical value.

312. cclxxiv. *Dry Sticks*, 1858, p. 173: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 279. I have not been able to ascertain to whom these beautiful lines were addressed, or at what date composed.

312. cclxxv. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 317: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 40. I have given to this piece the title of "Fiesolan" (instead of Faesulan) "Idyl," from a copy of the poems of 1831, with MS. corrections in

PAGE NO.

Landor's handwriting, p. 314: after l. 6 there follows in all the editions the lame explanatory line,

(For such appear their petals when detacht):

surely a disastrous bathos; I am happy to have the authority of the same corrected copy of the original edition for omitting it.

314. cclxxvi. *Gebir, Count Julian, etc.*, 1831, p. 366: *Works*, 1876, viii. pp. 49, 315; ll. 11 ff. allude to Landor's sanguinely undertaken schemes of agricultural improvement at Llanthony, 1809-14.

316. cclxxvii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 673: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 153. This ode was addressed by Landor to the cultivated man and kind friend whose name it bears, after they had made a tour together in the summer of 1832 from Mr. Ablett's Welsh home to the lakes, and after Landor had returned again to Italy. It was first printed in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, Dec. 3, 1834, in a form considerably varying from that which it afterwards took, and including some lines to Coleridge, afterwards expunged (see *English Men of Letters; Landor*, p. 143), and next in a little volume called *Literary Hours, by various Friends*, privately printed by Mr. Ablett in 1837, of which a few copies found their way into circulation, and which contained also the two odes next following.

320. cclxxviii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 667: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 136. Written about the same time as the last.

322. cclxxix. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 670: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 146. Written about the same time as the last two (in Mr. Ablett's *Literary Hours* it bears the date 1833).

324. cclxxx. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 673: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 133. Written on hearing the news of Lamb's death in 1834.

324. cclxxxi. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 647: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 80. Written on leaving Italy after the great quarrel with Mrs. Landor in 1835.

325. cclxxxii. *Pentameron and Pentalogia*, 1837, p. 290: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 537. Written after reaching England on the same occasion. The poem, in its tenor undisguisedly autobiographical, was introduced by Landor into the Fifth Day's Conversation of Boccaccio and Petrarca, where Boccaccio recites it as the work of "a gentleman who resided long in this country, and who much regretted the necessity of leaving it;" and Petrarca receives it with the comment, "There have been those anciently who would have been pleased with such poetry, and perhaps there may be again." "Cincirillo" is the cat.

327. cclxxxiii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 646: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 78.

328. cclxxxiv. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 638: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 56.

329. cclxxxv. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 329: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 196.

PAGE NO.

330. cclxxxvi. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 319: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 246.

332. cclxxxvii. *Dry Sticks*, 1858, p. 54: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 196.

332. cclxxxviii. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 450: *Works*, 1876, pp. 235, 237, l. 3.

The "wide garden," with its white and purple lilacs, is the garden of Gore House, Kensington, where Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay lived from 1836 until the final crash of their fortunes in 1849, and where Landor was accustomed to stay for some weeks almost every year during that interval. ll. 16, 18: Landor means Greenwich, where Elizabeth was born, and Hampton Court, where Cromwell was seized with his last illness, though he did not in fact die there, but in London.

CHARACTERS AND CONFESSIONS. — Under this heading I have arranged what seem to me the most characteristic passages, whether of prose or verse, in which Landor has passed judgment on his contemporaries or on himself.

334. cclxxxix. The Conversation of Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle appeared first in *Imag. Conv.*, i. 1824, p. 154. This attack on Byron, clumsy in the main, but containing one or two strong and effective strokes, was written during the height of the *Satanic School* controversy. Southey, in his blundering *Vision of Judgment*, had quoted a remark on Byron from Landor's Latin essay appended to the *Idyllia Heroica*, published at Pisa in 1820. Byron had retorted in *his* Vision of Judgment, published also at Pisa in Leigh Hunt's Journal, the *Liberal:* this was Landor's rejoinder.

335. ccxc. Appended to the same Conversation in the next edition. *Imag. Conv.*, i. 2d ed., 1826, p. 220. In later editions the passage is broken up, and parts of it distributed between other conversations.

This dignified palinode speaks for itself: a private letter (unpublished) written by Landor to Francis Hare on receipt of the news of Byron's death, expresses exactly similar feelings.

337. ccxci. From the Conversation of Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine Visitor, as it first appeared, *Imag. Conv.*, iii. 1828, p. 376. Considerable changes were afterwards made in the text.

338. ccxcii. From the same Conv., same ed. In *Works*, 1846, the last words were altered to these:—"He occupies, if not the highest, almost the highest, place among our poets of the present age—no humble station—and is among the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose writers." In *Works*, 1876, the passage has dropped out from the Conversation altogether.

PAGE NO.

338. ccxciii. From *The Poems of Catullus: Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 237: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 379.

339. ccxciv. *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 218: *Works*, 1876, p. 336.—ccxcv. *Works*, 1846, i. p. 673: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 152.—ccxcvi. *Works*, 1846, i. p. 673: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 151.

340. ccxcvii. *Imag. Conv. Greeks and Romans*, 1858, *ad init.*—ccxcviii. From footnote to Conversation of Southey and Porson, *Imag. Conv.*, i. 2d ed., 1826, p. 59. The passage was broken up, and incorporated in the Conversation of Landor, Florentine Visitor, and English Visitor.

341. ccxcix. From Conversation of Southey and Landor, *Works*, 1846: *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 57: *Works*, 1876, iv. p. 427.

342. ccc. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 652: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 95.

343. ccci. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 373: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 167: *Last Fruit*, p. 401: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 195.—cccii. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 401: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 195.—ccciii. From *Satire on Satirists*, 1837, p. 23 (not reprinted).

344. ccciv. From Preface to *Dry Sticks*, 1858 (not reprinted).—cccv. From Conversation of Southey and Landor.

345. cccvi. From Conversation of Archdeacon Hare and Landor.—cccvii. From *Letter to Lord Brougham on the Neglect of Southey*, in *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 317 (not reprinted).

On the Approach of Old Age and Death.

PAGE NO.

346. cccix. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 433: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 221.

347. cccx. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 665: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 132.—cccxi. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 674: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 156. The painter here addressed is W. Fisher, whose portrait of Landor, looking up in profile, may be seen at the National Portrait Gallery, and has been used, along with the photograph given at the beginning of *Works*, 1876, vol. ii., in preparing the spirited engraving which Mr. Sherborn has executed for our title-page. The well-known portrait by Boxall gives an uncharacteristic and somewhat feebly benignant view of the "old lion;" it is with intention that the more combative and aggressive characters of the head have been insisted in on our own vignette.—cccxii. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 653: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 96.

348. cccxiii. *Last Fruit*, 1853, p. 372: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 166.—cccxiv. *Dry Sticks*, 1858, p. 115: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 288. "Rose the First" is, of course, Rose Aylmer, see nos. cclxxii. cclxxvii. The mother of this young lady, Lady Aylmer, after the death of her first husband, married a Welsh gentleman, Mr. Howel Price,

PAGE NO.

and had by him a daughter, who married Mr. D. M. Paynter. The daughter of this marriage, christened Rose in her turn, was Landor's "young Rose" and "second Rose." By his "tenderest lay" he means the lines, *To a Bride*, addressed to her on her marriage to Mr., now Sir Charles, Sawle, in 1846; see *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 87. "Rose the Third" is the daughter of this last marriage, and greatgrandniece of the original Rose Aylmer.

349. cccxv. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 649: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 87.—cccxvi. *Works*, 1846, ii. p. 638: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 56.—cccxvii. Prefixed to *Last Fruit*, 1853. For the circumstances under which the lines were first read by Landor at breakfast to his friend Miss Eliza Lynn (now Mrs. Lynn Linton), see that lady's article in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1870.—cccxviii. *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 212: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 334.

350. cccxix. *Heroic Idyls*, p. 96: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 308, ll. 6 ff. "That name" is of course Ianthe: the "other bards" are Byron and Shelley. Landor's poems to Mrs Swift under the name of Ianthe had first appeared in *Simonidea*, 1806: it was in 1813 that the same beautiful name was used by Shelley in *Queen Mab* (also as a real name for his infant daughter), and by Byron in his dedication of *Childe Harold* to Lady Charlotte Harley.—cccxx. *Last Fruit*, p. 383: *Works*, 1876, viii. p. 178.

THE END.

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*

Macmillan's
Golden Treasury Series.

Uniformly printed in Pott 8vo, with Vignette Titles by Sir Noel Paton, T. Woolner, W. Holman Hunt, Sir J. E. Millais, Arthur Hughes, etc. Engraved on Steel. Bound in extra cloth. Pott 8vo. 2s. 6d. net each.

PRESENTATION EDITIONS.

The volumes marked with an asterisk (*) are also issued in the following special bindings :—

(1) *Cloth elegant, full gilt backs and gilt tops.* 2s. 6d. *net.*
(2) *Limp leather, full gilt backs and gilt edges.* 3s. 6d. *net.*

* **The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language.** Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave.

* **The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language.** Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Second Series.
*** The Two Series, in cloth box. 5s. net.

Lyric Love. An Anthology. Edited by W. Watson.

* **Poet's Walk.** An Introduction to English Poetry. Chosen and arranged by Mowbray Morris.

* **The Children's Garland from the best Poets.** Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore.

* **The Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry.** Selected and arranged by F. T. Palgrave.

The Ballad Book. A Selection of the choicest British Ballads. Edited by William Allingham.

A Book of Golden Thoughts. By Sir Henry Attwell, "Knight of the Order of the Oak Crown."

A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands Gathered and narrated. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

A Book of Worthies. Gathered from the Old Histories and now written anew by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

Golden Treasury Series.—*Continued.*

The Sunday Book of Poetry. Selected and arranged by C. F. Alexander.

Golden Treasury Psalter. Being an Edition with Briefer Notes of the Psalms Chronologically arranged. By Four Friends.

The Book of Praise. From the best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by the Earl of Selborne.

La Lyre Française. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Gustave Masson.

Theologia Germanica. Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. With a Preface by Charles Kingsley.

Balladen und Romanzen. The Golden Treasury of the Best German Ballads and Romances. Selected and arranged by Dr. Buchheim.

Deutsche Lyrik. The Golden Treasury of the Best German Lyrical Poems. Selected and arranged, with Notes and Literary Introduction, by Dr. Buchheim.

* **A Latin Anthology.**

---

* **Essays of Joseph Addison.** Chosen and edited by J. R. Green, M.A., LL.D.

Poems by William Allingham. Selected and Arranged by Helen Allingham.

* **Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold.**

* **Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley.** Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. With Portrait.

* **Bacon's Essays and Colours of Good and Evil.** With Notes and Glossarial Index. By W. Aldis Wright, M.A.

* **Poetry of Byron.** Chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold.

* **Poems of T. E. Brown.** Selected and arranged, with an Introduction and Notes, by H. F. B. and H. G. D.

* **Poems of Thomas Campbell.** Selected and arranged by Lewis Campbell.

Selections from the Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough.

* **Selections from Cowper's Poems.** With Introduction, by Mrs. Oliphant.

Letters of William Cowper. Edited, with Introduction, by Rev. W. Benham, B.D., F.S.A.

* **Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,** the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse.

Miscellanies (including Euphranor, Polonius, etc.). By Edward FitzGerald.

Balthazar Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom. Translated by JOSEPH JACOBS.

Heine's Lieder und Gedichte. Selected and edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Dr. C. A. BUCHHEIM.

Chrysomela: a Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick. Arranged, with Notes, by F. T. PALGRAVE.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By O. W. HOLMES. With Introduction by Sir LESLIE STEPHEN.

Tom Brown's School Days. By THOMAS HUGHES.

* **The Poetical Works of John Keats.** Reprinted from the original Editions, with Notes by F. T. PALGRAVE.

* **The Christian Year.** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. With Introduction by C. M. YONGE.

* **Tales from Shakespeare.** By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Edited by the Rev. A. AINGER, M.A.

Walter Savage Landor. Selections from the Writings of. Arranged and edited by SIDNEY COLVIN.

* **London Lyrics.** By FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Poetry of Thomas Moore. Selected and arranged by C. LITTON FALKINER.

* **Select Poems of Christina G. Rossetti.** Edited by W. M. ROSSETTI.

Songs and Sonnets by William Shakespeare. Edited by F. T. PALGRAVE.

* **Poems from Shelley.** Selected and arranged by STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

* **Poems by Robert Southey.** Chosen and arranged by E. DOWDEN.

Essays of Richard Steele. Selected and edited by L. EDWARD STEELE.

Lyrical Poems. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Selected and annotated by F. T. PALGRAVE.

* **In Memoriam.** By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

* **The Princess.** By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

* **The Idylls of the King.** By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

* **Poems of Wordsworth.** Chosen and edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Golden Treasury Series.—*Continued.*

The Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain. By C. M. YONGE, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici: Letter to a Friend, etc., and Christian Morals. Edited by W. A. GREENHILL, M.D., Oxon.

Sir Thomas Browne's Hydriotaphia and the Garden of Cyrus. Edited by W. A. GREENHILL, M.D., Oxon.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come. By JOHN BUNYAN.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Edited after the Original Edition by J. W. CLARK, M.A.

Mohammed. The Speeches and Table Talk of the Prophet. Chosen and Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by STANLEY LANE POOLE.

The Cavalier and his Lady. Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. With an Introductory Essay by EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby," etc.

The House of Atreus: being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Aeschylus. Translated into English verse by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A.

The Suppliant Maidens, The Persians, The Seven against Thebes, The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus. Translated into English verse by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A.

Two Essays on Old Age and Friendship. Translated from the Latin of Cicero, with Introduction, by E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

Golden Sayings of Epictetus. Translated and arranged by HASTINGS CROSSLEY, M.A., Litt.D.

* **Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself.** An English Version of the Works of Marcus Aurelius. By Rev. Dr. GERALD HENRY RENDALL, Head Master of Charterhouse.

* **The Republic of Plato.** Translated into English, with Notes, by J. LL. DAVIES, M.A., and D. J. VAUGHAN, M.A.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. Being the Euthyphron, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo of Plato. Translated into English by F. J. CHURCH.

Phaedrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato. A New and Literal Translation, by J. WRIGHT.

Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Rendered into English Prose by ANDREW LANG, M.A.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.